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DAVID RIESMAN	Where Is the College Generation Headed?	39
LYNNE LAWNER	Prayer of a Young Girl – A POEM	45
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT	What Has Happened to the American Dream?	46
CHARLES W. MORTON	The Boston Evening Transcript: The Athens of America	51
A. H. RASKIN	The Squeeze on the Unions	55
HARRY MARK PETRAKIS	The Passing of the Ice – A STORY	61
ANONYMOUS	The Pressures on College Girls: A Mother Speaks	67
CARL BINGER, M.D.	Dr. Binger Replies	68
R. P. LISTER	The Key – A POEM	68
LEONARD BASKIN	The Necessity for the Image	73
SMITH PALMER BOVIE	Intangibility – A POEM	76
SHEPARD RIFKIN	Liverpool is Brooklyn, King Size – A STORY	77
PETER DAVISON	North Shore – A POEM	79
W. H. AUDEN	The Poems of C. P. Cavafy	80
FRANCES McFADDEN	The Books We Loved as Children	85

ATLANTIC REPORTS

Bonn – Science and Industry – France	4
--------------------------------------	---

ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON – R. G. G. PRICE – ROBERT L. WRIGHT – ROBERT L. BERKOWITZ	90
JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN	Caribbean Island-Hopping 96
JOHN M. CONLY	They Shall Have Music 100
	Record Reviews 103

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer 106
CHARLES ROLO	Reader's Choice 110
PHOEBE ADAMS	Potpourri 119

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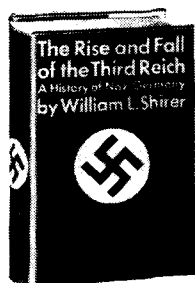
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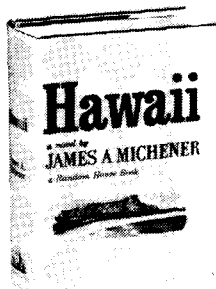
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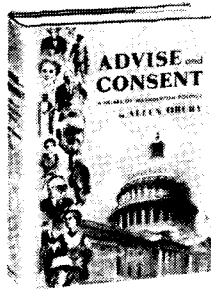
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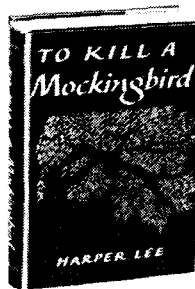
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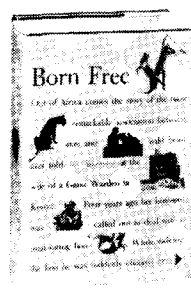
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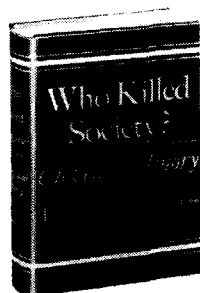
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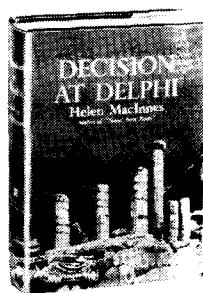
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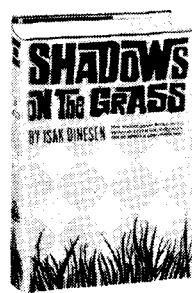
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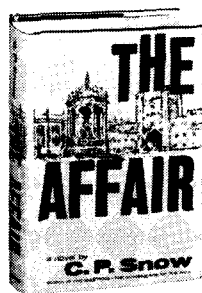
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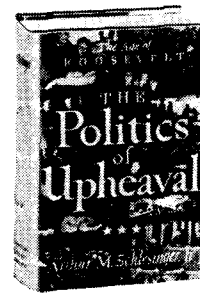
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

BONN

THE Adenauer regime is marking time politically until the West German Federal election in October. Meantime, it has been confronted with a series of economic problems, which materialized at a most unpropitious time. In December Dr. Adenauer was once again struck down by influenza, and, as at the beginning of 1960, showed that it is becoming increasingly difficult for him to shake off the effects. His Minister of Finance, Franz Etzel, was ill for most of January and February. Over the Federal Cabinet still hung the clouds of the Adenauer-Erhard dispute, which has been soft-pedaled, mainly in order for the government to present a united front in the key months prior to the election.

The three principal economic problems which are absorbing public attention in West Germany are German economic assistance to the underdeveloped countries, German financial aid in helping the United States to solve its balance-of-payments difficulties, and the growing tension between the six-nation European Common Market and the "Outer Seven" group led by Britain. A few years ago the Federal Republic would not have played the part of a principal in problems of this sort. But facts like last year's 10 per cent increase in industrial output and the growth of the German gold and dollar reserves have emphasized the Federal Republic's position as the strongest major economic unit in Europe. West Germans have been confronted with the thought that prosperity can bring new responsibilities with it.

Aid for the underdeveloped countries

West German good will in the question of economic assistance for the underdeveloped countries has existed for a long time. German politicians are well aware what the alternative to generous help for these countries means; no other national press, for instance, has been so full of data

and diagrams of Communist economic penetration into countries which are politically uncommitted or have lately been created out of former colonial domains.

German businessmen have, in addition, regarded investment in the underdeveloped countries as sound long-term policy. If they needed any outside stimulus, it has been provided by the frenzied activity of the Communist East German regime. East German government officials, technicians, and trade unionists have been incessantly on the move in Africa and Asia; the story is already a stale one that Cairo taxi drivers always take West Germans seeking their own embassy to the buildings of the East German trade mission.

The West German public, too, has gained an interest in the underdeveloped countries, especially those that are excolonial. With confidence tempered with modesty, Germans will explain to other Europeans: "Well, you took the Cameroons and Togo from us in 1919. So it is only natural that former colonial populations have no grudge against us today. Perhaps we have a role to play as the uncommitted European partner in the Western alliance."

In January the Federal Government was completing the details of its four billion mark program of aid for the underdeveloped countries. Roughly 40 per cent of this sum, or 1.5 billion marks, was to be raised by West German industry (after initial hesitation, the Federation of Industry was able to guarantee this sum). Another half billion marks was to come from Laender budgets, and the Federal Government would secure the rest from various sources. As an indication of its intention to spend this money, the Federal Government promised long-term aid to both Pakistan and Tanganyika in January.

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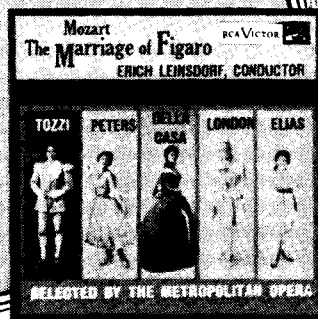
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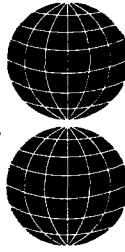
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Report on Bonn



The visit of the Foreign Minister, Heinrich von Brentano, to Washington in mid-February carried German plans a big step further. Brentano promised that German aid to the underdeveloped countries would not be a once-only affair; his government would provide for around 4.2 billion marks (a billion dollars) to be available each year. The size of the German contribution would, of course, be dependent on the budgetary position. This meant that the Federal Republic was accepting, in principle, a permanent responsibility and was not merely providing a shot in the arm in a year of particular affluence.

Austerity at home

From some quarters, the impression has been put forth that the Federal Government, with its moneybags jingling and spilling over, was shamed into making this offer. This is less than fair. Once aware of their new responsibilities, the Germans are likely to fulfill them with scrupulous loyalty, as they have done in the difficult field of rearmament within NATO. It has certainly taken them time to realize how affluent they are. There are obvious reasons for this. There are still gaps in the streets of every big town, which have been left by war bombing. There are still hefty payments being made as restitution to victims of Nazism. There is an annual federal subsidy to West Berlin of 1.5 million marks. There are 200,000 East German refugees arriving each year who must be rehoused and resettled.

Furthermore, there is what can best be described as a lack of domestic wealth. Over eleven million refugees have arrived in West Germany since the war. Most of them brought next to nothing with them. The homes of many of these people are still a trifle bare. Another three million West Germans lost most of their possessions when Allied bombs or shells dropped on their homes. Many German homes today bear no comparison with their counterparts in, say, Britain. It would be impossible to find in any German village the degree of domestic wealth of a village in, for instance, the Cotswolds or East Anglia.

Facts like these resulted in a great many Germans' being genuinely surprised when the problem of easing the American balance of payments arose. To them, the need of Nigerian natives or Arab

tribesmen was easily understandable. But the idea that America faced real financial difficulties was bewildering. To most Germans, the Federal Republic's offer of nearly a billion dollars' worth of aid seemed generous. This was why they were honestly upset by the dissatisfaction of the Kennedy Administration.

Aid to America

This is not the place to examine the intricacies of American-German negotiations over this problem. But it is appropriate to point out one or two of the thoughts which animated the Germans. The first was West German unhappiness about an American approach to them alone. America's defense burden, it was admitted after reflection, might have become too great. But, then, surely it would be best to reapportion the defense burdens of all NATO powers. Why should countries other than the Federal Republic not help the United States too? Was there only one country in which an "economic miracle" had occurred?

The second thought was that America's financial troubles were purely temporary. America, it was argued, has been passing through a recession, but the Eisenhower Administration had taken great pains to conceal this fact, prior to the presidential election. It might now be the policy of the Kennedy Administration to exaggerate economic difficulties which, Germans thought, would pass away in a new springtime of American economic growth. This was why the Federal Government had strong popular backing when it maintained that aid to America should be offered for 1961 only, that it should come from gold and dollar reserves and not from budgetary resources.

The third thought was that the American approach to Bonn — especially with regard to the way the Anderson-Dillon mission initiated it at the end of 1960 — carried a hint of "occupation thinking." As an ex-occupied country, the Federal Republic has more than once negotiated from a position of weakness. As a result, its final installments of support costs for Allied troops on German soil fell due only in March, 1961. West Germans were naturally allergic to the thought that their government might be put under pressure, simply because this used to be done by victorious nations.

One illusion which should be destroyed is that there was in Bonn a faction that was bitterly opposed to offering adequate help to the United States. This was not the case. The reputed leader of this faction was the Finance Minister, Franz Etzel. But Etzel is like any other Finance Minister — preoccupied, to the point of obsession, with balancing his budget. He is now intent on lumping the financial aid for the under-



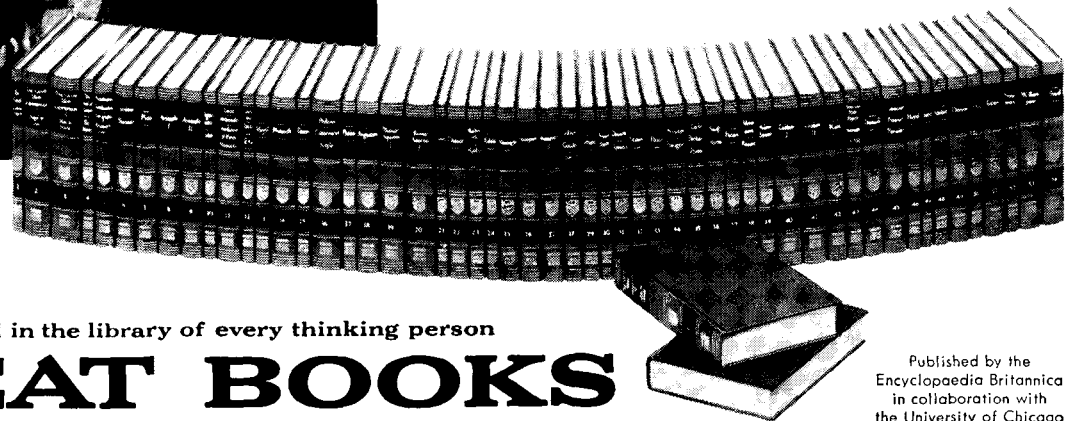
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GEORGE + ABE = 6

Every country in the world seems to have nicknames for its various denominations of money. The British, for example, talk of *bob* and *quid*, which are both singular and plural for shilling and pound, respectively.

In France, the nicknames are inspired by the people whose pictures appear on the various banknotes. The five-franc Victor Hugo note is called a *miserable*, the 50-franc Moliere note an *avare*, and the 100-franc Napoleon note (surprise!) a Napoleon.

And of course in this country we have bucks and sawbucks, centuries and grands. But wouldn't our conversation be livelier if we talked instead of Georges, Abes, and Alexes? You might, for example, call your Merrill Lynch account executive and say, "I have a few Bens I can spare, and I think I'd like to buy some stock."

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developed countries into his 1961-1962 budget. To Etzel it is immaterial that West German defense spending represents only 3.6 per cent of the national income (against 8.5 per cent in America, 7.2 per cent in Britain). For him, a reallocation of the Western defense burden is far less interesting than balancing the budget.

A free European market

The question of aid for America has produced friction and a residue of unhappiness. The question of relations between the Common Market Six and the Outer Seven has, on the contrary, offered the Federal Republic a chance of playing the part of honest broker in an incipient dispute which could seriously damage European stability. But over this question there are, indeed, warring factions in Germany itself.

One group contains Professor Walter Hallstein, the German signatory of the Treaty of Rome, which laid down the terms of the Common Market; Franz Etzel, who used to serve on the Coal and Steel Community; and leading members of the Federal Foreign Office. They want economic integration of the Common Market pushed ahead at all costs, in order to pave the way for political union. This group is supremely anxious, too, not to offend France—more so than ever now that General de Gaulle is likely to strike out a line of his own.

The second group, led by Erhard and including the leaders of the Federation of Industry and the bulk of the West German press, is highly alarmed by the possibility of a trade war between the Six and the Seven. Its members would always have preferred a larger, more loosely bound European customs union to the tightly bound Common Market. This group has won one success: it has impressed on Adenauer the vital need to associate members of the Seven, especially Britain, as closely as possible with the Common Market. In a sense, this group has been helped by De Gaulle's digression

from orthodox ideas on European political integration. His plan for a *Europe des patries* has induced a new wariness in Adenauer toward France.

It would be a great achievement were West Germany, through the medium of Erhard's pragmatism and common sense, to lead Europe toward a free market for 300 million people. This might do more to resolve European mutual doubts and jealousies than the creation of political institutions.

Adenauer's worries

The Adenauer government continues to worry about Berlin, to cogitate inconclusively over the chances of establishing relations with Poland and other Communist satellites. It is continually harassed by misrule in East Germany, especially by fresh evidence of Communist pressure on the Christian churches there. It has its worries about the Kennedy Administration, the chief one being that too-hasty formulation of a more flexible policy toward the Communist bloc may bring a deterioration of the situation in Central Europe.

To such frustrations are added specters of the past. Adenauer's Secretary of State in the Chancellery is under fire for his past anti-Semitic activities. Hardly a week goes by without a new war-crimes trial starting. Sometimes a shaft of humor lends an even more macabre note. In the biggest of all Rhineland carnivals, at Cologne, this year, a certain Theodor Esser was chosen for one of the three principal parts, that of the "maid." This is always played by a man, for the "maid" must join in three weeks of carousals.

Esser, with a strong head and a gift for clowning, filled the part well. But when he appeared on a television program of the Cologne Carnival, he was recognized by an Essen police inspector as the man who had denounced him to the Russian secret police when they were both prisoners of war in Stalingrad nearly twenty years ago. The "maid" had to surrender his post at the head of the revels, out of "indisposition." The West Germans have for twelve years been trying to make a fresh start within the European community. Such brutal reminders of the past can hardly help them.

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The National Cash Register Company originally developed the microcapsules for use in a special paper that makes copies without carbons. Tiny particles of a colorless dye are encapsulated and coated on the back of the paper; typing or writing on the sheet breaks the capsules, releasing the dye, which reacts with a chemical on the paper to form colored ink, which makes the copy on the next sheet.

NCR plans to license its patents on a broad basis, and Stanford Research Institute is studying possible applications in other fields. In farming, microcapsules might enclose fertilizers or pesticides in water-soluble containers that would release the active ingredient slowly, so that it would act over a period of time. A similar application is possible in medicine: encapsulated drugs could be injected into the patient, to be carried deep into the body before the capsule released its cargo. In packaged food mixes, volatile substances that give flavor and aroma could be encapsulated to preserve their contents until released by the cooking. The microcapsules could even be used in rocket fuels to keep mutually reactive agents separate until the container walls were broken down by the heat of firing.

Electronic medicine

Electronics has added a new weapon to the armory with which the physician fights pain. In pioneering operations at the Medical School of the University of Mississippi, two patients have been kept completely unconscious by electrical currents pulsing through their bodies. Although

the procedure has been developed experimentally with animals, it is thought to be the first planned and controlled use of electricity as an anesthetic for human patients.

The Mississippi researchers, who have studied the problem for four years under a grant from the U.S. Army, have developed a simple device that costs only \$150. Consisting only of an oscillator and an amplifier, it produces a 700-cycle current of 30 volts and 50 milliamps, which is transmitted through the patient's body by electrodes on either side of his forehead. The patient becomes unconscious in less than a minute, and wakes up in about the same time after the current is turned off. No undesirable side effects have been observed.

The American Medical Association notes at least eighteen engineering developments that became available for medical use in 1960. Among them:

- A simple stapler that enables the surgeon to reconnect severed blood vessels with stainless steel;

- An X-ray fluoroscope that uses a television image tube to magnify the brightness of the image a thousandfold, drastically reducing the time that the patient is exposed to radiation and enabling consulting physicians to view the X-ray images in a normally lighted room;

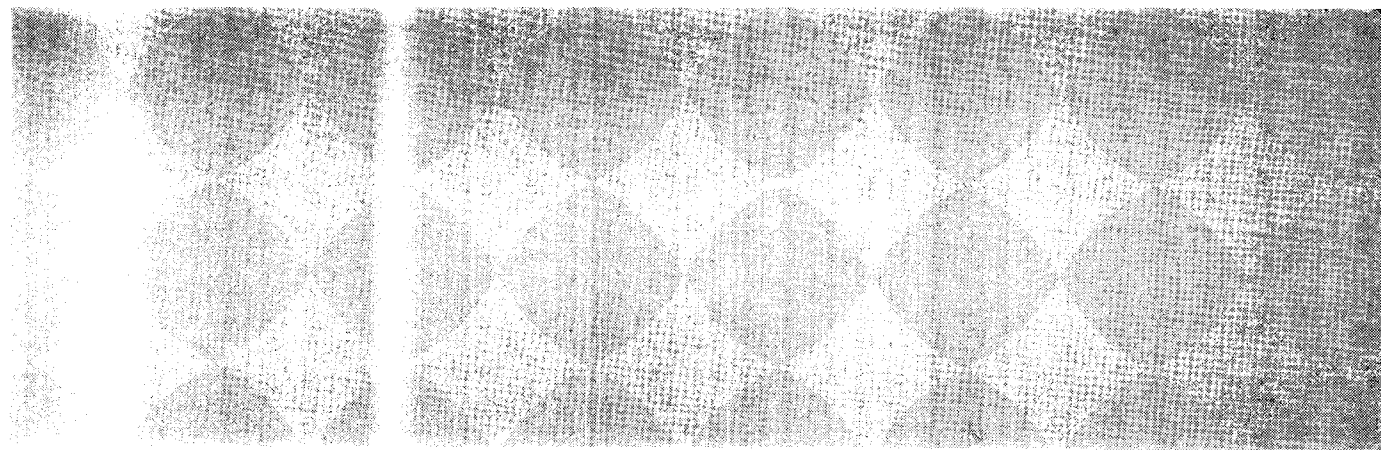
- A Japanese camera, the size of a finger tip, that photographs the inside of the human stomach;

- A digital computer that enables the doctor to fit together great quantities of clinical data about his patient, which he would otherwise never have time to correlate;

- A monitoring device, reporting simultaneously on changes in blood chemistry, fluid balances, blood pressure, and other sudden chemical and physiological events, that helps doctors keep close watch on a patient during the crisis of an illness;

- A fluorescent microscope for office use that is expected to provide quick diagnosis of several communicable diseases, including rabies, syphilis, and streptococci infections, through study of smears.

Despite these successes, James Hillier, vice president of RCA Laboratories, believes that the application of new technology to medical science

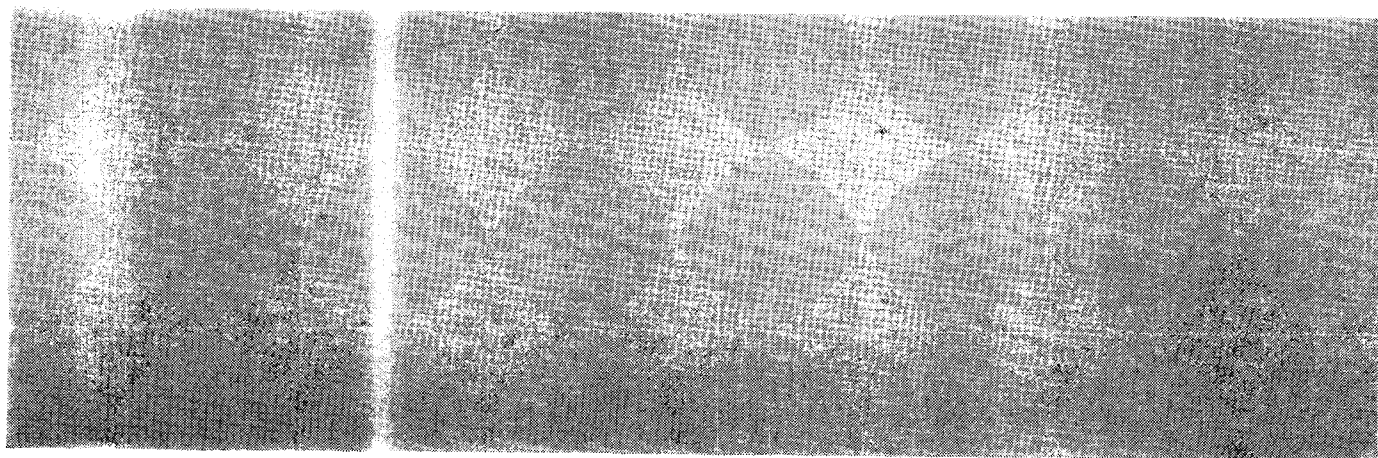


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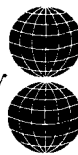
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Science and Industry



and public health is lagging. An example, Mr. Hillier declares, is the microanalyzer that uses X rays to determine the distribution of chemical elements within the structure of a cell: although several have been built and proved valuable, none has been standardized for commercial production.

The problem, as Mr. Hillier sees it, is basically economic. For every dollar spent in exploratory work on a new device, ten dollars must be spent for advanced development and engineering, and about a hundred dollars more for product design, tooling up, and market development. Since the maximum potential sales for laboratory and hospital devices range from a few hundred to a few thousand, prospective sales will not cover the investment in engineering and production. The electron telescope, Mr. Hillier points out, has been on the market commercially for twenty years and still has not returned the manufacturer enough profit to cover his development costs.

One solution proposed is the establishment of engineering centers for development of new devices into practicable forms, to be supported by government subsidies, pools of private companies, or foundation grants.

Mr. Hillier offers no solution of his own, but he provides an impressive glimpse of what technology might do for medicine if given the opportunity. In the future hospital, he suggests, routine measurement could be done by automatic devices reporting by radio. "Each patient would be equipped with such measurement units, consisting of sensors and extremely small radio transmitters built into bracelets, pendants, or other unobtrusive forms for wearing without inconvenience or discomfort. Through these devices information on the patient's temperature, pulse, heart action, and other key functions would be transmitted to a bedside or built-in receiver and transmitter for relay to a display board located centrally on each floor within view

of the head nurse and her staff. With such an arrangement, the skilled nursing help in the hospital would be free to provide the more specialized care requiring their individual attention that frequently cannot be given today because of heavy demand upon a small staff."

Mr. Hillier adds: "I am not painting a science-fiction picture of the future. Everything in the system described here is entirely feasible today, in the technical sense. What is needed, however — as in so many other aspects of medical electronics — is the economic justification for proceeding to develop the system into a form for general application."

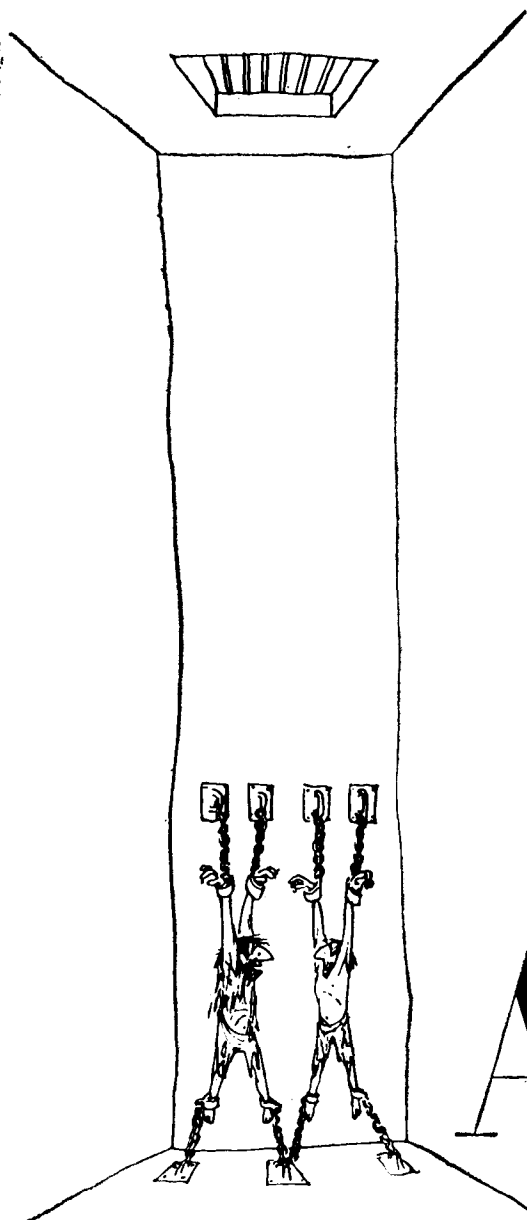
Preserving books

Today books use only about 2 per cent of the output of the American paper industry; most of the rest goes into things that are thrown away. As a result, say experts, long-range durability doesn't get much attention from manufacturers. Yet, for the preservation of Western culture that 2 per cent may be more important than all the rest put together, and for books, durability is very important indeed.

A study made at the Virginia State Library has come up with the shocking report that 90 per cent of the books printed in the twentieth century are not going to be usable fifty years after publication. W. J. Barrow, document restorer at the library, has tested a random selection of books with ingenious machines that tirelessly and exactly measured how many times paper can be folded before breaking and what force is needed to tear a page. He has found that only one per cent of the books printed since 1900 can be considered in first-class condition. The older ones are already getting weak and brittle, and are crumbling in their bindings.

In contrast, the paper in some books printed five hundred years ago is still white, strong, and flexible. Tests show that the culprit is acidity. Most modern book paper is gravely weakened by the use of acid sizing.

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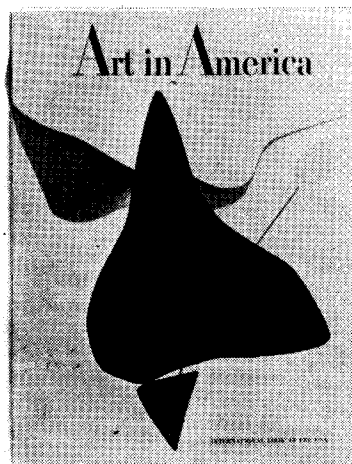
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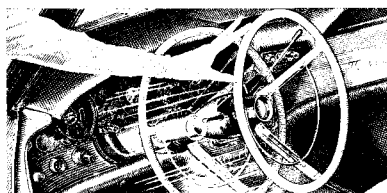
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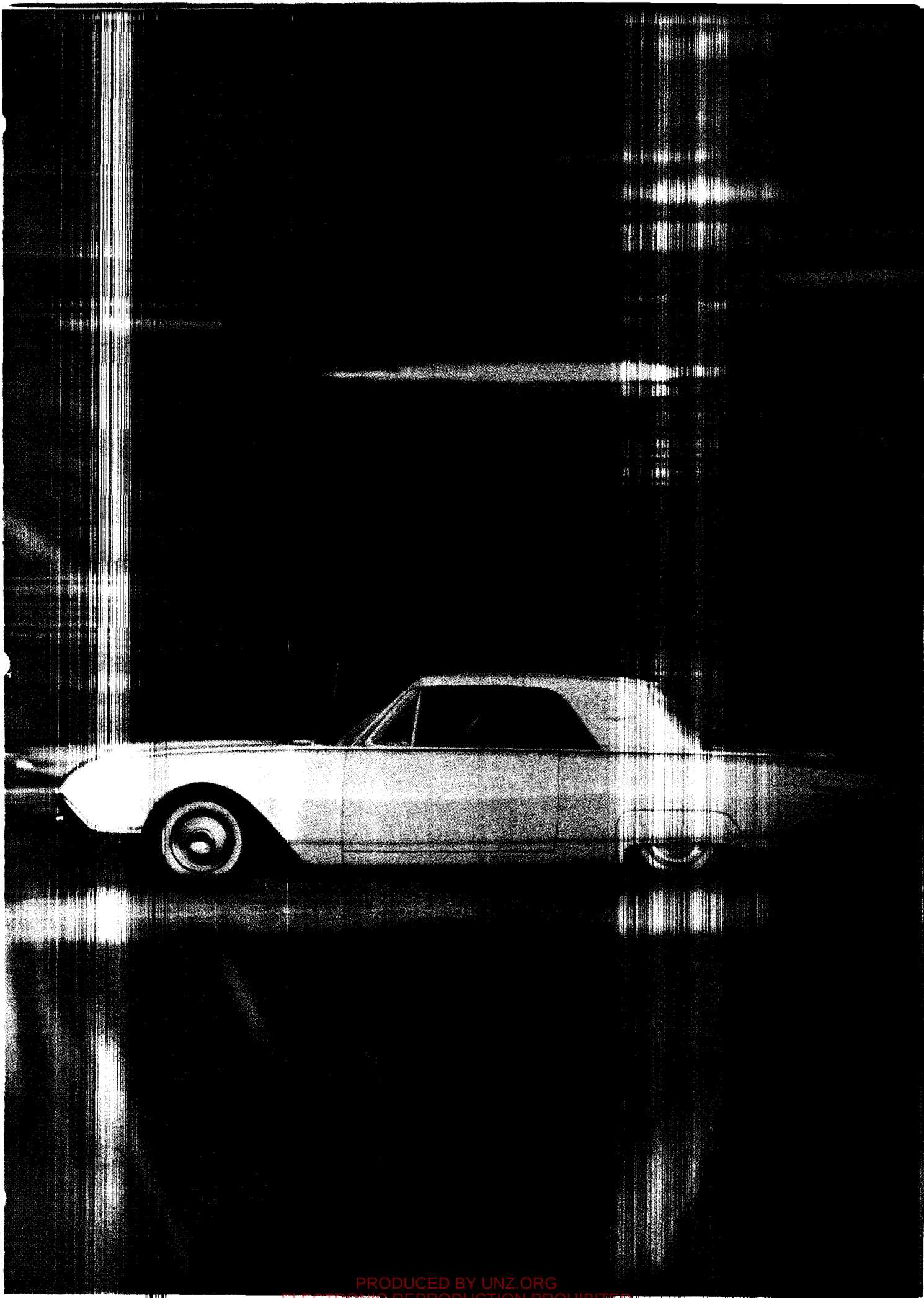


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Why these heroic statues are crowned with Scallop Shells

● In the Vatican's Sala Rotonda, these heroic sculptured figures—Juno, Hercules, Ceres—stand in brooding silence.

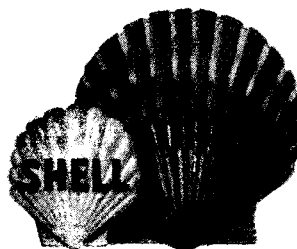
Now look above the statues' heads. Notice each niche is crowned with the graceful curves of the scallop shell. For artist Simonetti knew the scallop to be the symbol of the voyage, the journey, the quest. And because myth and legend have given eternal life to these ancient deities, Simonetti used the shell to symbolize their journey—a journey into eternity.

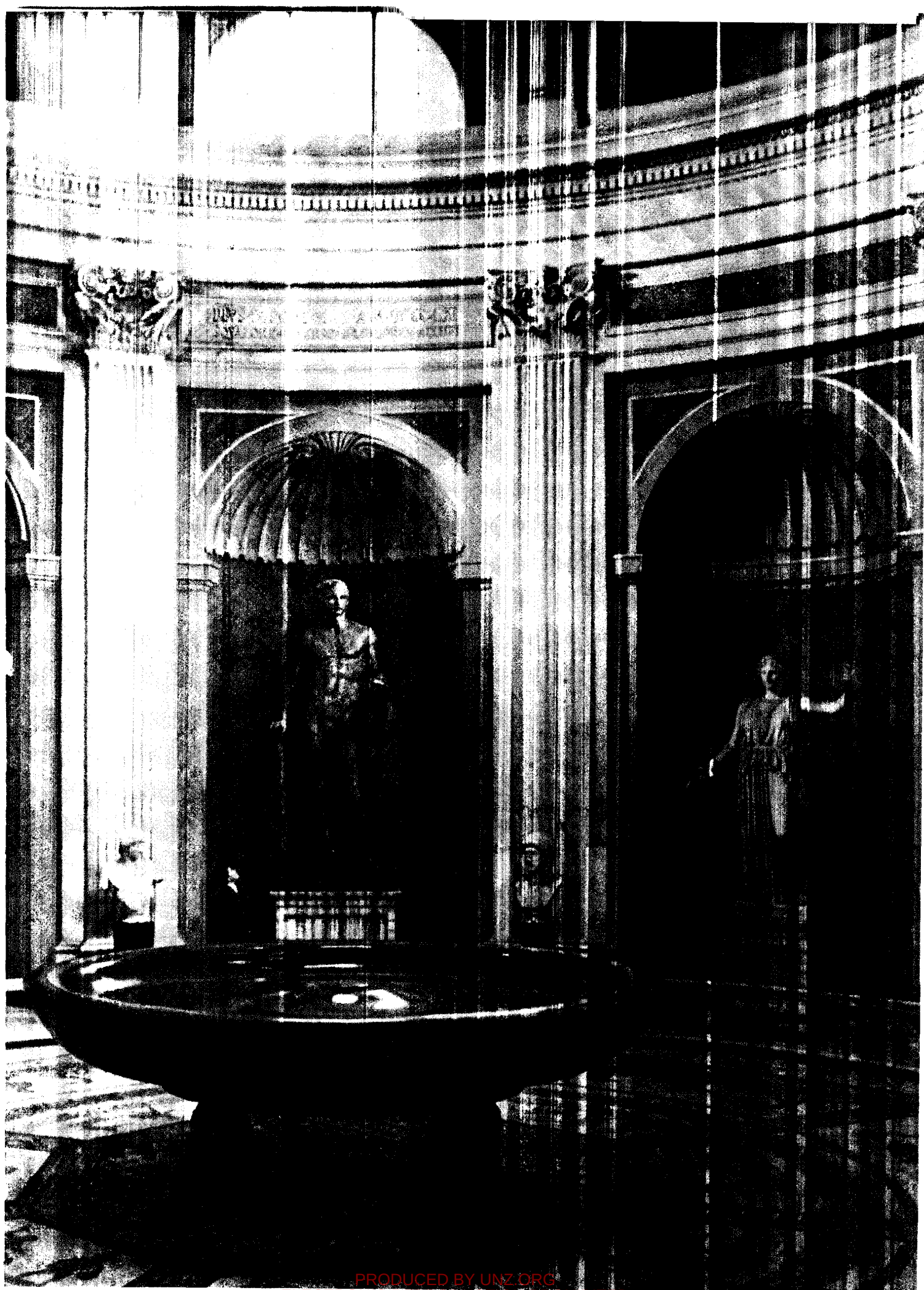
The symbolism of the scallop shell reaches back into antiquity. In classical Greece, it was associated with the goddess Venus, born of the sea. In medieval times, pilgrims to the shrine of St. James in Spain wore the scallop badge in their hats. And Crusaders on far journeys to the Holy Land made the scallop the badge of their quest.

Today, this symbol of the journey and quest is the appropriate name and trademark of the Shell Companies. Under this familiar symbol, Shell men explore the most difficult places on earth to enrich the world's oil supplies. They drill in arctic wastes and deserts, even under the floors of the seas.

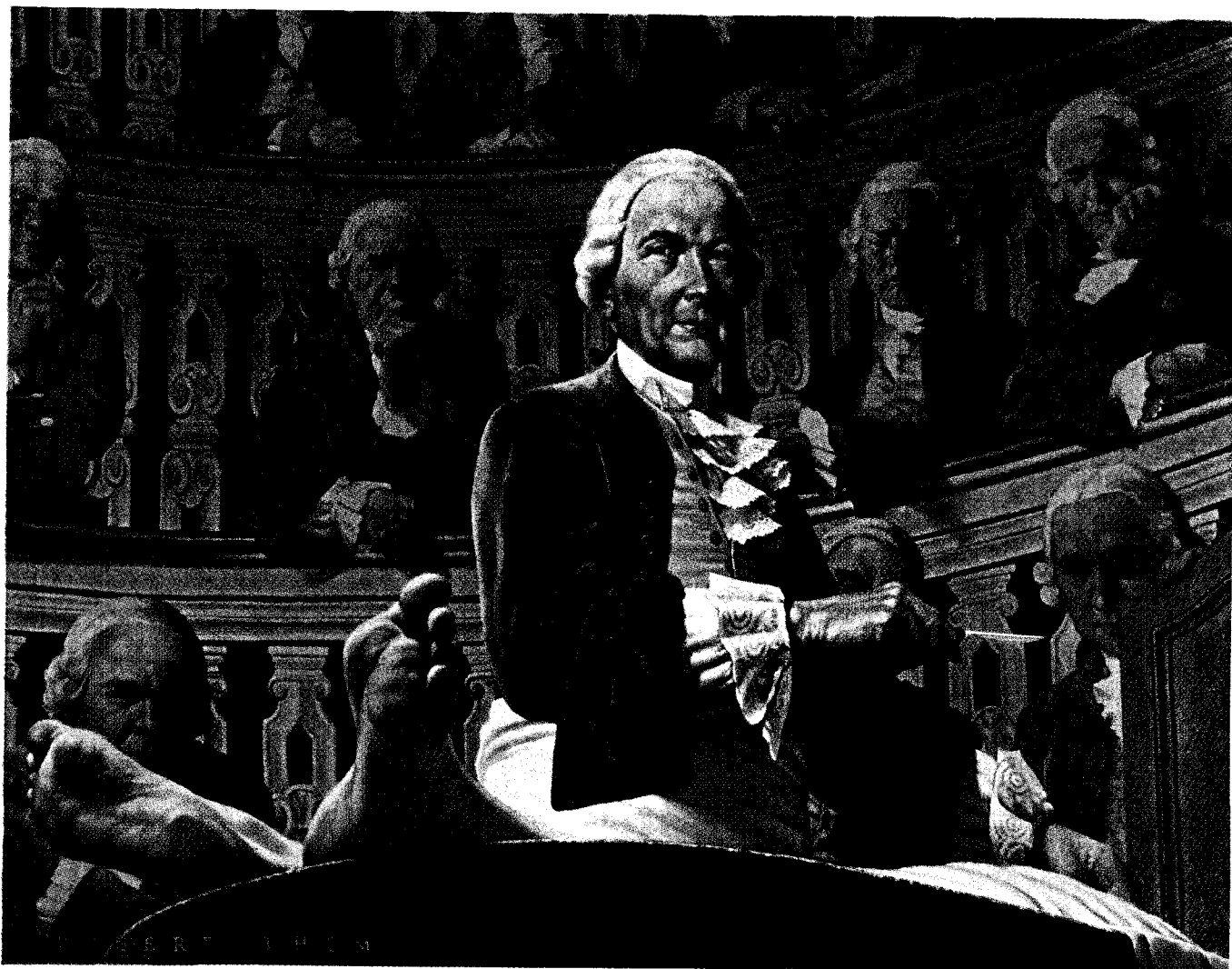
But that is only the beginning of the quest carried out under the sign of Shell. In scores of laboratories the world over other Shell workers search for and develop new and better products from petroleum—new chemicals to increase man's food supply, new kinds of synthetic rubber, new yarn of unusual properties, and, of course, finer gasolines and motor oils.

When you see the sign of the shell, think of it as the symbol of the quest for new ideas, new products, and new ways to serve you.
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Great Moments in Medicine

For centuries medical practitioners attributed illness to such vague causes as disturbance of "the humours" or "upset of atoms." During the eighteenth century, a professor of Anatomy in Padua, Giovanni Battista Morgagni, was largely responsible for universal acceptance of the idea that diseases originate in localized areas of the body. In 1761, he published a book entitled "On the Seats and Causes of Disease," based on almost 50 years of teaching, dissection, and painstaking observation. This detailed work gave impetus to the never-ending quest for knowledge that shaped the pattern of modern medical research.

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called Aquapel-Kymene, made by the Hercules Powder Company, keeps the paper alkaline, while calcium carbide is added to serve as a buffer during storage. This paper stood up under forty-eight days of 100° C. heat, the equivalent of four hundred years of aging. Now the problem is to get the commercial manufacturers into the act.

For librarians who are worried about their present books, Barrow has developed a simple preservative treatment: the books are removed from their bindings and soaked overnight in a solution of calcium and magnesium bicarbonates, which destroys acidity. Trustees may shudder at rebinding costs, but it is better to pay them now than to wake up someday to find most of the books on the shelves crumbling into dust.

A new conveyor belt

A new type of belt-conveyor system, devised by a Cleveland engineer, has sharply cut the time required to handle garments in a huge distribution center. In the conveyor, a V-belt, made by Goodyear, rides in a flat channel in the top of a special welded-steel tube developed by Republic Steel. At the end of each section, the belt delivers its load of garments to the next section, runs over a pulley, and returns through its tube to its starting point. Moving quietly at faster than a hundred feet a minute, the conveyor requires no lubrication. Thus it remains clean, and maintenance costs are thereby cut.

In the distribution center of Bobbie Brooks, Inc., a Cleveland clothing manufacturer, the belt system is teamed with automatic rack releases to provide a completely mechanized system of filling orders. Garments are stored on tilted racks with gates that open by remote control, permitting the units to slide down onto the conveyor belt. Pressing coded buttons at a central panel, an operator can release the exact quantity of each style, size, and color needed, and the conveyor carries the garments automatically to an assembly point. Orders that formerly took

three to six hours to fill can now be completed in less than thirty minutes.

Homes for growing oysters

An oyster may look well armored in his craggy shell. As oystermen know to their sorrow, however, their charges are easy prey to a host of enemies, particularly before the oysters are fully grown. Interior Department scientists, worried about declining U.S. oyster production, are trying a variety of approaches to the problem. At the Milford, Connecticut, biological laboratories of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, oyster experts are developing chemical barriers to protect the oysters as they lie on the ocean bottom.

The scientists surround shellfish beds with belts of sand impregnated with chemicals, mainly heavy chlorinated oils, known to be toxic to drills, starfish, and crabs. The effects of the chemicals are drastic: the drills swell greatly, become paralyzed, and die. The starfish rays first curl at the tips, then disintegrate on the underside, and finally are cast off. The crabs lose their equilibrium and have convulsions.

In one experiment an eight-inch belt of sand mixed with orthodichlorobenzene was maintained for fourteen months, during which time a fresh supply of oyster drills was placed in the experiment trough every two weeks. Not one drill crossed the barrier. In other experiments, the scientists scatter the chemically treated sand over oyster beds to kill drills, starfish, and other pests in the beds themselves.

The scientists hope that by varying the chemicals and the method of application they will rout a wide variety of the enemies of shellfish, including mud shrimps, snails, flatworms, and even fungus diseases. One important question remains to be settled: the scientists must make sure that the chemicals do not affect the oysters and clams in such a way as to make them unfit to eat. They believe the chemicals, being insoluble or only slightly water soluble, probably would not pollute the water or injure sea animals or plants that do not come in contact with the treated sand.

At another Commercial Fisheries Bureau laboratory, at Woods Hole,

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The right way to invest

It's important to remember that security prices fluctuate. Not every company will grow. Some will fall by the wayside. This doesn't mean you have to be an "expert" to invest—few people are. But you do need to follow these basic rules:

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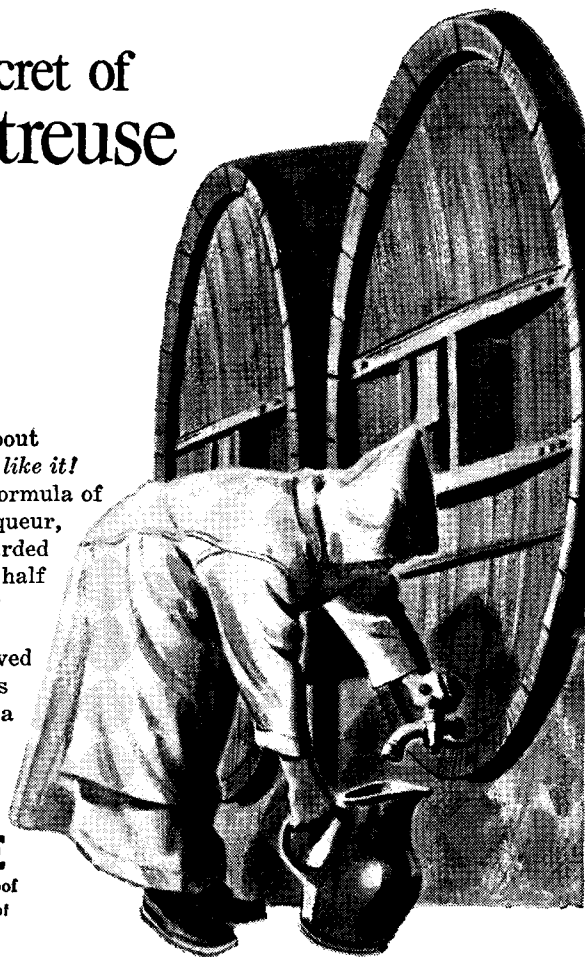


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Science and Industry



Massachusetts, a group of biologists are trying a different solution: moving the young oysters out of the path of attackers — that is, off the bottom — at the stage when they are most susceptible to attack. Borrowing a technique from the Japanese, the Woods Hole biologists built a cedar-log raft from which they hung wired strips of empty shells to which young oysters had fastened themselves.

They found that the raft oysters had a far higher survival rate than a similar group of oysters planted on the bottom. Of the oysters that spent a year on the raft plus a year on the bottom, about 60 per cent survived. The seed oysters that had been planted on the bottom in the same area — with no attempt made to control predators — were 90 per cent lost over roughly the same period. At the same time, the raft oysters grew far faster, although they had thinner shells, than a control group on the bottom, reaching market size in two years instead of the usual four or five.

Now the Massachusetts Department of Marine Fisheries is testing a raft in which ninety-six bushels of oysters live in ninety-six wire trays, designed to save commercial oystermen the labor of hanging the oysters out on a line. The fisheries people are also using the raft to check the different growth rates of different oyster strains in the hope of developing breeds that will fatten quickly to an edible size. Elsewhere, other types of homes for growing oysters are being tried out. Chesapeake Bay oystermen have found that the oysters will happily make their homes on slag from a steel mill. In France, an inventor has developed a pyramidal wooden frame wound with string on which the larvae settle.

The Woods Hole researchers hope that there will be plenty of experimentation. For, they grimly warn, "unless drastic changes take place in the methods of oyster culture now practiced in Massachusetts, the oyster industry of this state is doomed."

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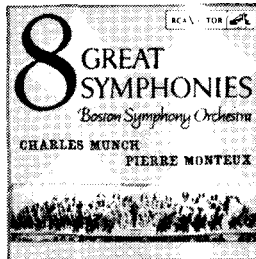
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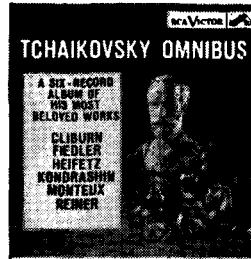
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NOTHING could better illustrate Charles de Gaulle's Olympian way of doing things than the casual manner in which he extended his invitation to Habib Bourguiba at the beginning of February. The occasion was one of those pompous diplomatic receptions at the Elysée Palace, and the General, who can be as stuffy as any man alive when he deems that the dignity of his office requires it, chose for once to be unpretentious. Taking the Tunisian *chargé d'affaires* over to a window, where no one could overhear them, he told him that he would be glad to receive President Bourguiba in Paris any time that it would suit him.

The invitation was so offhand, as a matter of fact, that De Gaulle had not even bothered to give advance warning to his own Prime Minister, Michel Debré, who learned about it first from the newspapers. The invitation, which had been long coming, was another logical milestone along the course that the General had deliberately plotted in his speech of November 4, in which he spoke for the first time of an Algerian republic; the course he had stuck to in undertaking his hazardous trip to Algeria in December of 1960, and which he had got the French people to endorse in the referendum on January 8.

The invitation to Bourguiba put an abrupt end to several weeks of confused speculation about De Gaulle's post-referendum plans, which was singularly abetted by the contradictory nature of various statements made by leaders of the Algerian rebellion. While Ferhat Abbas, the President of the provisional government of the Algerian republic, was off touring the Orient and haranguing Egyptian, Malayan, and Indonesian audiences in a strongly anticolonial and anti-French tone of voice, the F.L.N.'s headquarters in Tunis was busy issuing counterstatements which all but denied what the F.L.N. boss had been saying.

The private explanation given to observers on the spot was that this was a necessary tactic for anyone visiting formerly colonized areas in the East, but that the Algerian rebels in Tunis were nevertheless anxious to keep the door open for

possible negotiations with Paris. The confusion reached its height toward the end of January when the F.L.N.'s French federation released an official pamphlet on "The West, Africa, and Decolonization" on the first page of which De Gaulle was dismissed as a "pitiful charlatan."

Behind this confusing barrage of contradictory utterances, unofficial emissaries had been traveling back and forth between Paris and Tunis trying to smooth the way for eventual negotiations. By the end of January the F.L.N. had actually agreed to make an important concession regarding the future status of Frenchmen who chose to go on living in an independent, Muslim Algeria.

Hitherto, the Algerian rebels' position had been that the *colons* who wanted to stick it out after independence would either have to accept Algerian nationality or get out. The question had so worried Jules Roy, the former French Air Force colonel and author of the best-selling *La Guerre d'Algérie* (*The War in Algeria*), that last November he wrote an "Open Letter to Ferhat Abbas" in the Paris weekly *L'Express*, imploring the Algerian leader to reassure the French on this point.

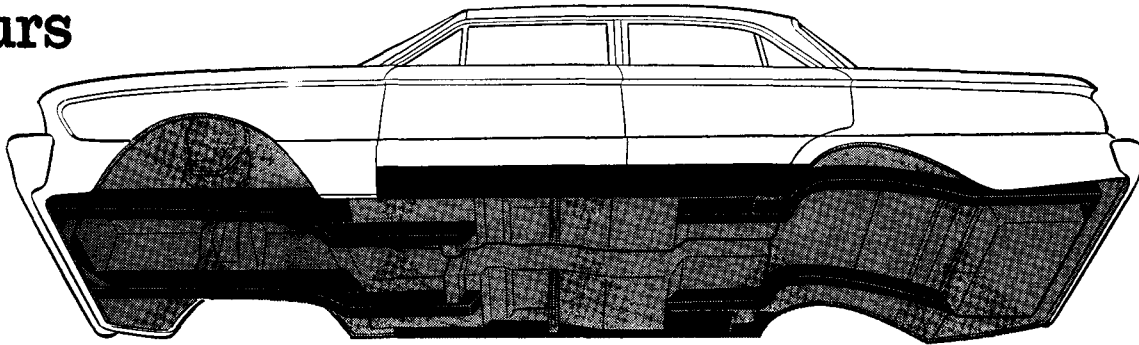
A brief reply, purporting to be written by Ferhat Abbas, was published by *L'Express* in January, just after the referendum, but was immediately denounced in Tunis as a forgery fabricated by the French intelligence. (There is strong reason to believe that Abbas actually wrote it, only to be overruled by his fellow ministers.) At the end of the month, however, the F.L.N.'s official organ, *El Moudjahid* (*The Holy War Fighter*), came out with an issue examining the problem of the European minority in Algeria and assuring them that their future status in an independent Algeria would be subject to negotiation.

The rocky road to peace

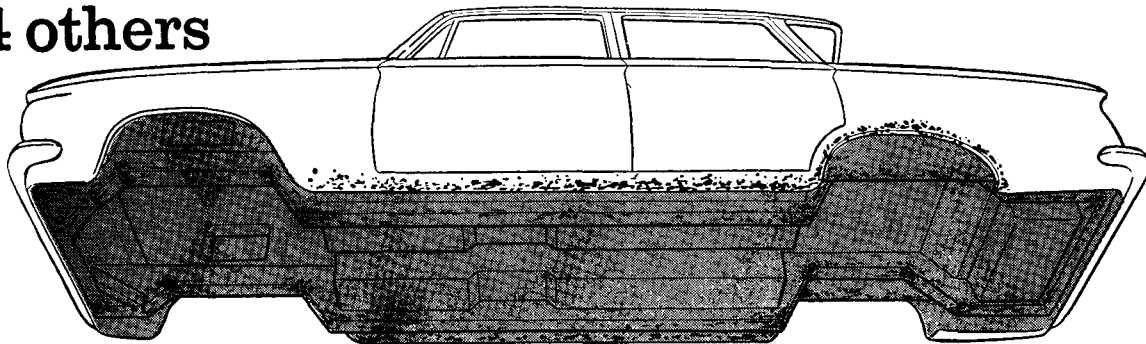
For the Algerian rebels, this was quite a concession. It attested a tentative new spirit of moderation which began to manifest itself in the wake of the bloody Algerian riots of mid-December. These riots had a twofold significance. On the

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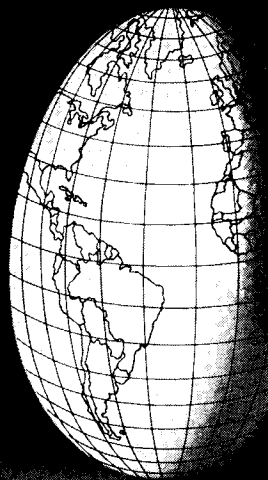
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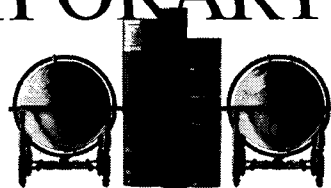
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Report on France



one hand, they struck a mortal blow at the phantom hope of a French Algeria and provided a dramatic demonstration of the immense prestige enjoyed by the F.L.N. among Algerian Muslims; to the extent that the F.L.N. from here on out feels strong, it can afford to make concessions.

On the other hand, the riots also disturbed the F.L.N., since in many cases they were the work of Muslim youths of from sixteen to twenty-two who disregarded orders from the F.L.N. For the first time, the rebel leaders in Tunis found themselves confronted with young nationalist fanatics who threaten, if the Algerian war goes on much longer, to escape from their control altogether.

Just how these different considerations will weigh on negotiations between Paris and Tunis remains to be seen. But it is already clear that the road to peace is a rocky one, with at least three major obstacles — the French Army, the problem of the Sahara, and the question of the guarantees to be given to the European minority.

France's economic stability

For good or ill, the Algerian problem continues to dominate the French political horizon and to exert its powerful influence over many walks of French life. Without the Algerian war there would probably have been far more social unrest last year than there actually was, for on a number of occasions French workers restrained their demands for higher wages or put off strike threats in order not to create trouble at home for De Gaulle at a time when he was trying to deal with a restive army which might easily have welcomed an excuse to intervene and "restore order."

Under Finance Minister Baumgartner's firm and orthodox direction, the French economy has been kept on a fairly even keel. The cost of living rose by 2.6 per cent during 1960, a marked improvement over 1959, when it rose by 8 per cent, but

the rise in prices has not been matched by a rise in wages, and this is a cause for latent dissatisfaction.

For the second consecutive year, French exports in 1960 exceeded imports — a feat which France had not realized since 1927. Thanks in no small part to the stimulus of the Common Market, among whose members tariff barriers were once again lowered last January 1 by 10 per cent, France's overall trade — imports and exports — jumped an impressive 28 per cent ahead of 1959.

The country was able to achieve all this in spite of aid to the former French territories in Africa totaling \$860 million — about three times what the United States contributed last year to the economic welfare of the Dark Continent.

De Gaulle and Adenauer

France's determination to stick with the Common Market through thick and thin has, indeed, been one of the surprises of the last couple of years, and a vindication of Paul-Henri Spaak's contention that institutions, once set up, automatically acquire a life of their own.

The Common Market has survived and thrived despite General de Gaulle's notorious lukewarmness to this kind of supranational institution. The General's reservations have cast a decided chill on his once cordial relations with Chancellor Adenauer. Last July, when Adenauer was De Gaulle's guest for a weekend at the French presidential château at Rambouillet, De Gaulle outlined a comprehensive scheme calling for closer cooperation and consultation between the various ministers of the six Common Market countries and the establishment of four commissions to coordinate policy in the foreign, economic, cultural, and educational fields.

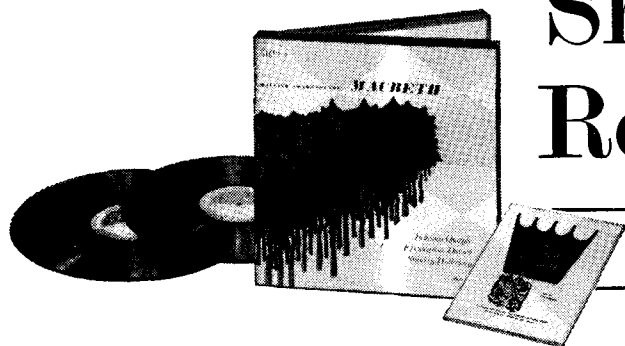
The Chancellor, who saw in the scheme only the grand outline of that European *rapprochement* which he has tirelessly worked for, returned to Bonn in a state of high spirits. His enthusiasm quickly evaporated, however, when the French President's project was submitted to the detailed scrutiny of the German Foreign Office's experts, who detected in it a thinly veiled maneuver to put the Common Market into cold storage,

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Report on France



to liquidate Euratom, and to set up a kind of European rival bloc capable of challenging American leadership inside of NATO.

The Chancellor, who regards the existing European institutions as sacrosanct and friendship with the United States as the indispensable condition for Western Europe's welfare and survival, was deeply shocked by the discovery. General de Gaulle, he felt, had tried to pull a fast one on him. His confidence in the French President has, since then, never fully returned.

De Gaulle followed up the fatal Rambouillet encounter with a press conference on September 5 which was the most caustic he had held since taking power. In the course of it he referred sarcastically to the "so-called United Nations," aired his dissatisfaction with NATO, and

expressed himself with withering condescension about the vagaries and naïveté of American foreign policy. He succeeded in browbeating a reluctant French Parliament into voting through his pet scheme for an independent atomic striking force — a blatantly anti-European scheme.

To still the growing apprehensions on the other side of the Rhine, De Gaulle's much-harassed trouble-shooter, Prime Minister Michel Debré, was dispatched to Bonn in October. He did his best to reassure a dubious Chancellor Adenauer that France was committed, as firmly as ever, to a policy of European integration, at least in the economic field.

The Dutch demur

A more ambitious attempt to patch up the differences was made in early February when the six chiefs of state of the European Economic Community met in Paris for a "Little Summit" meeting. Here De Gaulle's scheme for closer ministerial cooperation between the six Common Market states ran into unexpected opposition from the Dutch, who insisted that no new steps toward po-

litical coordination should be made without including Britain. It later transpired that what most worries the Dutch is the fear that De Gaulle may be trying to set up some kind of Franco-German political hegemony over the less powerful Common Market partners, of which he would be the moving force. The inclusion of Britain in all future moves toward political coordination would help offset this threat.

The present situation is oddly paradoxical; for, on the one hand, De Gaulle's desire to substitute interstate cooperation for institutional integration closely parallels the longstanding British insistence that the approach to Western European union must not involve any surrender of national sovereignty.

On the other hand, De Gaulle has shown scant enthusiasm for admitting Britain to the Common Market. The General, who is a proud, hypersensitive Frenchman behind his mask of aloof indifference, has not forgotten the humiliations and restrictions to which the British subjected him during his wartime exile in London.

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The gap between Paris and Bonn still remains as wide as ever in regard to NATO and the attitude to be adopted toward the United States. De Gaulle has failed to show the slightest enthusiasm for General Norstad's idea of a NATO atomic striking force, a project which SHAPE's Supreme Commander improvised last autumn in a hasty attempt to head off the independent French atomic force. And as late as December 31, in a New Year's address to the French people, De Gaulle could not resist referring to an "assembled Europe, and America its daughter."

This is precisely the kind of patronizing language which Konrad Adenauer thinks can do only harm to the future of Western Europe's relations with the United States. But it is the kind of language Washington will have to get used to. The new Administration should have few illusions on this score. General James Gavin, the new American ambassador in Paris, will probably have his work cut out for him in trying to persuade a once brilliant military theorist that his present ideas about warfare are no longer as prophetic as they were thirty years ago.



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American Gothic by Grant Wood, courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago.

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The farmer's wife did it herself. Take a look at the farmer's wife of not so long ago in Grant Wood's famous painting, *American Gothic*. Now look at the lady standing next to her. She presents quite a different picture, doesn't she? Yet she, too, is a farmer's wife. She is Mrs. Luke Oberwise, Jr. of Harvard, Illinois. And it is she, and 7,000,000 other American farm women, who have changed the picture of themselves by changing the life around them.

The standard of living for the average farm wife has risen 85% since 1940. She is no longer chained to the chunk stove—and her hands show it. She is no longer isolated from people or ideas. Her face reflects a new interest in the life around her—and around the world. Her newly-found free time has given her the welcomed opportunity to channel her energy into new and better ways to help her family.

Some of these ways are big and important. The farm wife's concern for her community has led her to join 4,000,000 other farm wives in organizations designed for farm betterment. Her desire for education has helped increase college enrollment of farm youngsters over 100% in the past twenty years. Her interest in art, music and drama has helped tremendously in the development of America's growing rural cultural activities.

Like your own wife, the farmer's wife also looks for small ways in which she can bring better living to her family. One example of this is the fact that so many farm wives have discovered a new way to be thrifty. Today they make up a large share of the millions of American women—shopping for half the families in our cities and on our farms—who save S&H Green Stamps.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

From Puerto Rico's Governor

SIR:

Seldom I write letters to editors, but I have been moved by the January issue of the *Atlantic* (Supplement on "Spain Today"); I want you to know that Spain came through it, in her best literature and in her best thinkers. If countries were presented in this way to the United States readers and not in the current tourist-propaganda Madison Avenue style, great and profound education would occur.

In Puerto Rico we are in a unique position, having a Spanish cultural heritage and a natural friendly feeling toward the United States that has led to close political association in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. But our roots are in Spain, in our Spanish language and in the island habitat that has given us the diversity of which Spanish spiritual richness is capable when moved to new lands.

Do more of this communication of peoples.

LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN
Governor of Puerto Rico
San Juan, Puerto Rico

A letter to the new President

Immediately after the publication of "A Letter to the New President" by William R. Mathews in the January *Atlantic*, we received a spate of letters, many of them objecting to Mr. Mathews' suggestion that negotiations with the U.S.S.R., if given a fresh start, might result in a workable compromise for both sides. We knew, as did the author, that his proposals were provocative, but we believed that they were in keeping with the new Administration, and we were gratified when Edward R. Murrow quoted Mr. Mathews'

article at length on his *Backgrounds*; when Marquis Childs and Eric Sevareid featured it in their columns; and when other readers, on reflection, gave it the following endorsements:

SIR:

I have read — and reread — with the greatest interest and satisfaction your open letter "To the New President" as published in the *Atlantic* for January, 1961. No wiser words were ever written concerning the world situation, and no better advice could be given to our new President.

FLEET ADMIRAL CHESTER W. NIMITZ
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:

I want you to know how much I enjoyed reading your article "A Letter to the New President," by William R. Mathews.

I have never read an abler presentation of our foreign policy problems, and I admire and thoroughly agree with Mathews' thinking regarding the way to meet them.

I wish every American could read it.

ERNEST LYNN, Vice President
Newspaper Enterprise Association
Cleveland, Ohio

Pressures on college girls today

SIR:

In his article "The Pressures on College Girls Today" (February *Atlantic*), Dr. Carl Binger made the following statement: "The price of mistakes in relations with the opposite sex can be high indeed, sometimes nearly ruinous."

It seems to me that the truth of this statement should be constantly emphasized with our young people.

When responsible adults give the impression that premarital sexual relations really aren't very bad, they are giving young people very poor guidance and are doing them a great disservice.

MRS. J. E. SINCLAIR
Carmel Valley, Calif.

SIR:

Dr. Binger suggests that college girls and their parents have an unhealthy relationship because the girls don't discuss their sex life with their parents. This is ridiculous. Any woman, young or old, who confides her feelings about a man to her parents is unconsciously trying to dilute those feelings — to demote them to the level of a child's worry or pleasure over a toy. Such a woman is cherishing not her lover or would-be lover, but her childhood's relationship with her parents. She wishes to remain a little girl, and as long as she continues to confide in her parents, she is sure of never becoming a woman.

Can you imagine Anna explaining her first sharp joy in Vronsky to her mother?

From time immemorial, women have rejoiced in deciding by themselves whom they will kiss and when, whom they will take for lovers, and whose children it is their most inner dream to bear.

MRS. CHARLES REYNOLDS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR:

The article "The Pressures on College Girls Today" by Dr. Carl Binger was especially interesting to me since I am a college student. Male, not female, I find myself and



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Cordially, Thornton D. Hamilton, Chairman of the Board

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my friends often confronted with the same depression Dr. Binger aptly describes for coeds.

May I request Dr. Binger to write an article concerning "The Pressures on College Men Today" — or would that require a volume?

STANLEY F. KOSS
*Xavier University
Cincinnati, Ohio*

SIR:

A note of praise for Dr. Carl Binger's article on the college girl. It is so frighteningly true, but I suppose we all will emerge relatively unscathed. In the meantime, we seem to be blessed with a remarkable ability to rationalize glibly.

MARY BRENNER
*University of California
Berkeley, Calif.*

SIR:

It was a pleasure for us to read at last a perceptive article on the special problems of college women. Dr. Binger treated the problem in its full complexity and avoided the pitfall of making such a "normal" college woman sound merely immature, or, worse, as if she had an advanced case of psychoneurosis.

We, as college women, have become acutely aware of these tensions. Out of our discussion, we have developed what we call the thesis of the marginal woman. This idea is open to a number of different interpretations. Briefly, however, a marginal woman is one whose education is not appropriate to the traditional role of the woman in society. Her awareness and sensitivity only serve to complicate the situation. She cannot choose between the role of a male or that of a female. Strict intellectual discipline leaves her unsatisfied. Her mind, however, is too active to be satisfied with the mediocre. The thesis boils down to an unsureness of her role in society. Ironically, this unsureness is a product of our education.

AVERILL OLSSON
ELLEN AIKENHEAD
*Mount Holyoke College
South Hadley, Mass.*

(For a more extended response to Dr. Binger's article, see page 67.)

Our national parks in jeopardy

SIR:

Along with the authors of two of the articles on the perils faced by

our national park system, I believe that the Wilderness Bill now before the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs will be a major step toward preserving rugged tracts of forest substantially free of man's works. It has been five years since a Wilderness Bill was first introduced in Congress. But I feel confident that the public has grown sufficiently alert to the need for preservation of primitive areas, penetrable by foot and horseback rather than motor vehicle.

Akin to this bill is legislation also before the committee looking toward the protection of certain shoreline areas for their public recreational, scientific, scenic, and historical value. Both these measures are made urgent by the burgeoning demands of a growing population, as is so clearly revealed in the recent valuable articles.

CLINTON P. ANDERSON, *Chairman
Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.*

SIR:

You deserve the gratitude of every conservationist for the articles in the February issue on "Our National Parks in Jeopardy." Particularly, I enjoyed "Resorts or Wilderness?" by Devereux Butcher. It is a revealing fact of our way of life that the national parks, comprising only three fourths of one per cent of the total land area of the United States, are constantly in danger of commercial inroads and overdevelopment.

MRS. GEORGE BEGUN
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

SIR:

About ten million copies of Devereux Butcher's article "Resorts or Wilderness?" should be published in pamphlet form and distributed to the American public.

GENEVA L. PARMLEY
*Southeast Missouri State College
Cape Girardeau, Mo.*

SIR:

I think the efforts of your contributors Devereux Butcher, Clark C. Van Fleet, and Paul Brooks under the general title "Our National Parks in Jeopardy" are important and useful in stirring the American people to stop the encroachment of civilization on the wilderness.

While these old-time nature lovers wax nostalgic, there are whole gen-

erations — our population has doubled in the past fifty years — who have exactly the same right to see the wilderness as they do. Are Butcher, Van Fleet, and Brooks the only men in the country who can enjoy nature? No, they will be the first to say. But, are Butcher, Van Fleet, and Brooks the only men who know *how* to enjoy nature? Well, almost, they will say; Mr. Brooks does allow a grace-saying group inside the elite.

E. C. ROBERTSON
Silver Spring, Md.

SIR:

Congratulations on the papers on our national parks! They will help to offset the powerful influence of the outboard motor and the bulldozers.

GEORGE CHEEVER SHATTUCK, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

I am astonished by the criticisms of Devereux Butcher on the management of the national parks. It is for the people — the citizens of the United States, who own them — that the national parks should be administered. This would not be possible if their management were dictated by the fancies of the evangelists of the wilderness cult. If it is more satisfying to the people, for whose welfare the national parks were established, to stay at motels and travel on efficient highways than to sleep in tents or not travel at all, their wishes should not be denied to comply with the selfish demands of a small group of nature worshipers.

If Mr. Butcher and his fellow enthusiasts for the great outdoors would devote one tenth the time to development of adequate recreational facilities for citizens of the crowded industrial East that they give to preserving the wilderness of the West, they would render a service rewarding to human beings as well as to nature.

MRS. ANTOINETTE FRIEDMAN
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

Devereux Butcher rightly heads his article "Resorts or Wilderness?" In early days of human history, some places were treated as shrines, to help people in their endeavor to think on a high plane. Our national parks, coming at a later time, were established with largely the same motivation, though it was not put

in those words. We have been trying to keep portions of our earth, in national parks, wilderness areas, and other such designations, in the original conditions, so that aesthetically we might gain inspiration for our living. Mr. Butcher rightly depicts how far we have wandered from those ideals.

In Clark C. Van Fleet's article, "Nature Out of Balance," there is described a condition that applies equally well outside of national parks, and his article points up the problem Paul Brooks shows us in his following piece, "The Pressure of Numbers." I, too, have found many park employees who are surely dedicated people, and I agree with Mr. Brooks that in the naturalist service these dedicated ones are doing their best to educate the public on how to use national parks. As he says, it involves brains rather than bulldozers, and this should be "Mission Number One." An important forward step is the zoning of Yellowstone Lake to keep the three south arms in wilderness condition. I hope that a great many people will honestly study the contents of these three articles.

OLAUS J. MURIE, *Director
The Wilderness Society
Washington, D. C.*

SIR:

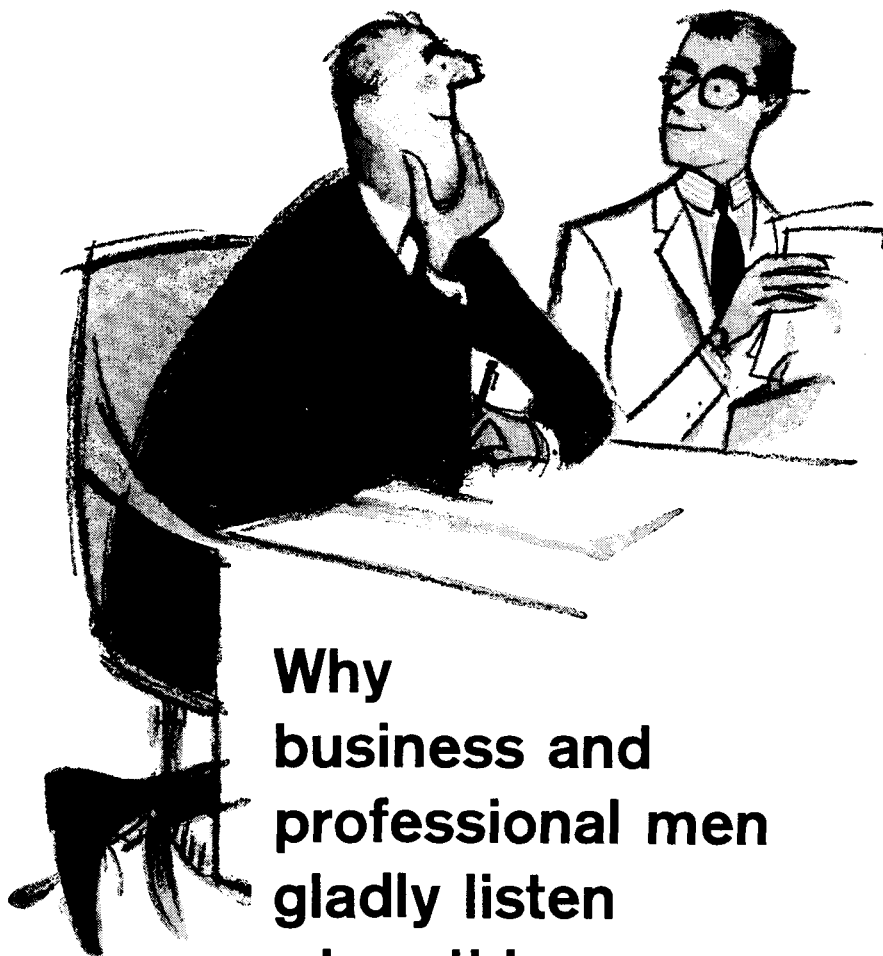
May I commend you for your excellent series concerning "Our National Parks in Jeopardy." Only one thing was lacking in your treatment of this important national problem. Having aroused your readers' interest — and ire, perhaps — you left them with no effective means to express their feelings. Could you not, for example, furnish information concerning the Wilderness Bill, especially the bill's sponsors and official title?

JOSEPH L. THOMPSON
State College, Penn.

The official designation of the "Wilderness Bill," now under consideration by Congress, is S 174. It was drafted to meet the wishes of all major conservation organizations and is supported by them.

Letters in behalf of S 174 should be addressed to: Chairmen, Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, Senate and House Office Building, Washington 25, D. C.

DEVEREUX BUTCHER
Washington, D. C.



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Keep America Powerful



WHERE IS THE COLLEGE GENERATION HEADED?

BY DAVID RIESMAN

After teaching and practicing law. DAVID RIESMAN became in 1946 a member of the staff of the College of Social Science at the University of Chicago, and thereafter a member of the Committee on Human Development and of the Department of Sociology. In 1958 he was appointed the Henry Ford II Professor of the Social Sciences at Harvard University, his alma mater. With a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, Dr. Riesman investigated the problems of higher education discussed in this article; his observations originally appeared in the CHICAGO REVIEW for January, 1958, and have since been amplified and brought up to date for the ATLANTIC.

THE conflict of the generations is neither a new nor a particularly American story, but it is perhaps exacerbated by the self-consciousness and the partial segregation of teen-age culture, to such an extent that both old and young are exceptionally vulnerable to their mutual criticisms. I do not care to add to the complacency of my agemates who, from their clubs, pulpits, and other rostrums, attack the alleged "softness" of the young, whom they have themselves brought up, while failing to see the difficulties young people face today precisely because the manifest hardships with which earlier Americans coped have been, for millions, attenuated. These hardships cannot be artificially restored, at least for people over twelve; however, I believe that college students are now beginning to find new ways to become active politically, and hence responsible humanly.

It is easy to underestimate the importance of this in America, where students until recently did not play the role in politics that they do in Latin America, Turkey, Korea, or Japan. For, the cadres of the disinherited who once helped power political change in this country are diminished in numbers and even more diminished in leadership, now that nearly every bright, motivated boy gets funneled into college if he wants to go. Thus, our expanding colleges absorb increasingly large fractions of the available idealism and dynamism

of our society. And at the same time, as I shall try to show, many students are not attracted by the traditional goals of commercial or professional ambition; the best of them have no love for the status quo. Rejecting careerism, they often choose familism instead. But shaken out of this, either by the open discrimination felt by Negroes or the subtler dissatisfaction with contemporary life felt by whites, they comprise a privileged minority, ignorant of its strength, yet capable of change.

College students today often act as if they believed that work in large organizations, and beyond that, work in general, could not be basically satisfying (or, at times, even honest), but is primarily a way to earn a living, to find a place in the social order, and to meet nice or not-so-nice people. This is a conclusion which is partly projected upon the occupational scene as the result of their experience with the curriculum in college and university, and also as the result of experience with college and university as organizations which are viewed as bureaucratic, monolithic, and unchangeable by many students.

I do not think it is the primary task of education to prepare students for their later occupational roles, or, indeed, any narrowly specialized roles, nor to teach them to enjoy work regardless of its quality and meaning. Rather, the relation of education to later life should be a dialectical and

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critical one. If, however, one result of going to college is to become alienated from work per se and defeatist about the possibility of altering one's relation to it, then it seems to me one ought to re-examine academic institutions themselves and see whether anything in them, or in one's own attitudes, or in both might be changed.

IN THE spring of 1955, several hundred interviews were done (at the behest of *Time* magazine) with seniors at twenty colleges throughout the country, most of them colleges of distinction. The seniors were supposed to be reasonably representative, but what this was taken to mean and how it was applied at different colleges and universities varied greatly. A good many student leaders were chosen, a good many bright people, but hardly any women were included (a questionnaire circulated by *Mademoiselle* gave me somewhat comparable data concerning college women). When I first examined the interviews, and now again when I have once more gone over them, I have been struck by what appears to be a not quite conscious ambivalence toward work in large organizations. Nevertheless, the majority are planning to enter large organizations in pursuit of their careers: big corporations, big governments, big law offices, and so on. Only a few seek independence in their work, either in terms of old-fashioned ideals of entrepreneurship or in terms of the desire to become a foreign correspondent, to enter politics, or to follow some other individualistic or exotic calling. (Moreover, hardly anyone expresses resentment against his prospective army service on the ground that the army is a large organization; there is no eagerness for service, but rather resignation to it as one of the givens of life.)

And yet, when these young people are asked about their lives outside of work, a very different picture emerges. There, bigness and scale are definitely not valued. Only a tiny fraction want to head for the metropolis, even if their careers might make such a location convenient. They want the suburbs — not later, after some bachelor independence in the big city, but now, on graduation. The great majority either are already married or plan to get married soon (even if there is no special one in mind at the moment); they plan to start having children at once and to begin building a community-centered life in the suburbs. They envisage a two-car, but usually not a two-career, family, in which the prospective wife will be active in the parent-teacher association, with assistance from the husband, and in which both spouses will concern themselves with a manageable bit of real estate in a suburban neighborhood in which they

can at once be active and hope to make a difference. It does not occur to them that they might be gifted and energetic enough to make a difference even in a big city. Rather, they want to be able to work through a face-to-face group — the postcollegiate fraternity of the small suburbs.

Correspondingly, the very emphasis on family life, which is one of the striking and, in so many ways, attractive qualities of young people today, is an implicit rejection of large organization. The suburban family, with its garden, its barbecue, its lack of privacy in the open-plan house, is itself a manifesto of decentralization, even though it makes use of centralized services such as television, clinics, chain stores, and *House Beautiful*. The wish to build a nest, even if a somewhat transient one, is a striking feature of the interviews, in contrast with the wish to build a fortune or a career, which might have dominated some comparable interviews a generation earlier.

This pattern — the acceptance of large organizations, combined with tacit and uncrystallized resistance to them — appears not only in the respondents' emphasis on the family but also in what they say about their plans and attitudes toward their future work. I get a sense from the material, and from other comparable data, of a certain withdrawal of emotional adherence from work. To be sure, it has become fashionable to speak of one's work or other activities in deprecatory terms and to adopt a pose of relative indifference to the larger goals of an organization. In an era of political, economic, and cultural salesmanship, such deprecation is a way of guarding against being exploited for ends outside one's self. It is as if one had constantly to conduct psychological warfare against an outside enemy. But, as in any such process, students become to some extent the victims of their own defenses. They come to believe that work cannot really be worth doing for its own sake, whether or not it is done on behalf of a large, impersonal organization. They fear overcommitment to their work even while they are at the workplace. In the course of getting rid of earlier collegiate or rah-rah enthusiasm, these young people have come to feel that work is not worth even their part-time devotion, and perhaps that nothing, except the family, deserves their wholehearted allegiance.

We see the same attitudes, of course, among the junior echelons now engaged in work. One hears them talk of their benevolent company as "a mink-lined rat trap," or speak of "the rat race," or refer to fights over principles as "ruckuses" or "blowups" — if somebody cares, he is said to "blow his top." In a number of business novels, of which *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* is representative, it is taken for granted that a sensible

fellow, and, indeed, an honest one, will prefer suburban domesticity and a quiet niche to ulcerous competition for large business stakes, despite the view from the top and the interesting climb.

ATTITUDES such as these are of course an aspect of a general cultural shift, not confined to students and not confined to those who seek employment in large organizations; similar attitudes turn up in some measure even among those who, studiously avoiding such organizations, look for a professional career in which they hope to be their own masters. Scholars, for example, are not immune to distaste for their work, nor are architects or physicians. But, while I do not intend to imply that a life without any boredom is conceivable, except for a very stupid person, still, I think we are witnessing a silent revolution against work on the part of even those relatively privileged groups who have been free to choose their work and to exercise some freedom in the doing of it. This reflects, in part, the fact that much work is meaningless per se, save as a source of income, prestige, and sociability, but it also indicates, as I have already implied, that people too readily accept their work as it comes, without the hope of making it more meaningful.

Not all large organizations are alike, despite the sorts of institutional similarities investigated by sociologists, and, of course, not all positions in them are alike. Many, although their top executives clamor for creativity and independence of mind, largely manage to process these qualities out of "their" people in the lower ranks. Others stockpile talent and expect it to keep as gold keeps at Fort Knox. Still others make products or provide services which are either antisocial or useless. But here and there one finds companies which face real and not contrived problems and apply to them an intelligence which is often remarkably disinterested and, in the best sense of the term, "academic." Young people in search of challenge and development would do well to seek out such relatively productive climates, rather than to assume offhand that these (as is true of so many brand-name products) are all alike except for the advertising and the label. And this search is necessary precisely because many of the motives which impelled work in the older generation have fortunately become attenuated: motives such as money for its own sake, power, and fame — goals, that is, whose emptiness became evident with their attainment. Our industrial and commercial plant no longer "needs" such compulsive attachments to work, which are based not on any genuine creative impulse but on the drying up of other alterna-

tives and on the pressure of extrinsic standards of value.

There is a further issue concerning work in large organizations where, again, differentiation is required. I refer to the conception that work in organizations requires surrender of independence of judgment, if not of integrity. When I was in college, there was a prevalent feeling among the more sensitive that this was true only of business and commercial organizations, not of governmental or philanthropic ones, and young men debated whether they would enter Wall Street and make money, or enter government or teaching and be saved. This dichotomy has in large measure vanished, although traces of it do survive among the less cynical. For instance, I have known many graduate students in social psychology who believe that if they teach, they can be honest, but that if they work in market research, they will serve manipulation and corruption and will have no power over their own work. Such judgments oversimplify the ethical dilemmas of any calling and are, in addition, snobbish; one can find hucksterism (often hypocritically veiled) among academic people in search of reputations, grants, and promotions, as well as among market researchers and other businessmen.

Indeed, I am inclined to think that, at present, many observant young people do not need to be persuaded of this; many are actually overpersuaded to the point of believing that every occupation is a racket and that at best some of the racketeers are less pious about it than others. And this, I suspect, is one of the reasons they tend to withdraw emotional allegiance from their work — with the impression that they have no control over it anyway, that all is in the hands of the mysterious men upstairs who run the show. If there is greater wisdom in their belief that all occupations, like all forms of power, are corrupting in some degree, there is also greater resignation, greater passivity and fatalism.

Where are such attitudes learned and confirmed? Even at some of the leading colleges, the more intellectual colleges, the colleges which produce literary magazines, the relation of students to the curriculum has a certain alienated quality, in the sense that the students do not believe they have any control over their own education.

In the last few years I have visited a number of colleges of high quality, colleges which turn out eminent professional men, scholars, and scientists, and I have made it my business to talk with students informally, to read their student newspapers and, where possible, student council reports. At a number of these institutions, the livelier students complain of the educational fare they are getting, of the very little contact the curriculum makes

with the problems that are meaningful to them. Sometimes they feel that opportunities for a civilized and intellectual life on campus are wanting — for example, that there are few inviting places to study or to talk, that social pressures in dormitories force any intellectual life out of the group setting, that student publications are either dominated by the school administration or devoted to campus news and trivia, that the bookstore is inadequate, or that the library is geared to meet research needs rather than to attract undergraduate browsers. They often feel that they have no access to the faculty for other than merely routine matters. Sometimes students complain about the prerequisites of a department, which serve its monopolistic aims or protect its mediocre teachers from boycott rather than serve any defensible pedagogic aims.

Yet, when I ask such students what they have done about these things, they are surprised at the very thought that they could do anything. They think I am joking when I suggest that, if things came to the worst, they could picket! They think I am wholly unrealistic when I say that many on the faculty might welcome student initiative in revising the curriculum, or that it might be possible to raise modest sums of money among alumni or others to bring visiting lecturers or poets to the campus, or to furnish commodious rooms for interest-group meetings. When I tell them that the Harvard house plan came about in considerable measure because of the report of a student council committee in 1926 which caught the attention of the philanthropist Edward Harkness, they shrug. That must have been a golden era, they say; nothing like that could happen now. Of course, as long as they think that, they will conduct themselves accordingly.

WHY is it that students, often so precocious about many things — about each other, about sex, about their families, and occasionally even about national and world affairs — are comparatively inattentive to what concerns them as closely as does their curriculum?

For one thing, it seems to me that students do not want to believe that their activities might make a difference, because, in a way, they profit from their lack of commitment to what they are doing. I do not mean that they are not industrious students; they go through the required motions of working, but they seldom get really involved with the content of their courses. It is here that the better, more conscientious students sabotage their own education and restrict production; true enough, they turn out the credits and the grades,

but they do not believe that it really matters in any fundamental sense what they think and feel.

When I have discussed this with students, they have often told me that it doesn't pay to be too interested in anything, because then one is tempted to spend too much time on it, at the expense of that optimal distribution of effort which will produce the best grades — and after all, they do have to get into medical school, keep their scholarship, and "please the old man." Now, I am convinced that grades contaminate education — they are a kind of currency which, like money, gets in the way of students' discovering their intellectual interests — but here, too, the students in their realism are being somewhat unrealistic. They assume, for one thing, that it is hopeless to try to alter the curriculum so that it might penalize them less for serious interest in one topic at the expense of others, or so that there might be more emphasis on reading and discussion and more opportunity for independent thinking. And here, also, the students have a distorted image of what will actually make an impression on their teachers either now or later. On this point, I have some evidence to back me up.

After I had tried in vain for some time to persuade graduate students at Chicago that they could be more independent in their course and thesis work without any heroism, any martyrdom, there was a thesis done by a student which documented my arguments. The student went around to the departments and asked them which students in recent years they had recommended for jobs or advanced training or fellowships and which they had not. Then he interviewed some of these students in various categories of faculty blessing or disapproval, looked at their grades, and so on. He concluded that those students frequently fared best who were not too obedient, who did not get an undiluted, uncomplicated, straight-A record. (The straight-A students, in fact, sometimes slipped away without anyone's noticing.)

The students who were most successful were a bit rebellious, a bit offbeat, though not entirely "goof-offs"; these were the students likely to appeal to a faculty member who had not entirely repressed a rebelliousness of his own that had led him to be a teacher in the first place, a faculty member who was looking for signs of life, even if they gave him a bit of trouble at times. To be sure, such a student had to do well in something to earn this response, but he was often better off to have written a brilliant paper or two than to have divided his time, as an investment banker his money, among a variety of subjects. Those students who were the most self-consciously opportunistic and realistic in allocating their time and emotion were in fact sacrificing themselves unprofitably, suffering not only now, during the

studies which they regarded as an anteroom to life, but later on as well.

Now, not all departments at Chicago were alike in this matter; some gave more play to defiance and deviation than others. Moreover, this study encompassed only the social science departments. No doubt departments and institutions differ very much in this respect. But that is just the point I want to emphasize: by concluding prematurely that all organizations are alike, that all demand the same kinds of conformity, students not only surrender the chance to experience an atmosphere that is freer and more conducive to their own development but perpetuate a myth that then controls their passage through jobs in later life. If the University of Chicago or even one's department itself cannot be changed from below, how can one expect to change General Motors, or *Look* magazine, or the big hospitals of San Francisco? And if that is so, then why not settle for the fringe benefits, for a position of moderate respectability and adequate, if not dazzling, salary?

At work here is a characteristic social pattern in which individuals, hesitant to reveal feelings they have scarcely voiced to themselves, are misled about what in effect could be done if they expressed themselves, thereby discovering others who might share their views. (Sociologists refer to this process as "pluralistic ignorance.") Leadership, of course, whether in politics or in other affairs, often serves to help a group change its apparent mood to conform to its actual or potential but repressed views, but leadership also may, and frequently does, serve to continue enforcing the repression. Even in a large organization, radical and what were previously regarded as "impossible" changes come about almost instantaneously once people discover that views they had previously regarded as unacceptable or idiosyncratic are in fact widely shared.

The students know that there are many decisions out of their conceivable control, decisions upon which their lives and fortunes truly depend. But what I am contending is that this truth, this insight, is overgeneralized, and that, being believed, it becomes more and more "true." Not only do we fail to spot those instances in which intervention might change things quite substantially, but we fail to develop the competence and the confidence in ourselves that are necessary to any large endeavor. In that sense, despite our precociousness, we fail to grow up; we remain the children of organization, not the masters of it.

For Americans, there is something paradoxical about this development. Americans in the past have not been overimpressed by mechanical achievements. Workers in a steel mill are not awed by the giant rollers, and we take for granted

that we are not awed by any large physical construction made by our hands and brains. Contrary to the prevalent impression abroad that we are slaves to our machines, we are actually relatively uninvolved with them, and we surely do not feel dominated by them. But it seems to be different with the organizational machines. These are as much the product of our thinking and our imagination as any technological feat; yet, as Erich Fromm has said, we worship like idolaters the product we have created, an image not of stone but of other images.

It is a commonplace observation that in organizational life we use arguments to convince others which we think will appeal to them, even though they do not convince us. We try to persuade people to behave justly to Negroes because "discrimination makes the United States look bad in the Cold War," as if that were why we ourselves behaved decently. Or we persuade businessmen to give money to colleges for all sorts of public relations reasons, playing on their fear of radicalism or federal control or whatnot, whereas we ourselves devote our lives to education for quite different reasons. All arguments of this nature have two qualities: they patronize the other person and they perpetuate "pluralistic ignorance." It can be contended that there may be occasions when we must appeal to others as they are, not as we should like them to be; when there is not time for idealism. But, in our realism, we often make mistakes about what others will actually respond to, and we sacrifice the integrity and clarity of our argument to our false image of what will go over. The result: we conclude that one cannot be honest while working for an organization, that one can be honest only when one is at home with one's family in the suburbs.

There is another result as well; namely, that we often end up in doubt as to what we ourselves think. We come to believe what we say to others and thus become "more sincere" in the subjective sense, but at the price of becoming still more confused as to what is actually so: we are the first victims of our own propaganda. No wonder we end up without emotional ties to what we do, for it is no longer we who do it, but some limited part of ourselves, playing a role. Not recognizing that we in some measure have done this to ourselves, we attribute to organizations the power and the primacy we have lost. And then, as I have said, we strike back, not directly, but by a kind of emotional attrition in which we lend to our work willingness without enthusiasm, conscientiousness without creativity.

I am sure that many college students who are not only serious but dedicated know this as well as I do. Such students have managed to make college serve their purposes and have in this way gained some rational confidence that they will be able to do the same in the organizations they will enter later, whether these are universities, business concerns, or the many voluntary organizations through which we Americans carry out much of our communal work. What I have principally sought to do in these remarks is to encourage greater and more differentiated realism than many young people already possess, a realism which does not take for granted the social structures which seem so impressive but which looks for the points of leverage where one's own effort, joined to that of others similarly freed from mythology, might make a difference. In many situations, there is more leeway than students think, and college is a good place to find this out.

THREE years later, I have naturally asked myself to what extent the foregoing remarks still strike me as true. I had in 1955 and 1957 paid very brief visits to several of the Southern Negro colleges that have since been in the forefront of sit-in demonstrations; at that time they seemed to me, as to some of their own faculty members, acquiescent and cautious, preparing students to enter the army uncomplainingly, the "Black Bourgeoisie" unthinkingly. Of course, the students were aware of the struggles over integration, but for them the issues remained somewhat abstract, particularly as many of them had chosen the shelter of a segregated college, as in their prospective occupations — teaching, the ministry, Negro business — many would choose the still segregated occupations.

As so often, appearances were deceptive; some of these students carried out the first sit-ins and refused to become daunted or disorganized when either their own pressured administrations or reactive whites sought to end the picketing and protests; a brave few, in active civil disobedience, have chosen jail rather than bail. Relatively immune to the economic boycotts that can hamstring their parents, and free, too, of the traditional Negro leadership in their communities, they have discovered their organizational powers and talents. This has been bracing and highly educative.

Meanwhile, among white students in the North, sympathetic picketing of the chain stores was rapidly organized, and many campuses had their first taste of political life in twenty years. The young people I have been describing are markedly tolerant; in the 1955 interviews, hardly any ex-

hibited bigotry (at the Southern universities many said that once the old folks are gone, the race problem will die with them). Moreover, tolerance appears to them a virtue that is civic and personal, tied into one's own immediate human reactions and relations; to be tolerant to classmates, one does not have to fight city hall, though one may sometimes have to fight alumni guardians of the more collegiate fraternities.

Furthermore, the simplicity of the race issue, the near lack of rational or civilized defense of segregation and discrimination, allows Northern students to extrapolate public activity on the basis of private decency, without feeling themselves to be involved in "politics" or in ideology. True, the planned picketing has involved these highly individualistic students in more organization and decision making than appeals to most of them; the term "politician" is as much one of contempt on the better campuses as it is generally in American life. Even so, many students have discovered, though less dramatically than the Southern Negro students, that they are capable of action in areas outside the usual complaints about library hours, dormitory food, and parking, and that even such seemingly large outfits as Woolworth's are not invulnerable.

So, too, there have recently been some energetic student actions in the area of curriculum. In the spring of 1958, students at the University of Wisconsin submitted a petition to the administration requesting more challenge and stimulation in their courses and in their educational program generally. During the same period, undergraduates at Chicago mobilized to defend the general education program against attempts to subordinate it to the requirements of the graduate departments. A group of students at Wesleyan last year arranged a series of discussions on education, geared to the problems and opportunities faced by a liberal arts college; apparently the students helped influence curricular change. While, in some instances, students could graduate before realizing that what they did had any impact, others learned from their experiences that institutions are man-made and subject to change.

It is understandably seldom that such sporadic and ad hoc actions have been carried over into political controversies on the national scene. There have been occasional protests against compulsory ROTC, based as much on the unintellectual waste of time of the programs as on any explicit antimilitarist views. The student political party (Slate) at Berkeley was a factor in last year's protest against the Un-American Activities Committee hearings in San Francisco — a brave protest, since many students fear it will go on their records in an FBI dossier. And, increasingly, the

issues of peace and disarmament have found a student audience. Students are picketing weekly on Boston Common under the auspices of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and are encountering, as they did to only a minor degree in picketing the chain stores, violent and jeering attacks as Reds or yellow appeasers. Challenge at Michigan and Yale, Concern at Ohio Wesleyan, Tocsin at Harvard are among the groups that have sprung up to discuss peace and other political questions. Only a very small minority are involved — but then only a small minority were involved in the supposedly activist 1930s. Probably some of these organizations will last only for the college lifetimes of a handful of committed students.

Indeed, the very fact that academic values have triumphed on many campuses puts heavy competition in the way of all extracurricular activity, including politics. I recall one student who recently felt he had to choose between active participation in organizing a student chapter of SANE and writing a senior distinction thesis; he believed that if he did not do the latter, he would not get into graduate school (not an unrealistic fear) and would jeopardize his whole career (in my judgment, a less realistic fear). Perhaps more important, the professors have taught, especially the better students, that all questions are complex, all ideologies suspect, and all larger passions fanatical; the fear of being naïve prevents many young people from feeling confidence in any action or reaction. (Some of these same adults then criticize the students for apathy!) Questions of foreign policy and disarmament *are* complex — in a way that the race question is not — and students have in the past feared to take a position that expert or “classified” knowledge might explode. Once they begin, however, these same academic values lead them to a seriousness illustrated by the Tocsin students, who have organized seminars on technical problems of disarmament and, as the phrase goes, “done their homework” in Kahn, Kissinger, King-Hall, the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, and so on.

The long-buried idealism of many gifted and sensitive students has come out most strongly, however, in their response to President Kennedy’s proposal of a Peace Corps. It is exciting to watch a group of them examining in detail what American students might contribute to secondary education in Nigeria and what qualities of judgment, self-reliance, pertinacity, and technique such students would need to be of real help. I have seen students who seemed, even in their own eyes, cool customers, ready to ride the organizational escalator, discover in themselves unexpected resources of dedication when beckoned by a chance to serve in an underdeveloped country. To be sure, such

service appears to many students as quite unpolitical, outside the polemical orbit of American domestic struggles; and one could argue that there are escapist elements in this choice, this interpretation. But one has to start somewhere, and when one is emerging from privatism, the first movements are apt to be tentative.

We must still ask whether there will be any carry-over from these campus stirrings into the attitudes that college graduates take toward their work: will they continue to regard it as mere “bread,” needful for existence, but not a locus either for defining the self or changing the world? If one is apathetic about one’s work, it is hard to prevent this apathy from spreading to other areas, even to those on which one had originally thought to build one’s life: domesticity, the arts, and personal relations. But, conversely, the vitality and sense for relevant accomplishment that students may gain in college should spread to their academic work and thence to their lifework. For, in the more selective colleges at present, as I have already indicated, there is very little left of the collegiate or teen-ager high jinks of the former *jeunesse dorée*; it is in the high schools now that these ersatz values reign. Thus, college is already, not always happily, an aspect of adult life, not simply a playful preparation, and experience there is no longer compartmentalized as a childish thing.

PRAYER OF A YOUNG GIRL

BY LYNNE LAWNER

O white Diana,
You who spread the gauze
Twixt lover and lover
And catch up the blind hand
That moves over
Your sacred winding land,
You whose proud-faced law
Is steel to keep
And glass to break,
I would be a chaste Sicilian spring,
My waters sleeping, waking
To the movement of the tide,
A wild thing held by a silver string,
In deepest woods my form to hide
And watch the shadow of a torn stag
Stagger across the moon.

What Has Happened to the American Dream?

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT was the First Lady longer than any other woman in American history, and since her retirement from the White House she has continued to work unsparingly in the public interest, first as an official member of our delegation at the United Nations, and more recently in her lectures and telecasts originating at Brandeis University. She has spoken on more than one hundred campuses in the past fifteen years, and the paper which follows reflects her interest and experience.

ON JANUARY 4, 1961, the New York *Herald Tribune* carried on page 9, subordinated in space to a story on a castle for sale for \$12 million, a news item from Russia. It described the new propaganda drive which is in line with the world Communist manifesto recently published. This manifesto declared "the United States is the bulwark of world reaction and the enemy of all the peoples on the globe."

Writers, lecturers, and agitators are being trained in special schools to spread this propaganda wherever they can. How many Americans read that news item? How many of them glanced at it and shrugged or laughed and dismissed it from their minds? How many of them were aware of the slow and relentless effect of Soviet propaganda among the uncommitted nations of the world and its effect on our standing among many peoples? I don't know, but I am sure that there were not enough. Not nearly enough. We are facing the greatest challenge our way of life has ever had to meet without any clear understanding of the facts.

There is in most people, at most times, a proneness to give more credence to pleasant news than to unpleasant, to hope that, somehow or other,

things "will come out all right." But this was not the frame of mind that created the United States and made it not only a great nation but a symbol of a way of life that became the hope of the world. One can fight a danger only when one is armed with solid facts and spurred on by an unwavering faith and determination.

On my first visit to Russia I had watched the training of small babies. On my second trip, I studied the older children, their conditioning, their discipline, their docility, their complete absorption in the Communist system. Every child learns his Marxism backwards and forwards. By the time he leaves school, he is prepared to take not only his skills but his political ideas with him, wherever he may be sent, to whatever part of the world.

Wherever I went in Russia I found no personal hostility. But there was an unshaken conviction that the United States not only threatens but actually desires and seeks war. Here we are, equipped with the best communications in the world, and yet we have not learned how to use them in a way that can reach people.

Today, we are one of the oldest governments in existence; ours has been the position for leader-

ship, for setting the pattern for behavior. And yet we are supinely putting ourselves in the position of leaving the leadership to the Russians, of following their ideas rather than our own. For instance, when the Russians set up a restriction on what visitors to the country may be allowed to see, we promptly do the same thing here, in retaliation. Whenever we behave in this manner, we are copying the methods of dictatorships and making a hollow boast of our claim that this country loves freedom for all. We owe it to ourselves and to the world, to our own dignity and self-respect, to set our own standards of behavior, regardless of what other nations do.

By practicing what we preach, putting democracy to work up to the very hilt, showing the world that our way of life has the most to offer the men and women and children of all countries, we may regain our lost leadership. Against those mindless millions we can oppose the unleashed strength of free men, for only in freedom can a man function completely.

When I visited Morocco in 1958 I had my first opportunity to see for myself the difficulties that arise in the transition stage between colonialism and independence. The troubles that Morocco was encountering were, it seemed to me, fairly typical of the basic difficulties of all young nations in transition.

As the French withdrew from Morocco, taking their nationals along, the villages found themselves stripped of teachers and of doctors. Countless villages were without a single person trained to give medical assistance. The Moroccans themselves were not yet prepared to replace the doctors, the teachers, the civil service employees with their own men. It may be decades before they are ready to do so. Where, then, are the necessary people to come from? I feel that in that answer lies the key, or one of the major keys, to the future.

The great problems seem to be that, while people may be able to fight successfully for freedom, they may not yet be prepared to set up a stable and functioning independent government. The French pulled out, but the Moroccans had no one to replace them. They were totally unprepared for self-government. They were, in fact, much worse off than they had been a year before.

Today, this is happening again, in the Congo with the withdrawal of the Belgians. The time for colonization has gone forever, but some intermediate transition system is essential if chaos is not to follow.

A recent Afro-Asian resolution in the United Nations reveals the difficulty of the position by these words: "Inadequacy of political, economic, social or cultural preparedness" shall not serve as a pretext for denying independence. Now, it

is certainly true that such a pretext has often been used in denying the right of self-determination. But it is equally true that without some basic qualifications, self-determination will lead to self-destruction.

In the Near East one finds the fluctuating and uncertain position of young countries which are in transition from the ways of the past to those of the future, with no certain path to tread and with the ultimate goal still obscure. That is becoming the situation of an increasing number of infant nations as they shake off the fetters of colonialism, or of ancient laws and customs, and grope for their own place in the sun. And what that goal is to be, what kind of place they are to occupy, what political philosophy they will choose in the long run will depend in great part on how we, in this country, prepare to meet the challenge.

Is what we are doing good enough? Have the changes that have revealed themselves in recent years, particularly in Africa and the Near East and the Latin American countries, shown overwhelming evidence that we are doing an intelligent job, an adequate job? I am afraid not. Genuinely afraid.

To me, the democratic system represents man's best and brightest hope of self-fulfillment, of a life rich in promise and free from fear; the one hope, perhaps, for the complete development of the whole man. But I know, and learn more clearly every day, that we cannot keep our system strong and free by neglect, by taking it for granted, by giving it our second-best attention. We must be prepared, like the suitor in *The Merchant of Venice* — and, I might point out, the successful suitor — to give and hazard all we have.

Man cannot live without hope. If it is not engendered by his own convictions and desires, it can easily be fired from without, and by the most meretricious and empty of promises.

WHAT I learned on these trips around the world has been much on my mind. Why, I wondered, were we not more successful in helping the young nations and those in transition to become established along democratic lines? Why was it that the Russians were doing so much better? The answer can be oversimplified, and an oversimplification is false and misleading. But part of the answer, and I think a major part, is that Russia has trained its young people to go out into the world, to carry their services and skills to backward and underdeveloped countries, to replace the missing doctors and teachers, the scientists and technicians; above all, to fill the vacant civil service jobs, prepared not only by training for the job itself, but

by learning the language, by a complete briefing in the customs, habits, traditions, and trend of thought of the people, to understand them and deal with them. Where the young Russians go, of course, they take with them their Marxist training, thinking, and system.

And our young Americans? Are they being prepared to take their faith in democracy to the world along with their skills? Are they learning the language and the customs and the history of these new peoples? Do they understand how to deal with them, not according to their own ideas but according to the ideas of the people they must learn to know if they are to reach them at all? Have they acquired an ability to live and work among peoples of different religion and race and color, without arrogance and without prejudice?

Here, I believe, we have fallen down badly. In the last few years I have grasped at every opportunity to meet with the young, to talk with college students, to bring home as strongly as I can to even young children in the lower grades our responsibility for each other, our need to understand and respect each other. The future will be determined by the young, and there is no more essential task today, it seems to me, than to bring before them once more, in all its brightness, in all its splendor and beauty, the American dream, lest we let it fade, too concerned with ways of earning a living or impressing our neighbors or getting ahead or finding bigger and more potent ways of destroying the world and all that is in it.

NO SINGLE individual, of course, and no single group has an exclusive claim to the American dream. But we have all, I think, a single vision of what it is, not merely as a hope and an aspiration, but as a way of life, which we can come ever closer to attaining in its ideal form if we keep shining and unsullied our purpose and our belief in its essential value.

That we have sometimes given our friends and our enemies abroad a shoddy impression of the dream cannot be denied, much as we would like to deny it. *The Ugly American*, impressive as it was, struck me as being exaggerated. True, one of the first American ambassadors I ever met in an Eastern country was appallingly like a character in the novel. There are doubtless many others, too many others; men who accept — and seek — the position of representative of their government abroad, with no real interest or respect for the country they go to, and no real interest or respect for the image of their own country which they present to other people.

Such men buy their positions by gifts of money

to their party or seek them because of the glamorous social life they may lead in exotic places.

"Oh, you must go there. You'll have a wonderful time. And the polo is topnotch."

They often do not know the language of the country; they are not familiar with its government or its officials; they are not interested in its customs, or its point of view.

The Russians, and I say it with shame, do much better. They are trained in the language, history, customs, and ways of life of a country before they go to it. They do not confine themselves to official entertaining but make a point of meeting and knowing and establishing friendly relations with people of all sorts, in every class of society, in every part of the country.

When we look at the picture of Russian greed in swallowing one satellite nation after another and contrast it with the picture of American generosity in giving food, clothing, supplies, technical and financial assistance, without the ulterior motive of acquiring new territory, it is stupid and tragic waste that the use of incompetent representatives should undo so much useful work, so great an expense, so much in the way of materials of every kind.

Of course, what the Russians have accomplished in training their young people for important posts in the underdeveloped countries — which, I must repeat, may affect the future course of these countries — has been done by compulsion. That's the rub. For what we must do is to achieve the same results on a voluntary basis. We do not say to our young people: "You must go here and take such a job." But we can show them that where we fail, the Russians will win, by default. We can show them the importance of acquiring the kind of training that will make them useful and honorable representatives of their country wherever they may go abroad.

Perhaps the new frontier today is something more than the new revolution in textiles and methods and speed and goods. It is the frontier of men's minds. But we cannot cast an enduring light on other men's minds unless the light in our own minds burns with a hard, unquenchable flame.

One form of communication we have failed in abjectly: that is in the teaching of languages. Most school children have several years of inadequate teaching in one language or another. I say inadequate because the study of a language, after all, is inadequate if one cannot learn to read and write it, to speak and to understand it. During the last war, the government found a simplified and most effective method of teaching such difficult languages as Japanese and Chinese to American GIs. In a matter of weeks they had mastered more of the language than formerly they would have

acquired in the same number of years. And yet in our schools the old cumbersome, unproductive methods are still in use.

It seems to me so obvious that it should not need to be said that we must increase and improve the teaching of languages to our young people, who will otherwise find themselves crippled and sorely handicapped in dealing with people of foreign races and different cultures.

These are things our children should be told. These are the conditions they are going to have to meet. They ought to be made to understand exactly what competition they will encounter, why they must meet it, how they can meet it best. Yet I rarely find, in talking with them, that they have been given the slightest inkling of the meaning of the Soviet infiltration of other countries, or that the future the Soviets are helping to build is the one with which they will have to contend. I rarely find that anyone has suggested that our own young people should have any preparation whatsoever to cope with the problems that are impending.

That is why, in the course of the past several years, I have fitted into my schedule, whenever I could, occasions to talk with the young. Sometimes they come up to Hyde Park by the busload to ask questions or to discuss problems. Sometimes I talk at their schools or colleges.

The other night, three boys from Harvard, one of them my grandson, came to see me. The head of the temporary government of Tanganyika had requested that some American students be sent there to teach English to their students, so that when the latter came to America to study they would be able to understand and communicate without difficulty. The young American students were also to participate in work projects and live in the native villages, where they could study conditions.

Thirty Americans, as a pilot project, were needed, and the cost for each was estimated at \$1500. There was, I am happy to say, no problem in getting recruits. The difficulty came in raising money. The big foundations turned them down, whether because the project seemed unimportant, whether because of the youth of the people involved, or whether because they had failed to draw up a sufficiently complete, telling, and comprehensive prospectus of their plans. I do not know.

I was greatly interested, for it is out of such undertakings that bridges of understanding are built. I urged them to draw up the clearest possible statement of their plan and then to ask for scholarships. Certainly there must be thirty people willing to finance one scholarship each, in order to establish bonds of friendship and cooperation with a young nation.

Of course, there are great numbers of American

college students with little information about and even less interest in the world in which they live. They are absorbed in their own concerns, in the social activities and the sports of their colleges, or in planning for their future careers. All this is natural enough. The trouble is that, on the whole, college students in some other countries start much earlier to relate themselves to their world and to become informed about the conditions which they must learn to meet in life.

WHAT can we do to prepare young people to carry the American dream to the world in the best possible way? What I would like to say is this:

Today, our government and the governments of most of the world are primarily concerned — obsessed — by one idea: defense. But what is real defense, and how is it obtained? A certain amount of military defense is necessary. But there comes a point where you must consider what can be done on an economic and cultural basis.

It seems to me that, in terms of atomic warfare, we should henceforth have a small professional army of men who have voluntarily chosen this profession as an obligation to their country. But what then? What about the hundreds of thousands of young people who leave school every year, either from high school or college? Are they, from now on, to have no participation in contributing to the welfare of their country?

Far from it. As matters stand now, we draft young men into the service, train them until they are useful, and then let them go. This seems to me monstrous waste.

It is my own personal conviction that every young person should be given some basic military training that might, eventually, be useful to his country. This could easily be handled either in school or at college. Instead of calling up all young men for compulsory military service, why should it not be possible to offer a counterproposal along these lines:

If you do not want to spend two years of compulsory military training, here is an alternative which is open to you. Whether you finish college or high school, you may decide what country you would like to spend two years in. You will be given two years of basic training, either during school hours or in the evenings. If you want to go, say, to Africa or one of the underdeveloped countries, you will, from the age of fifteen or seventeen, be taught the language, the history, the geography, the economic background of the country. You will be prepared to take with you a skill, or be trained for the most crying need in many transition nations — to fill the civil service jobs that Russia is

now so rapidly filling. Or, if you are preparing for a profession, you may make use of that. New industries are needed in these countries; there are technical needs in almost all areas. The economy has to be bolstered in countless ways. New techniques are required in agriculture. And nearly all of these countries need teachers badly.

For people in young nations, which are still in a transition stage and setting up governments, such a course of action on our part could be more valuable than a large standing army or economic aid, particularly when in the new country there is no one capable of administering the aid effectively. Obviously, like anything else, this new concept cannot be carried out well without preparation and the clear thinking out of economic problems, based on comprehensive knowledge of the conditions of the country.

If we could achieve — and why not? — a co-operation between universities and government, we might be able to equip some of our young people to take up the slack in underdeveloped countries and to bring our skills and our attitudes and our principles to them as free men.

These two-year volunteers could be doctors, engineers, teachers, scientists, mechanics, and administrators. It is possible that a system of scholarships might be worked out, which would enable us to use some of our young talent and ability in helping young countries get established. In such cases, there should be some sort of guarantee, some sort of facilities put at the use of these people when they return to their own country, to enable them to get jobs at home. This service, of course, could be in lieu of military service, but, it seems to me, it would be far more valuable.

The present long period of basic military training, which removes our young men from civilian life for two years and then returns them to it, seems to me a wasteful and pointless procedure. Certainly it could be made possible for them to

have much of this basic military training that is required while they are in school. But military service, in an atomic, specialized age, should, like other professions, be on a voluntary basis and become a chosen career.

I have said that the Russians have accomplished by compulsion what we must accomplish voluntarily. But there is one element of this Russian training that is of paramount importance. They have taught their young to feel that they are needed, that they are important to the welfare of their country. I think that one of the strongest qualities in every human being is a need to feel needed, to feel important. Too often, our own youngsters do not feel that they are really essential to their country, or to the scheme of things. We have not had enough imagination to show them how very much we need every one of them to make us the kind of country that we can be.

If many of our young people have lost the excitement of the early settlers, who had a country to explore and develop, it is because no one remembers to tell them that the world has never been so challenging, so exciting; the fields of adventure and new fields to conquer have never been so limitless. There is still unfinished business at home, but there is the most tremendous adventure in bringing the peoples of the world to an understanding of the American dream. In this attempt to understand and to give a new concept of the relationships of mankind, there is open to our youngsters an infinite field of exciting adventure, where the heart and the mind and the spirit can all be engaged.

Perhaps the older generation is often to blame with its cautious warning: "Take a job that will give you security, not adventure." But I say to the young: "Do not stop thinking of life as an adventure. You have no security unless you can live bravely, excitingly, and imaginatively; unless you can choose a challenge instead of a competence."

The Boston Evening Transcript

THE ATHENS OF AMERICA

by Charles W. Morton

This is the fourth in a series of articles by CHARLES W. MORTON, the associate editor of the ATLANTIC, about his work as a news reporter in the early thirties for the BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, defunct since April, 1941.



"Are you nidgets going to stand for comic strips in the *Transcript*!"

THE Boston of the 1930s had two more newspapers than it has today, and the competition in the presentation of the local news was relatively lively. There was little or no solidarity on the part of the press: if one paper unearthed a good story, the others would play it down as far as possible and even ignore it altogether, a tendency which persists today. But the irresistibly big story brought big local coverage, and the *Boston Evening Transcript* was as energetic a competitor as any of the larger papers.

The community, then as now, was fantastically corrupt. Always, in one court or another, some wonderful "case" was unfolding: the Gillette case, the Dolan case, the Coakley case, the Jarvis case, the Rettich case, the Mackey case — cases involving judges on the bench, leaders of the business world, bandits of Alcatraz caliber, and a dependable succession of public officials. I am unable to find offhand the source of Boston's description as the "Athens of America," but America's Athenians of the early thirties included some highly original performers, all operating sometimes under a set of ground rules and local attitudes that would take aback even the most easygoing moralist.

There was, for example, the "inspector" employed by the state to make an annual audit of local stockbrokers, one of whom was found to have dissipated some half million dollars of his customers' money. The inspector, in turn, was

found to have been bribed each year for not troubling to "inspect" the actual securities, long vanished, which the broker's balance sheet showed as assets. It was, no doubt, a perfectly commonplace kind of larceny for that period, but the Boston twist was supplied by the inspector's lawyer when I asked him if his client had been fired as a result of the disclosures.

"Of course not," the lawyer replied. "They can't fire him. He's under Civil Service."

A fine fragment of the Boston point of view comes to mind from another bribery case. The chairman of the Boston School Committee, a South Boston dentist, was on trial, charged with soliciting and receiving large sums for job appointments in the schools, and an eminently respectable witness had just testified that he had declined the offer of the position of Director of Music in the schools, subject to a payment of \$5000 to the chairman. Counsel for the defense arose to cross-examine. His technique would scarcely have fooled a child, but it was plain that he fancied himself as embarking on a masterly entrapment of the witness.

"You knew that this job carried a salary of \$7000?" the lawyer began. Getting an affirmative answer, he shot a meaningful glance at the jury.

"And isn't it a fact that the man who is Director of Music buys *all the musical instruments* used in the schools?"

"I believe that is so."

Another significant glance for the jury, and the lawyer put his next question so casually as to suggest that he hardly dared hope for another affirmative. "And doesn't the Director of Music also buy *all the textbooks and music* used in the schools?"

"Yes," replied the witness. "That is my understanding of it."

The cross-examiner nodded sagely. He had got nowhere, but he seemed to feel that the encirclement of the witness was complete. All that remained was to pounce. The pounce:

"And do you stand there and expect this jury to believe that you wouldn't be willing to pay \$5000 *for a job like that?*"

Less visible to the community in general than the showier of the "cases" was Boston's status as the national capital, more or less, of the "boiler rooms," that is, rooms equipped with nothing more than a battery of telephones on which salesmen called prospective victims from coast to coast and persuaded them to buy worthless stock. Stock swindlers bobbed up and vanished in other places, but the Boston operators had a perennial quality, and it was no uncommon thing for one of their better coups to yield them a million or two for what amounted to eight or ten months' work.

The secret of the Boston stock swindlers' durability was twofold: they scrupulously avoided swindling any resident of Massachusetts, and federal and state authorities in the Athens of America amiably disclaimed any jurisdiction over what they did from their Boston base to the gullible in other states. I believe there was a tendency for the promoters to tread lightly in the other New England states and New York, the farmers of the Middle West and California being the most responsive to the flatteringly expensive long-distance calls all the way from Boston. A single month's telephone bill for one of these promotions ran as high as \$125,000, and the telephone company, with its customary efficiency, devised a system of "sequence calls" which enabled a salesman to proceed from one victim to the next with scarcely a moment's delay. He simply provided the long-distance operator each morning with a list of the day's prospects; the calls, beginning in the East and working westward through the time zones as the day wore on, would be dealing with the Californians by late afternoon.

Forecasting a sharp rise in the market price of the worthless stock was the gist of the telephoned sales talk, and a few days later the victim would receive the financial page of a Boston newspaper, proving by published figures of transactions on the Boston Curb Exchange that the rise had indeed occurred as predicted. It was quite easy to make

a stock go up and down on the Boston Curb Exchange in those days by means of fictitious trades known as "wash" sales, and after a few weeks or months of correct forecasts over the phone, backed by those reassuring clippings from the newspapers — including the *Boston Evening Transcript* — investors from Ashtabula to Petaluma were ready to get in on the ground floor and stand by for the killing.

"Let the buyer beware" might reasonably have been the motto of the Boston Curb Exchange, which felt strongly in behalf of the constitutional right of one American to swindle another. The Securities Exchange Act of 1934 incurred its immediate disapproval, and the Curb's spokesman, on eventually receiving the first expression of interest in its affairs from the SEC, said to me, "It's like living under the dictatorship of a Hitler." But the Curb was not to live long, dictatorship or no: it went hastily out of business the very next day.

BOSTON'S stage censorship seems to generate fewer *causes célèbres* nowadays than it did during the tenure of John M. Casey, a former trap drummer in a burlesque theater who had the misfortune to lose an arm and who became clerk of the city's licensing division and ex officio the sole arbiter of what could or could not be said or done on a Boston stage. He was widely hailed for what was called "The Casey System," which few of his admirers ever troubled to explain: it consisted, in brief, of threatening to withdraw the license of any theater, on the grounds of fire hazards or other menaces to the public safety, in which a producer refused to follow Casey's censorial dictates. On occasion, when he regarded a show as too dirty to be tolerable, even with all sorts of deletions and changes — *Strange Interlude*, for example, *The Children's Hour*, and many others — the show was forbidden to open at all. *Juno and the Paycock* was prohibited on the grounds that it portrayed a priest in an unfavorable light. Attempts by producers to circumvent Casey, in various courts, were invariably unsuccessful: the theater owners had no choice but to sit tight and say nothing.

It fell to me to cover in the early thirties a vast banquet which the grateful city tendered Casey on the occasion of his retirement. One phrase in particular stands out from the torrent of city hall oratory which "paid tribute," as the newspapers like to put it, to the guest of honor, describing him, at the end of his long career, as "a man whose heart is sweet and clean and whose accounts are in perfect order." The climax of the banquet came when the manager of the Old Howard burlesque theater, which had presented without molestation from Casey and with only brief tiffs with

the police some of the nastiest shows imaginable throughout Casey's tenure, handed over to him \$1000 in gold as "a token of esteem," etc, etc. Casey's successor, incidentally, was a son-in-law of a brother of Mayor Curley's, who said he had no real experience in the theater and no "system" such as Casey's. "I guess I'd just hafta use my head," was his statement to the *Transcript*.

The city censor needed no assists from anyone and held his theater prerogatives strictly for himself, but the New England Watch and Ward Society kept a sharp eye on misdeeds elsewhere, or at any rate, it purported to. Somehow, it never seemed to concern itself with the more substantial criminality of the community, but rather with small moral lapses, a questionable book, an indecent photograph, or the possibility that not all the Mr. and Mrs. John Smiths registered at "overnight cabins" — precursors of the motel — were in truth man and wife. It was, in short, a livelihood for its executives and one which was easily perpetuated by frightening a sufficient number of donors — usually embittered spinsters — with the proposition that things were rapidly going from bad to worse. I am embarrassed to recall the innocence with which I went to its offices one day, just as a matter of curiosity, to ask why the Society did not move against a massive situation in the police department in which a lieutenant in charge of the Prohibition unit was just about running the city.

I was turned over to one of the Society's principal figures, a man who looked like a caricature of the prurient snoop, with a great air of false piety about him. The phrasing of my initial inquiry was careless and rather vague, and I simply asked why the Society had not taken action against "the big stuff" — hardly the language for a *Transcript* man. I must admit. But to the Watch and Ward man, a really big situation could mean only one thing: Women. I did not know this at the moment, and it took me some time to realize it.

"You don't understand," he began. "It's not like the old days."

I could not see what the old days had to do with Prohibition, but I nodded. "No, it's all different from what it used to be. These women are scattered all over the city. They work by themselves. They have a small apartment, or maybe even a single room, and there's no way of keeping track of them."

"Now, in the old days," he went on, "you simply went around to one of these *places*. Everyone knew where they were. Big places. You simply rang the bell — " His voice hoarsened. "They showed you into a *parlor*. A number of young girls would come in. You'd take your *pick* — and you'd *go upstairs with her*."

The Watch and Ward man seemed to realize suddenly that a highly enthusiastic note had crept into his recital. "So I'm told," he added, primly.

THERE were, of course, other phenomena of the period in the Athens of America that were neither heinous nor detestable. The event known as the Horses' Christmas Tree, for example, was designed to gladden the heart of the Boston work horse, to ply the animal with perhaps unaccustomed delicacies, and to share with it the sense of well-being enjoyed by others at Christmastime.

Handsomely decorated and well supplied with sugar lumps, apples, carrots, and various goodies, the horses' tree was raised each year in Postoffice Square, shortly before Christmas, by the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. A great drive was put on to induce the ever-diminishing number of peddlers and draymen still using horses to bring them around to an afternoon of jollification, and no horse went away from the square with the sense of having hung up a stocking that never got filled. The Society's men bustled around from horse to horse, with buckets of water for the thirsty and distributing the gifts. A real old-time horse-drawn traffic jam filled the square.

As a news story, the Horses' Christmas Tree was a punitive assignment, given only to a callow newcomer or to a veteran staff man who the city editor thought needed taking down a peg or two, but it was one of those Boston phenomena involving "our kind of people" — not including, of course, the peddlers and draymen — and it had to be covered. Inevitably, like a college commencement, or the arrival of the department-store Santa Claus, or any other annual fixture, the Horses' Christmas Tree had a certain sameness from year to year. To be assigned to it was an indignity, and the news staff, when I first went to work at the *Transcript*, still enjoyed recounting the tale of the reporter who had covered, a few years earlier, the long salvage operations off Provincetown required to raise the submarine S-4, sunk with all hands in a collision. It had been a hard and sometimes dangerous interval. The reporter had judged his work to be excellent, and there was a tinge of pomposity in his manner when the story ended and he finally returned to the city room. The city editor, a fire-eater whom I am glad to say I never knew, looked at him coldly. "Down to Postoffice Square," said the city editor, "and cover the Horses' Christmas Tree."

As in the case of Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, whose supply of indigent old seamen reportedly became so low that it was necessary to ransack the Great Lakes for prospective bene-

ficiaries, the Horses' Christmas Tree was a waning benefaction. Only two horses put in an appearance at its final occasion, shifted by this time to Boston Common, in 1946.

THERE were other odd assignments, especially when the news was slack and the city editor — the one we disliked — could indulge himself in them. They took us to many a "service club" luncheon, no worse and no better than the same occasions anywhere else in the country: the members sang the same songs — *Jingle Bells*, *Smiles*, *Moonlight Bay*, and such — and there was the same 25-cent fine for the Kiwanian failing to remove his coat on a hot day and lunch in his shirt sleeves. I don't know why I might have expected better, but the food was the same too: fruit cup (canned), cold ham and potato salad in the summer and hot ham and scalloped potatoes in the winter, with a slab of chocolate-vanilla-strawberry ice cream at all seasons to wind it up.

Interviews were another great outlet for the stray thoughts of the city editor, and the *Transcript* always covered at great length the revivalists who appeared every year or two at Tremont Temple, where they usually set up their base camp. I remember one in particular, whose posters described him as "The Man Who Looks and Talks Like Abraham Lincoln." He was backstopped by his brother, who sang and played a "genuine gold-plated hand saw." I have heard West Indian café musicians evoke the subtlest and most charming sounds from a hand saw, but the evangelist's brother made it sound like the howl of a coyote or the wailing of the damned. Both men, artfully dressing the part, did have a somewhat Lincoln-esque appearance, and neither was at all backward in explaining to the reporters and photographers the points of resemblance. Frank Colby, the *Transcript's* photographer, had no more liking for evangelists than he had for the police, and he had worked out a formula for making pictures of them that was on a par with the great Furniture Moving Act (mentioned in the February *Atlantic*) as a matter of self-entertainment. The genial fraud in this case was to insist on a pose showing the evangelist "in action," so to speak, rather than

in spiritual meditation or repose or exhibiting his preferred profile, like a Barrymore. The action shot called for raising the right hand, forefinger extended, in a minatory gesture, and cupping the left hand, at about elbow height, as if to receive the coming vigorous downstroke of the right. "And none of that big old smile," Frank would order. "You've got to look serious."

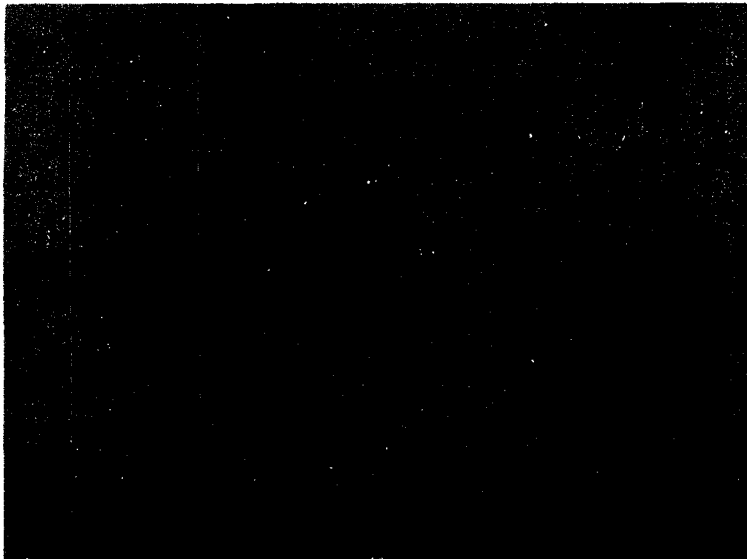
All the evangelists that we ever covered were glad to concur with Frank's suggestions, some of the veterans even striking the prescribed attitude without coaching. In these cases Frank would ask the reporter to correct, slightly, the angle of the left (or right) arm of the subject on the grounds that the hand was too high (or too low). On one occasion we managed to make a picture of two young evangelists of college age — apprentices, one might call them — facing each other in the classic cliché pose, threatening each other with the brandished forefinger.

It was taken for granted that interviews with the evangelists, or the harangues they delivered at their public meetings, would yield nothing substantial in the way of news, and the reporters enjoyed concerting a sequence of behavior that reflected this circumstance and at the same time seemed to befit the occasion. Whether we were taking notes from an interview or sitting at a press table directly in front of and below the speaker at a meeting, the routine was the same: all the reporters would begin writing at top speed with the evangelist's first words. This would continue for two or three minutes. Apparently, every word was being taken down for use *in extenso*, and the evangelist, who had never before found himself talking to so diligent a group of note takers, was beaming with satisfaction. "Now, the main purpose of my coming to Boston," he would be saying, "is to ——" At this point, by prearranged signal, each reporter would stop writing, lean back, and conspicuously return his pencil to his pocket. All would look politely, even hopefully, at the speaker, but the note taking was plainly over, and the whole group would get up and leave a moment or two later, giving a friendly nod or smile to the speaker as they left. The objective, so amiably realized, was the complete and abrupt melting away, for no reason, of a press activity that had seemed to be going great guns.

(To be continued)



THE SQUEEZE ON THE UNIONS



A DISQUIETING feeling of impotence besets many who sit behind lordly desks in the glass and marble headquarters of giant unions. True, they still command huge treasuries; they have a controlling voice in the investment of billions of dollars in pension and welfare funds; their strike calls can plunge vital industries into long periods of idleness; their political machinery can influence the democratic process by persuading hundreds of thousands of workers and their families to register and vote. Yet each day brings compelling reminders that labor's strength is on the downgrade and that, like the colonial powers of Europe, its leaders may soon be presiding over the dismantling of their own empires unless they can find imaginative new approaches to the challenges thrust on them by automation, intensified foreign competition, and a dramatic shift in the composition of the work force.

What may be the wave of the future for all labor already has swept over John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers, the union that set the pattern for unionizing the mass-production industries and for modern collective bargaining and strike technique.

The miners are rich in memories and in money, poor in members. They have \$100 million in their treasury and \$100 million more in pension and welfare reserves. But the industry in which they operate has become an industry of machines, not of men. Employment in the soft-coal field

has gone down from 700,000 to fewer than 200,000 in the four decades since World War I. In hard coal the drop has been even more precipitate, from 180,000 to 13,000.

The union's quadrennial convention in Cincinnati last October was like an assembly of the Grand Army of the Republic, its proceedings full of nostalgic hymns to faded greatness. Lewis, still majestic at eighty, was bathed in veneration even more awesome than that which enveloped him when he led the epic battles against the mine operators, the courts, and the White House.

There was much atavistic fist-shaking at the greedy "interests." The few delegates intrepid enough to suggest that the rank and file ought to have a more assertive voice in the organization's affairs were bluntly informed that what they called democracy was just another name for "labor union inefficiency," a luxury the miners could not afford unless they wanted their implacable enemies in management to restore them to serfdom.

Similar echoes of a bygone militancy reverberated through the ratification of a constitutional ban on membership in the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce. The two employer groups were cast into outer darkness, in league with the Communist Party, the Nazi Bund, the Ku Klux Klan, and the I.W.W.; joining any of these was made the basis for expulsion from the miners' union.

All this in an industry in which there has been no strike for ten years and in which the employers cheer the union as the chief instrument of stabilization. Lewis, once the embodiment of class warfare, now sits with the operators as a director of corporations set up to keep King Coal from being pushed off his throne by competitive fuels. He and his successor, Thomas Kennedy, promote the consolidation of coal companies into ever-larger aggregations of capital, foster the maximum use of labor-saving machinery to dig and load coal, and cooperate in the squeezing out of marginal mines as a further contribution to cutting production costs.

THE PRICE OF SURVIVAL

The result of the union's shift from guerrilla warfare to hospitality toward all measures that heighten efficiency through improved technology has been to keep the mine price of coal steady through the inflationary surges of the post-war years. In the process, coal's market has been protected against the inroads of oil and natural gas, and the unionists still needed in the mines have achieved the highest wages and broadest welfare benefits of all major industries.

But the human cost of this progress is starkly visible in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and other coal states, where tens of thousands of miners have been tossed on the slag heap to rot in an idleness that has turned their communities into ghost towns and their families into public charges. These human discards stalk the coal-rich mountainsides, scratching out a meager existence at bootleg mines and snatching up their shotguns to fight off the union they once fought to build.

Against this backdrop of misery, the miners' union could do little but implore the government to move aggressively to revive the stricken areas and ease the hardships suffered by its stranded ex-members. It tightened the eligibility rules governing its own retirement and welfare fund to prevent the mountainous load of poverty from bankrupting it. Husbanding the union's financial resources and swelling them through strategic investments in common stock have become as much a concern for the miners as for corporate treasurers.

The union is now the chief stockholder in Washington's second largest bank and has a big chunk of its own money in a bulging portfolio of securities in big coal companies, utilities, coal-carrying railroads, and other industrial enterprises. An accounting by John Owens, the miners' secretary-treasurer, on how much the union had profited from its dabblings in big business was greeted by the delegates with the same warm

approval they used to accord news that the union had emerged triumphant from a make-or-break conflict with the mine operators.

No one mistakes the union's involvement in its moneybags for a sign that it has lost either its heart or its muscle. The unfilled needs of jobless mine families so far exceed the capacities of any private group that it would be foolhardy to seek to set up an emergency relief program under direct union auspices. As for the strikes that once kept the miners popping in and out of the pits, they have been abandoned, not from an inability on the union's part to cut off production but from a knowledge on both sides that a reversion to the old warlike pattern would mean the loss of coal's principal customers, the electric power companies. They are equipped to convert almost instantaneously from coal to oil or natural gas, and they have made it plain that any irregularity in coal deliveries will cause a permanent shift to these rival sources of energy. Confronted with a choice between cooperation and suicide, the industry and the union scrapped their arsenals.

THE MARCH OF TECHNOLOGY

Indications are plentiful that automation is drying up the fields of historic union strength; the organizing slogans of the thirties hold no appeal for the new workers pouring into the labor force; surplus plant capacity makes many managements welcome strikes as a handy valve for draining inventory out of clogged warehouses; most menacing of all, increased employer toughness, the mounting pressure of low-wage imports, and public hostility toward wage increases accompanied by price increases have lowered the ceiling on the contract gains most big unions can hope to deliver.

The march of technology is like a pincer movement in its impact on unions. It eliminates large numbers of blue-collar jobs in manufacturing and transportation, thus chipping away the bedrock of union enrollment. To the extent that new jobs are created, they involve hard-to-organize engineers, technicians, and white-collar workers. That is one side of the nutcracker.

The other is the degree to which automation makes businesses invulnerable to strike harassment. When push buttons and electronic control devices regulate every operation from the receipt of raw materials to the loading of finished goods, a handful of nonunion supervisors and clerks will be able to keep acres of machines producing in the face of a total walkout by unionized factory crews. The Bell telephone system and most major electric utilities already have reached this point of immunity to large-scale disruption of service

resulting from strikes. In a few years many other big companies will be so far advanced along the road to mechanized production that they, too, can cease to worry about union strike calls.

Even with existing production methods, our ability to make goods is so much greater than our ability to market them that most major industries can satisfy all the consumer demand of a prosperous year by operating their plants eight or nine months. A work stoppage of three or four months saves the employer the necessity of ordering a forced layoff or a short-work schedule to prevent his products from drowning the market.

The 116-day steel strike of 1959, which took a half million unionists from their jobs, made plain how little financial punishment labor is able to inflict on employers through the exercise of its ultimate weapon. Despite the longest union shutdown in the industry's history, the combined net profit of the leading steel producers, as computed by the First National City Bank of New York, came to \$816 million for the year, a rise of 5 per cent over their 1958 earnings.

To add to the union's frustrations, the excess of capacity over demand proved so great that the mills found it necessary to black out half their furnaces and furlough tens of thousands of workers within six months after a presidential order under the Taft-Hartley Act had compelled the union members to return to their jobs in the national interest. By the end of 1960 the slackness of market demand had caused a loss of tonnage almost equal to that engendered by the long strike. The industry, which is now able to show a profit when it is operating at as little as one third of capacity, decided to ease its embarrassment over the gulf between what it could make and what it could sell by abolishing the production index that advertised its lag to an unsympathetic world.

THE WORKER'S BEST FRIEND

A complex of new factors has further blunted the effectiveness of strikes. Employers are turning more and more to strike-insurance programs to cushion their strike losses; income-tax carry-back provisions operate as another shield against red ink; so do unemployment insurance merit-rating taxes, which make it cheaper for a business to have workers idle because of a strike than because of a cutback ordered by the company.

Add to this a widespread feeling in management ranks that it is time to "stop letting unions push us around." This translates into a far more rigid employer stance in collective bargaining—a determination to get concessions in increased efficiency for every new union gain. Companies that once fought a rear-guard action against union

demands now make all the key decisions on how much they will give and how much they will take in exchange.

Many unions have found themselves powerless to buck this "take it or leave it" approach because of the vastly increased sophistication with which employers are conducting most aspects of employee relations. All the techniques of motivational research are poured into multimillion-dollar programs to convince the workers that management is their best friend. The blood-and-guts antagonism to unions of the Tom Girdlers and Ernest T. Weirs in the Little Steel strikes of two decades ago has been replaced by a year-round flow of "Papa knows best" communications, the net effect of which is that unions are perfectly all right if the workers want them, but there is nothing beneficial they can do that management won't do at least as well without their prodding.

By all odds, the most skillful practitioner in this field is General Electric, the nation's biggest electrical manufacturer. The extent of its dominance in collective bargaining was forcefully indicated by the rout of the International Union of Electrical Workers in the three-week strike it conducted last October in a vain effort to improve a G.E. contract offer.

The union's biggest local, representing workers at the G.E. headquarters plant in Schenectady, quit the walkout in mid-course. Other plants were able to restore varying measures of production. Indeed, it was plain that the union's official order to go back without any modification of the pre-strike package was issued just soon enough to prevent a general collapse that would have left the union leaders without any rank and file. The only flaw for the company was the issuance by Mayor Richardson Dilworth of Philadelphia of a public charge that General Electric had been guilty of "political and industrial blackmail" in hinting that it would move to a more congenial environment if the police of the City of Brotherly Love did not act more vigorously to get nonstrikers through the union picket lines. The company insisted that its sole concern was with the maintenance of law and order.

It was not until four months after the union had limped back on the company's terms that the first real crack developed in the image of corporate rectitude in which General Electric had wrapped itself. The company was fined \$437,000 and three of its high officials went to jail for participation in an industry-wide price-rigging scheme that cheated government agencies and private utilities in the sale of billions of dollars in heavy electrical equipment.

The paradoxical upshot of all this weakening of labor's mastodons in the mass-production indus-

tries is that little unions are calling much more damaging strikes these days than their big brothers. Despite the unabated clamor of the Goldwaters and the Mundts for laws to prevent industry-wide strikes, a strategically placed small union often exercises far more economic leverage than one a hundred times its size. This was illustrated with particular force last January when a walkout of 664 crewmen on railroad ferries and tugs in New York Harbor generated a picket blockade that cut off service for 100,000 commuters, forced an embargo on export freight, and halted virtually all main-line service on the sprawling New York Central and New Haven rail systems.

At the very time that a covey of top federal, state, and city officials were pooling their energies in a panicky rush to relieve the disruption touched off by this tiny walkout, the Labor Department was releasing a study designed to show that there was no cause for public anxiety over the frequent national work stoppages by 500,000 steelworkers. The irritation that stems from this imbalance between union size and the capacity to hurt an army of innocent bystanders is one that damages labor's popularity.

THE END OF THE WAGE-PRICE SPIRAL

The unions have several other big headaches. One of the worst is the heightened cost-consciousness engendered in industry by the recession, by public and political anxiety over higher prices, and by the prospect of increasingly stiff competition from foreign and domestic rivals. So pressing have all these considerations become that there is solid basis for believing that we are nearing — if we have not already reached — the end of the wage-price spiral in such pivotal industries as steel, automobiles, and electrical manufacturing. The decisive battle on this front was fought, in the opinion of many observers, even before the steelworkers went out on their long strike in 1959.

No industry has been more criticized for the development of a leapfrog relationship between higher wages and higher prices than steel. Until 1959 the regular practice of the major steel producers was to give a bigger-than-average pay hike each year and follow it with an even bigger price hike. The result was that steel prices went up four times as fast as the general price level in the post-war period. The union complained that the companies took three dollars in price increases for every dollar in higher labor costs, but it never allowed its objections on this score to moderate its own pressure for bigger and better contracts.

By the time the steel companies and the union arrived at the bargaining table in 1959, it was clear to both sides that they had reached the end

of the road on a wage agreement that would provide the excuse for an automatic jump in prices. President Eisenhower emphasized his determination to crack down on any inflationary settlement. The Senate Anti-Monopoly Committee, under the chairmanship of Estes Kefauver, made it equally plain that it felt steel prices were already too high.

Interestingly enough, the union's own membership manifested almost as much coldness to the idea of a wage increase based on a price increase as did consumers, who would have to pay one without the offsetting effect of the other. "It makes no sense to have the boss put a nickel in wages in your pocket with one hand and take out a dime in prices with the other" was a common sentiment in the steel towns as the contract deadline approached.

It was only when the industry demanded a freer hand in junking established work rules that the union unleashed its old militancy. It resisted so fiercely that the companies were obliged to surrender on the rules issue in the peace pact negotiated with the help of Vice President Nixon, but the cash provisions of the accord gave the union only half a loaf by the bread-and-butter measure of earlier years. The first two rounds of economic improvements already have been made under the thirty-month pact, and neither has brought the price increases that were an inescapable appendage of past settlements.

The Kennedy Administration is not going to be any more hospitable to inflationary wage agreements than its predecessor was. The new President set forth during the campaign his resolve to oppose labor-management settlements made at the expense of the consumer. His economic messages to Congress put even heavier stress on the need for wage-price stability. The realities of foreign competition are as compelling a goad to holding down prices as the political unpopularity of inflation. The greater the disparity between costs here and abroad, the more exposed our markets will be to invasion by a fast-industrializing world and the more temptation there will be for American manufacturers to set up overseas affiliates instead of expanding or modernizing their facilities in this country.

This presents the government, industry, and labor with a joint stake in arresting a situation that threatens more import of goods and more export of jobs to the detriment of the American economy and our influence in the free world. With more than thirteen million additional job seekers expected to enter our already overcrowded labor market in the next ten years and with automation snuffing out work opportunities in many sections of industry, the horizons for dramatic improve-

ments in wages or working conditions are murky.

The administered price system, in which union-enforced wage increases became a handy justification for pushing up prices in bad times as well as good, is breaking down under these new competitive factors. In steel, the industry's abstention from raising prices in the last two years has been based not solely on the fear of White House or congressional reprisals but also on a recognition that aluminum, plastics, prestressed concrete, fiberglass, and other domestic materials have joined foreign steel products in a bid for the markets traditionally ruled by an oligopoly of giant steel companies. With the incentive for price hikes gone, the industry is sure to use its vast reserves of unused capacity as a wall against further union advances of pre-1959 magnitude.

This does not forebode a freezing of wages at present levels. But it does create a strong probability that unions will have to be content with increases geared more or less mathematically to productivity. This means producing more to earn more under contracts that will be fairly predictable before the negotiators get to the bargaining chamber. Such a slide-rule system, with total increases of eight to ten cents an hour each year, will make it more and more difficult to explain to the average worker what economic service he obtains in return for his union dues.

THE DROP IN UNION MEMBERSHIP

Unions already are finding that the slogans which attracted millions of workers in the early years of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal are ill adapted to mass organizing drives on the "new frontier." When the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations ended their twenty-year war in 1955, the architects of merger spoke optimistically about doubling union membership in the first ten years. With the decade half gone, the federation is fighting a losing battle to hold the share of the work force with which it started. Only about one worker out of every three in the nonfarm field holds a union card, and the ratio is going down.

Part of the holdback stems from the limitations put on traditional recruiting methods by the Taft-Hartley Act and the newer Landrum-Griffin Act. Part reflects the readiness of workers who reached adulthood after the Great Depression, the sit-down strikes, and the outlawing of private industrial armies to take for granted the higher economic standards and civilized grievance machinery for which earlier unionists gave their blood. The long-standing coldness of white-collar, civil service, and professional employees toward unionization has been heightened by the reaction to labor that

came out of the McClellan Committee's three years of concentration on the scabrous side of union-management affairs. The firmness with which the AFL-CIO moved to kick out the Jimmy Hoffas and the Johnny Dios has been obscured by the inability of the sanctions applied by labor or the government to force any real cleanup in the freewheeling Teamsters Union, biggest and strongest of all labor organizations.

Difficulties of such dimensions clearly require a thoroughgoing evaluation by labor of the adequacy of its policies, its leadership, and its functions in the total society. Many large corporations have set up special divisions of forward planning to look into the future and decide what the company ought to do to keep growing. Such planning agencies are almost unknown in organized labor. Walter P. Reuther, the dynamic president of the United Automobile Workers, has done more in this direction than his more earthbound associates in labor's top echelon.

TRAINING ORGANIZERS

However, there is beginning to be a stirring even in the most standpat unions. George Meany, the AFL-CIO president, whose crusading for high ethical standards was principally responsible for the Teamsters' exile, is exploring ways to revive the dormant organizing drive and put new brightness in labor's public image. The federation is contemplating a school for organizers as a means of ensuring a cadre of highly qualified replacements for labor's aging general staff.

Twelve of the twenty-eight members of the federation's ruling executive council are past the social security retirement age of sixty-five, and four others are less than five years from that milestone. It is on these men that the primary responsibility falls for evolving a new sense of mission for the labor movement. Unhappily, a good deal of the enterprise they should be devoting to the task is drained off in endless jurisdictional wars. Unions with a hundred thousand workers unorganized in their industries battle over who should control a dozen already in union ranks. Personal animosities are so virulent that the merged federation has been repeatedly dragged to the edge of collapse by the inability of its aging rulers to live at peace.

Yet in many ways labor's elder statesmen have shown more receptivity to fresh ideas and to concepts of social responsibility than their rank and file. Despite the threat automation has posed to the size of their unions and the security of their treasuries, they have recognized from the start that they could not halt scientific improvement. The arguments have been less over whether to

automate than over how to share the fruits of automation most equitably and provide maximum safeguards against too high a toll in layoffs.

In many industries union chiefs have been so diligent in suppressing wildcat strikes and fostering increased efficiency that their members have accused them of becoming too company-minded. On the political front, they have been careful to avoid any scramble for patronage as the price of their election support, and the bulk of their legislative program is aimed at achieving faster economic growth for the welfare of all.

THE UNIONS' LIFE EXPECTANCY

The big question is whether the rather amorphous social goals for which labor is now striving are sufficiently appealing to hold together a movement that has always prided itself on its non-ideological character and its identification with "bringing home the bacon" in the most literal market-basket sense. If democratic values are to survive in this country, a healthy union movement will have to play its important role in giving them meaning. To let it sink into a supine subservience to management, with no real grip on the loyalty or idealism of American workers, would throttle at the source much of our productive energy and reduce our chances of overcoming the challenge of Soviet industrial progress.

A labor movement excessively dependent on government would be equally empty of democratic vitality. No group in our complex society has a monopoly on wisdom. If labor defaults in its role as a balance wheel against too much concentration of power in industry or the state, we shall all be the poorer.

Obviously, the life expectancy of unions will be short if all they can promise their members is a modest dose of more of the same in each new wage contract, plus eternal worry about how long their members' jobs will last. Thus far, most of the answers to automation that have come out of collective bargaining consist of little more than termination pay allowances and arrangements for retraining the displaced workers if there are any jobs to train them for. Developing more satisfactory answers is too big a task for labor alone. It requires a pooling of the best thinking in all parts of our economy — employers, unions, and government on an across-the-board, as well as an industry-by-industry, basis.

President Eisenhower's Secretary of Labor, James P. Mitchell, made some significant headway toward meeting this need. Now an even more ambitious effort is being undertaken by his successor in the Kennedy Cabinet, Arthur J. Goldberg. The extent to which these two men —

one a Republican with a background of executive service in management, and the other a Democrat with two decades as a labor lawyer and policy maker — have been pursuing parallel aims is perhaps the best portent of hope that a fruitful partnership can be established on the production front, the battlefield on which Premier Khrushchev has vowed he will eventually bury us.

PROGRESS WITHOUT STRIKES

Labor's trail blazers in the sixties will not be the leaders who plan the most audacious strikes but those who are most successful in devising formulas for social justice and industrial progress without strikes. The two most powerful men in the AFL-CIO, Meany and Reuther, have long recognized that labor must go forward with the community, not by picking the community's pocket for its own benefit.

Reuther began immediately after V-J Day to enunciate the principle that labor should fight against company moves to make every wage increase an excuse for an even bigger price increase. Meany, when the McClellan Committee began demonstrating how flagrantly some union leaders were violating labor's ethical practices code, was at pains to remind his flock that Gompers was not thinking only of dollars and cents when he made his classic statement that what labor wanted was "more." This was Gompers' testament, as Meany chose to recall it: "I do not value the labor movement only for its ability to give better wages, better clothes, and better homes. Its ultimate goal is to be found in the progressively evolving life possibilities in the life of each man and woman. My inspiration comes in opening opportunities that all alike may be free to live life to the fullest."

It is easy to point to departure from this idyllic credo. Too many unions continue to be arrogant or hypocritical in their attitudes toward industry, the consumer, and their own members. But each year brings indications of an awareness that steady jobs and stable prices are more important than the kind of wage increases that erase both jobs and buying power by pricing goods out of the market. Union-built housing projects are replacing slums in many cities; union hospitals and health centers are supplementing community health facilities; hundreds of youngsters are going to college on union scholarships; labor has become a mainstay in Community Chest fundraising drives; unions are contributing men and money to the building of free labor organizations in Asia and Africa as a defense against Communist penetration. All these are signs of hope as labor gropes for new footholds in a fast-changing society.

The Passing of the Ice

A Story by

HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

HARRY MARK PETRAKIS held a variety of jobs as steel-worker, real-estate salesman, and speech writer before he broke into print in the ATLANTIC in 1957, with his story "Pericles on 34th Street," which won a Benjamin Franklin Magazine Citation and an Atlantic "First" Award. Since then his novel, LION AT MY HEART, has been published, and he is now at work on his second book.

THAT morning, standing before Toby's desk in the dispatch office, Mike felt the moment of his discharge had come. The straw boss sat overflowing his chair with the great rolls of fat around his waist and loins, his heavy fingers leafing through the papers on the desk.

"How you feel today, Mike?" Toby asked.

"I feel fine," Mike said. "I feel like an iceman. How do you feel?"

"You look tired, Mike," Toby said. "A man should not look as tired as you so early in the morning."

"We are all tired," Mike said. "But a heavy man covers his weariness and a skinny man shows it to the bone."

The straw boss sat stiffly at the desk staring intently at the papers, as if he had forgotten anyone was there. His way was to loosen his grip just enough to allow a man to think he might escape, and then clamp his big hand on him tighter. Mike had seen others squirm and sweat before the desk. He showed no fear, because his dread was not of the fat man but of being forced to accept the measure of his days.

"Somebody left ice out," Toby spit the words between his thin lips. "An old hand like you should watch there is no goddamn ice left on the trucks overnight."

"I'll watch," Mike said.

Outside the office the loaded trucks stood idling

with the blocks wedged beneath the wheels. The voices of the drivers and helpers carried in a chorus of curses and laughter. J. C. would have his truck gassed and loaded with the cakes of four-hundred-pounders stacked to the tail gate.

"Why don't you give up?" Toby said, and his voice was a harsh and ugly whisper. "You can't move around on the cars like you used to. It won't be long anyway."

Mike felt a violence deep in his belly, the fury of a temper that had plagued his younger days. He waited until the hard knot eased, and tried to speak quietly.

"I get around," he said. "I work twice as hard because I know you don't want to lose me."

"Get out," Toby's eyes were bright in anger. "Get out, old man, and do your work."

Mike left the office. Outside he stood for a moment in the spring morning with the smell of the earth fresh and cool, and found himself trembling. He walked across the roadway to where J. C. waited in the cab of the truck, feeling that Toby had risen from his desk and was watching at the window.

"Roll your truck, Mike," Sargent cried from behind the wheel. "We late now."

On the running board of the next truck, tall and lean-flanked Noodles swung an arm toward the sky.

"O sun," Noodles sang. "You have displayed

your backside long enough. Winter has been fierce and the icemen are weary. O sun, grow strong and warm poor old Noodles."

From the tail gate of Noodles' truck, his helper Gomez waved a greeting to Mike.

"This is the season," Gomez said, turning his face to the sky, "the time I would like to own a small farm and work in the fields."

"You, a farmer?" Noodles said. "Gomez, you couldn't grow foam on a glass of beer."

"You making noise with your mouth," Gomez said. "My father was a farmer. I would have been a good farmer."

"Sure you would have," Mike said. "Lay off quail hunting every night with Noodles, and save your money. Get back to the farm."

When Mike reached his truck, J. C. kicked out the blocks that wedged the wheels and swung into the cab beside him.

"Let 'em roll!" Mike shouted savagely. "C'mon, you dead-rumped coal hikers that call yourselves icemen. Roll them loads!"

Noodles waved and hollered something that was lost in the roar of the motors.

A few moments later, after driving with the windows open and the air cool against his cheeks, Mike's trembling had eased. J. C. rode in silent fury beside him.

"The bastard was on you again," J. C. said. "The bastard was riding your back again." His black cheeks corded, and each curse came bitten from his mouth.

"What you talking about?" Mike said. "He poured me a cup of coffee and shared his chocolate doughnut with me. You got that big and friendly man all wrong."

They looked at each other and smiled. J. C. laughed. Mike felt the old pleasure returning, the rocking feel of the wheel in his hands, the pull of the loaded trailer, and a good friend beside him.

"You can smell the spring," Mike said. "In a few more weeks the summer, and then another year almost gone."

"To hell with the season," J. C. said. "Icemen freeze in winter and roast in summer. You know the ice don't care what time of year."

"Amen," Mike said.

MIKE knew the ice. He had worked with the pick and tongs for almost forty years. Sometimes in the summer, with the dry railroad cars waiting to be iced, and in his rushing back to the hill to reload, he forgot for a little while that the icing was not the way it had been. Bungo was dead, and the great Orchowski no longer roared his wild songs from the top of the cars. Each year brought

more icing machines, and the old icemen were gone. Now in the beginning of summer the young wandering Negroes and the Irish gandy dancers came to work on the trucks. They were strong without skill and lifted to show off their strength. Foolish young men who tried to lift the three- and four-hundred-pound blocks with their backs or with their arms. Mike tried to teach them how to lift by using their legs and how to hook the tongs just the right distance from the score marks. But he worked beside them uneasily, aware how a man could be maimed or crushed by the carelessness of others.

There were a few good men among them. J. C., the young Negro on his truck, had some of the strength and spirit of the old icemen. Noodles knew how to handle his Hilift. The dark and bitter Sargent could cut and throw the way Chino once had. But they were just a few among the sportive young men who came for the summer pay and took no pride in their work and left wearily in the autumn.

Mike had been the smallest of the giants, and now he was alone. But time and the ice had not left him untouched. Each year the burden of his back and legs began earlier in the day, until by the middle of the afternoon his muscles were knotted and each movement of icing was scored with pain. More and more often he was seized with a strange despair that he could not go on icing any longer.

He could not do much of anything else. He could eat and drink and sleep and in season go to see a ball game. He could lie in the darkness next to Zeba and sometimes still feel the wild and sudden tenderness that briefly let his weariness drop aside. Afterward he could not help but laugh, remembering himself as a bantam rooster and the women as the hens. Of all the women he had known and loved, only Zeba remained. She had never been very pretty, and she was no longer young. Little pouches of flesh had gathered beneath her chin, and in the morning he noticed how the strap of her slip was held by a pin, or how the seam of her stocking might run all around her leg. But in the evening there was hot food on the table. When he brought J. C. home, she baked them spareribs and went down to the corner and brought them back cold beer. She was kind to his friend, and for this he was grateful. When it was time to go to bed, Zeba rubbed Mike's back and legs with ointment, her big warm hands bringing a temporary comfort to his body. Afterward they lay side by side, and she spoke of the years they had spent together. She talked low and soft in the dark room, and knowing his weariness, she did not ask a question or expect him to say a word. Sometimes she laughed at something she remembered,

secretively, yet always including him. He would feel himself easing into the darkness and her voice fading and the last low stirring of her laughter.

How come I let you be my driver?" J. C. bared his teeth in a broad grin. "You too skinny to be a good driver for a big boy like me."

"Fat ass don't make a good iceman," Mike said.

J. C. laughed and struck his big fist against his chest.

"Never been an ice crew like us," he said. "Someday we going to ice together in hell. Damn devil going to say, 'J. C., where that skinny driver you come down with? Oh, there he is hiding in the cab. All right, now you both here, let the number-one ice crew start to work and cool off hell.'"

"You crazy," Mike smiled. "I taught you all I know, and now you wear your pants too high. Between tall pockets and big feet you got a head like a sponge."

"I'm an iceman," J. C. said. "All icemen got a sponge for a head. It goes with the job."

"Amen," Mike said.

When they reached their first stop, at the Harley Depot, the yardmaster located their cars on the spur. Mike pulled the truck alongside the first car to be iced, and carrying their picks and tongs, he and J. C. swung up on the back of the truck.

The elevator rose slowly to the height of the car. They began to work, cutting the blocks into chunks to fit the bunkers. Swiftly they fell into the rhythm, and the ice flew. To save their wind they did not speak, but J. C. hummed a broken snatch of melody. Their picks rose and fell, and the ice split into chunks for the tongs to grab and throw. They moved quickly and surely on the narrow runway. They closed the lids and lifted the plugs with a steady pull. As fast as they finished a car they moved on to the next.

A little past noon they stopped for lunch at Chino's small bar on Laramie Street. They ordered beef sandwiches garnished with pickle and onion, and steins of lager beer. Sitting in a rear booth of the darkened room, Mike was grateful for the chance to rest among the warm shadows.

Chino, bent with arthritis but still taller than most men, came to sit in the booth with them. He had been one of the icemen with Mike in the days of Bungo and Orchowski. When his joints became inflamed and his body twisted, he bought an interest in the small bar. He kept it shadowed, as if ashamed to be seen by the men who still worked the trucks.

"How's business, Chino?" Mike asked.

"Ain't doing nothing," the old iceman said gloomily. "We get a little movement at lunch, and the rest of the day is like a graveyard. See." He motioned with his stiff and swollen fingers around the room.

"Sure," J. C. said. "You stop watering your beer and stop making sandwiches so skinny, you get some more business."

"You just a punk," Chino said. "You don't know like Mike and me know. The ice is passing. There ain't no more trade from the locations. In a few more years the machines will do all the icing and the last icemen will be working in the god-damn coalyards."

Mike shut his eyes, and for a moment the years fell away and he worked with Bungo and Orchowski, and Chino was a tall young giant, wilder than all the rest.

"You remember?" Chino said. "Mike, you remember how it used to be?"

"I remember," Mike said.

Chino twisted his head around like a frightened bird suddenly trying to take flight. He raised his hand from the table and held it for a moment poised in the air and then slowly lowered it again to the scarred surface of the wood.

"It ain't no use thinking about how it used to be," Chino said. "I think and think but it ain't no use. Things are just the way they are and nothing can change them. The old ice days are gone, and they ain't never going to come back."

J. C. finished the last of the beer in the stein and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "You make it sound like we all dead now," he said.

"You just a punk," Chino said. "You don't remember the ice trucks lined up for blocks. Tarpans and Shaws and the crews from Proviso. A few years back, even after I was off the Hilifts, they would fill this place for lunch. But not one of them a damn iceman like we was in the old days. Ain't that right, Mike?"

Mike stood up to leave, suddenly not wanting to listen to Chino any longer.

"You still talk just as much," Mike said. "By God, Chino, you talk as much now as before."

"I got a right," Chino said. "Business is bad and my back hurts and all I got to do is sit and remember."

"Stuff it," J. C. said. "Trouble with you is you see the whole world hung up. You ain't the only man pushing to see daylight."

"Listen, Chino," Mike said. "Tomorrow make the beef a little leaner. Today was too much fat." He put his hand briefly on the old man's shoulder and felt the block of strength beneath the swollen joints.

Outside, the sunlight hurt their eyes, and for a moment they stood squinting while the shavings of

ice melting on the truck dripped into puddles in the gutter.

"He's right about one thing," J. C. said. "You the only iceman left. Rest of us don't count for crap."

"Chino and me make noise with our mouths" — Mike shook his head and spoke gruffly — "because we can't shake our rumps the way we used to."

He climbed into the cab of the truck. J. C. walked to the other side and swung in beside him.

"He's right anyway," J. C. said. "I know the old man is right because you the only hump at the hill don't scare when Toby talks. Rest of us call him bastard but inside we sweat. Maybe it's how you think about the ice. Not like the rest of us, just a job. I see you close and I know."

Mike turned the key, and the motor kicked over with a roar. Then he reached over and brought his bunched fist down hard on J. C.'s leg above the knee. The helper bellowed with a cry of pain that almost drowned the noise of the motor.

"You're right," Mike said. "No one any damn good but me."

J. C. rubbed his leg and began to laugh.

"Daddy," he said. "When I grow up, daddy, can I be an iceman like you?"

They laughed together, and Mike pulled the truck from the curb and started back to the hill to reload.

By the time they got to the big ice storage house at the top of the hill, the rest at lunch had worn off and Mike was aware again of the burden of his body. He backed the truck to the edge of the platform. He waited with his tongs at the ramp while J. C. opened the heavy door and entered the ice-house. In a moment the helper backed out swiftly dragging the first four-hundred-pound block, his powerful back and big-muscled arms handling the ice easily.

Mike watched him and marveled at his strength and realized that even in his prime years he had perhaps not been as strong as J. C. Yet he still could have beaten him at work, because cutting and throwing the ice were like something he had been born to do, the main reason he had been put on earth. Now, like Chino said, it was too late. No good to hide in a dark bar and remember the way it used to be in sunlight. No good to hang with the ice and fall under weariness and age.

"Sometimes," Mike said, and there was a fierce edge to his voice, "I want to drag out that ice and cut it down and throw it as far as I can, throw it to hell and gone. I want to empty the big house once of every last block and scatter every last damn chunk over the hill. Make the fat man sit up.

Make everyone understand that after forty years an iceman don't just lay down his pick and tongs with a goddamn whimper."

J. C. paused and watched him silently for a long moment and then finally flashed his big white teeth.

"You too little to empty the big house," he said. "A little chewed-up runt like you can't do it alone. You need J. C. help to cut down the big house."

"Shove it," Mike hooted. "The only edge you got is a fat head and feet six sizes bigger than you need."

Together they put on the last blocks to make a full load. They climbed back into the cab, and Mike started the truck down the hill. Another truck passed them going up the hill to reload, and Noodles and Gomez waved from the cab.

In front of the dispatch office, Toby stood by the gas pumps waiting for them.

"Hot dog," J. C. said. "Run over the bastard."

Mike stopped and braked beside the pumps and kept the motor idling. Toby looked up at him unsmiling, and as he stood there without the partial cover of his desk, the great rolls of fat hung upon his frame and made him appear rooted, like some shapeless and heavy-footed animal, to the earth. In that moment Mike was aware how unlike the icemen the fat man was. Where they were lean and quick, he was leaden and slow. Where they tried to sing in their work, he was angry with envy and reminded them it was a burden.

"You took a long time loading," Toby said.

J. C. shifted restlessly beside him, and Mike did not say a word but marveled suddenly how clearly he saw the place of the fat man in the passing of the ice.

"When you come back in," Toby said, "put any ice left into the big house. Don't let any ice sit overnight on the damn truck."

"OK," Mike said, and for a moment he pitied the fat man and his load.

That night in the darkness of their rooms Zeba moved closer to him in the bed, and her body assaulted the pain that rioted through his bones. He felt the pressure of her full breasts against his arm, and he twisted in the bed, curling closer to her warmth.

"Sleep," she said, and her voice was soft and husky in the darkness. "Sleep, my old rooster, sleep."

He touched her, but there was no desire in his hands and no wish for her to respond. He wanted only to rest, to banish weariness and pain.

When he fell asleep, in a restless dream the first days of the ice returned. He saw again the great heaving horses pulling the dray, hauling the ice with block and tackle. He worked swiftly beside

the wild young men and cut and threw, and then he stood alone. There was only the mournful face of Chino and in a mist the lost faces of the giants and over them all the cloud of Toby, soft and angry, waiting for him to fall and for the mountains of ice to crumble.

He moaned in his sleep and felt Zeba's fingers and dimly heard her comforting voice. He moved gratefully against her body and slipped again into fitful sleep.

IN THE beginning of September, the pain which had cramped his body through the summer eased up. He was not sure whether he felt less weary because of the shorter hours on the truck or the first clear, cool days. In the early twilight, driving back from icing at one of the depots, he sang loudly, and J. C. joined in, and the two of them bellowed over the roaring of the old motor. Later, as they unloaded the few remaining blocks into the big house, a great round and orange moon hung in the sky above the hill.

September was the time of year the drivers and helpers lingered in the locker room after punching out. A few more weeks would see most of them gone, so they talked of the journeys they would make, following the sun. They would recall the rumble of the freights and the small dark towns they swept by in the night and, finally, the great sweet orchards with the ripe fruit like little pieces of sunlight. They talked confidently of returning in the spring, and at those times Mike tried to convince himself that perhaps he and Chino were wrong. The winter would be quiet as it had always been, but in the spring the Hilifts would rock down the hill again. The dry cars with empty bunkers would stand in long trains. The young Negroes would come up from the South, and the husky gandy dancers would tumble in off the freights, and among them would be another Bungo or another Chino, and they would bring the mighty ice days back. Even as he told himself that story, he did not really believe it might be true.

There was a day near the end of September. His pain returned fiercely late in the afternoon as they iced dry potato cars at Dart Street. He stood for a moment uneasy and surprised. It had been weeks since he had felt it quite so sharply.

A little later, uncomfortable in his chest and stomach, he had to catch his breath, and on a car runway he let go his tongs and straightened up quickly, feeling a cramp knotting in his chest. The ice seemed to become heavier through the afternoon, and by the time they finished their last car and were on their way in, empty, his arms and back felt stiff and raw. When he pulled up the

hill and parked, Noodles and Gomez had just unloaded the few blocks of ice left on their truck into the big house, and the four of them walked together down the hill.

The locker room was thick with smoke and laughter and the jubilation of men leaving to eat and meet their women. Mike sat on a bench in the corner beside a paned window and rested his head against the wall. He wanted to wash and change to the clean shirt hanging in his locker, but suddenly he was far too tired for the effort that required. J. C. came over and shook his shoulder gently.

"C'mon, daddy," J. C. said. "Your lady is baking spareribs and I'm invited. You feel better after some of them ribs."

Noodles turned from his locker and laughed.

"Couple of pigeons picking for ribs," he said. "Old Noodles going picking for something else with more meat on it than them ribs." He winked broadly and flexed his biceps. "I seen a gal today," he said. "She come out of no place while we was icing and just stand and watch. Pretty gal with big eyes and hair like golden corn."

"Sheik," Gomez said. "Oh, sheik."

"I told her, honey," Noodles said, "honey, you need an iceman?"

"She was shaken with your hot charm," J. C. said. "I bet she took one look at you and fell right down under the wheels of your truck." He laughed down at Mike, who tried to smile against the stiffness in his cheeks and around his mouth.

"She told me —" Noodles said slowly. "She told me she got an electric icebox."

"Sheik," Gomez said, "tell them what you told her then."

"I told her" — Noodles grinned and slapped his leg — "I told that gal wasn't nothing better than hand icing by an iceman who knew his stuff."

"That's what he told her." Gomez shook his head and chuckled.

The room seemed unreal to Mike, the stiffness spreading to his arms and a slow pounding beginning in his head. Through the grimy glass of the window he could see the shadowed rows of frame houses further down the hill with their kitchens lit for supper. And far over the edge of the city the sun had left a strange red glint in the twilight.

"I could tell that gal was crazy about me," Noodles said. "She probably still there waiting for me."

"I had a gal crazy about me once," Sargent said. "Waited for me every night when I got off work. I borrowed two dollars, and we chased down a preacher. Now we got six kids waiting for me every night when I get off work."

Mike wanted to sleep. He felt suddenly that

it would be comforting to be able to lay his head down on the bench and close his eyes and have J. C. and the young icemen close by.

"You all right?" J. C. said. "Daddy, you with me?"

The faces of the men around the room blurred, and in quick panic Mike struggled and recalled them and then lost them again. In sweeping darkness and without moving he seemed to be stretching for something just out of reach. A terrible heat suddenly blazed in his chest, and he wanted to cry out, but the wonder of what was happening kept him silent. He was torn by fear and a strange joy. In the moment of deciding which was stronger, the heat burst within him.

The voices of the men fell away and there was silence in the room. J. C. stood beside the bench, and Noodles came to his side.

"He's sleeping," Noodles said. "He just fell down asleep."

The others moved and gathered uncertainly around the bench.

"He's dead," Sargent said quietly. "I seen them in the army. I know the look. He's a dead man."

"You talk crazy!" Noodles snapped at him. "Old Mike just sleeping!"

"Goddamn!" Sargent said savagely. "I know a dead man when I see one. Was you in the army and seen the dead piled up like me, you know too."

"Someone call a doctor," Gomez said in a shocked voice. "Someone better go for a doctor."

"He's dead," Sargent shook his head. "Doctor don't do no good for a dead man."

"Jesus Christ," Noodles said, and made a quick sign of the cross. "Jesus Christ."

For the first time J. C. moved and bent slightly to peer closely at Mike and straightened up and looked around at the circle of men with a stunned and terrible grief on his face.

"He was tired and just died," J. C. said. "He been an iceman a long time, and he got tired and he died."

The silence spread again, and no one moved. One of the men cleared his throat, and another shifted restlessly from one foot to the other.

"Phone the fat man," Sargent said. "Tell him

to turn off that TV. Tell him an iceman died."

J. C. reached down and put his arms under Mike's back and legs and lifted his body. He held him easily against his chest. He left the locker room, and no one made a move to follow.

He carried the body to the top of the hill. Once or twice he stopped and for a moment stood unmoving beneath the dark sky pinned with a crescent moon. He started walking again toward the row of parked trucks, and bracing the body against his knees, he opened the cab of Mike's truck and slid him in upon the seat. He fumbled on the floor and found Mike's pick and tongs.

He crossed the hill and climbed the ladder to the big house's platform. He opened the heavy door and in the pale light of the moon saw the blocks of ice in glistening rows waiting to be loaded on the trucks in the morning.

He hooked his tongs on a block in the nearest row and dragged it swiftly through the door to the edge of the platform. He swung his pick and split the scored block. The chunks fell apart, and he switched back to tongs and caught up the chunks one after the other, and swinging them between his legs, flung the ice out into the darkness. When he had finished one block he went in and dragged out another and cut it down and again scattered the ice across the earth. He worked faster and faster, and shattered shavings of ice stung his cheeks. He kept dragging out the blocks and cutting them down and heaving the ice into the darkness. His breathing became hoarse and tight in his chest, and he cut desperately and threw more savagely. He dragged out block after block, throwing further and harder, the chunks cracking against other chunks that littered the ground.

When the big house was empty, he stood for a moment on the platform, his lungs heaving for air, and then with one great and final fling he hurled the pick and tongs far out into the night.

He climbed down the ladder and walked through the field of broken ice back to the truck. In the cab he moved Mike's head gently to rest against his shoulder. He turned the key, and the motor roared like an animal coming awake. He wheeled the truck out of line and started down the hill to take Mike home.

The Pressures on COLLEGE GIRLS

A Mother Speaks

DEAR DR. BINGER:

I have a daughter twenty years old, a junior in college, and a son nineteen, a sophomore in a different college. They both read your article in the February *Atlantic*, "The Pressures on College Girls Today," this weekend. The boy said nothing. I feared that he agreed that all his findings checked with yours, that he accepted your attitude for his own. The girl reacted personally, as a woman will anyway, and as a girl naturally would because the article was concerned with girls.

She began, "This is so true," when she reached the part where you described the depression, the withdrawing from the performance of assigned work, and the oversleeping and cutting of classes. She cited instances of how many she saw doing that and said, "I've spent so many hours building up Polly and Beth and Susie, trying to get them into a mood to do their assignments, getting them up for classes they would have slept through," and so she went on for a few minutes. She is an excellent student and by working hard has kept her head above water instead of yielding to this common feeling.

Then she came to the section in which you describe the problems of dating and finding a husband, and she read anxiously on, only to say at the end, "Well, he stated the problem. I commend him for that. But he didn't offer any steps to correct it." That section reads true to her as the preceding one, but in the problems of dating she had not been able to master the prevailing mood among college girls of confusion, harassment, and almost despair. It is a continual burden.

How my heart cried out in protest that you had written that article in the way you did. If they ask for bread, will you give them a stone? This girl has been brought up to be self-controlled, to

take a longer view and think whether doing what she happens to be moved to do at the moment is going to bring happiness or unhappiness in the future. She thinks now that there is such a thing as being true to your own standards of conduct and actually of helping others to try to keep those standards too. By your attitude you are placing your knowledge of these problems and your prestige, both of which my children respect, on the side of those who would take the easy way of momentary release and an overthrow of that control which psychologists praise as a sign of inner strength.

At one point you say, "The foregoing description is of one kind of behavior, but of one only. It is difficult to generalize here, and not too satisfactory to try to create stereotypes." But you do not trace an opposite path which it is possible to follow, of withdrawing from situations where the boy is able to achieve intercourse, or of not getting into them in the first place — a girl does not have to park half the night or stay in a boy's room. You don't say a word about using one's head to avoid these situations as the more mature way to act.

To add the deathblow to any girl's attempts to steer safely through the pressing problems of dating to a marriage in which she is not already pregnant, you refer to "idealistic, old-fashioned girls, perhaps with a religious upbringing, who want to keep themselves pure for the great love to come." Those words were nicely chosen to do the maximum amount of destruction to any girl's conception of herself if she is still a virgin. Do you have to push our poor lovely daughters into that much greater wreckage of peace of mind and ability to study which follows the identification of a woman's spirit with that of the man's if it has been a loving act? If he doesn't marry her now, she is that much less herself.

There is the added hazard that she may adopt the theory of your implication that intercourse *may* be the most healthy procedure and allow boys that she doesn't even care about to attain their goal so that they may both be "healthy."

Thus, my son, who believes in self-control, has had one more nudge toward the path of sexual incontinence, and my daughter is more unhappy than before she read your article. No people was ever great, as a whole or individually, who had no ideals for their behavior, and sexual promiscuity is deleterious.

In *Introduction to Realistic Philosophy* by Professor John Wild, we find the paragraph regarding the decline of Hellenistic philosophy: "As is the case in similar periods of cultural decline, skepticism became increasingly influential. . . . The upshot of such skepticism is a deadening of purposive aspiration and a consequent falling back upon

animal appetite and the purposeless drift into cultural decay." Why do you wish to hasten this? You could have thrown your support behind those who have not given up but are still striving.

If there could be just one magazine article in 1961 that spoke to the hearts of college students of inspiration and courage! I'm not trying to pick a quarrel; I'm just sad and unhappy.

Dr. Binger Replies

I very much appreciate your letter. I have the feeling that you have placed me in the role of the devil's advocate. Unless I am much mistaken, my values in the matters I discussed are not unlike yours. I wonder what in my article led you to believe that I am all for looseness and for breaking down decent standards. I suppose it was my comment "[They] may be right," following the statement that many boys think it both more honest and healthier to have intercourse than to pet. For obvious reasons, I did not want to elaborate on the kind of petting now in vogue.

Your quote of John Wild is much to the point. I am familiar with his writings and have had the pleasure of knowing him at Harvard. Perhaps

we are indeed witnessing a decline of our culture. By describing it, however, I am not condoning it. My responsibility as a doctor is, first and foremost, to tell the truth about what I observe so that college officials and teachers can face this truth and decide whether the way things are is the way they want them to be. I am not a social reformer.

Much of what goes on now is so compartmentalized that the left hand does not let the right hand know what it is doing. Parents and children move in different universes, which touch each other only tangentially. The standards and values of parents often have remarkably little influence on their young and sometimes provoke exactly the opposite kind of behavior from what they wish. I do believe there is an advantage to be gained by bringing some of these facts out into the open. Usually they are denied, or connived at, or condemned without proper understanding.

I myself am a parent of one son and two daughters. I think I have contributed to their direction and development, not, perhaps, by being moralistic, but by having helped them look facts in the face and learn not to deceive themselves. I am sure you have done the same with your children. I doubt whether an article such as mine will do them much harm. As Mayor Walker once said in discussing the censorship of literature, "No young girl has ever been ruined by a book."

THE KEY

BY R. P. LISTER

Delving in an untidy drawer,
I find the key to someone's door,
But where and whose that door may be
Is now no longer known to me.

Do they sit waiting for me still
In Clapham, or on Campden Hill,
Those who, with simple hearts aglow,
Gave me this key, so long ago?

Or do they load their guns, and frown,
In Wapping, or in Kentish Town,
And jerk from time to time their thumbs,
Muttering, grimly, "Here he comes!"?

Or have they, down by Shadwell Dock,
In deepest dudgeon changed the lock,
And nightly voice the glad refrain:
"At least we shan't see *him* again!"?

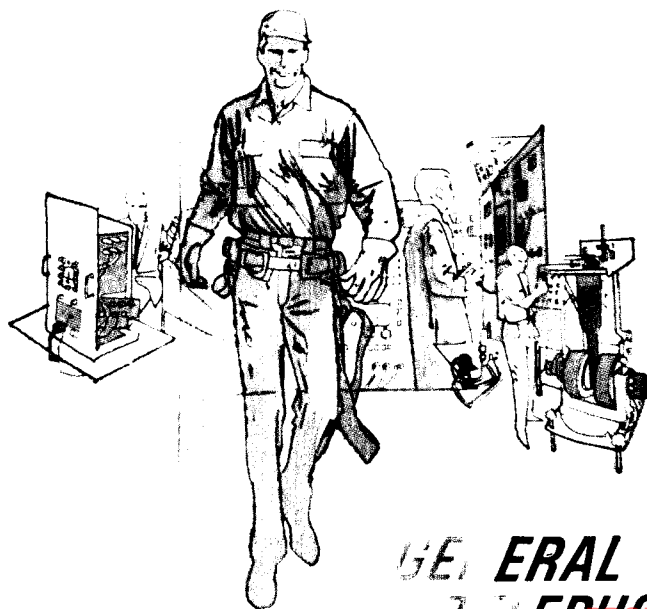
Or does some lady, fair but pale,
In Marylebone or Maida Vale,
Or fifty yards from King's Cross Station;
Hourly await my visitation?

Harkens she still, with bated breath;
To hear my call — "Elizabeth!"
(Or, haply, as the case may be,
"Rowena!", "Ruth!", or "Rose Marie!")?

I do not know. Time's rushing wings
Have taken from me many things
That once I knew, but know no more. . . .
What *was* it I was looking for?



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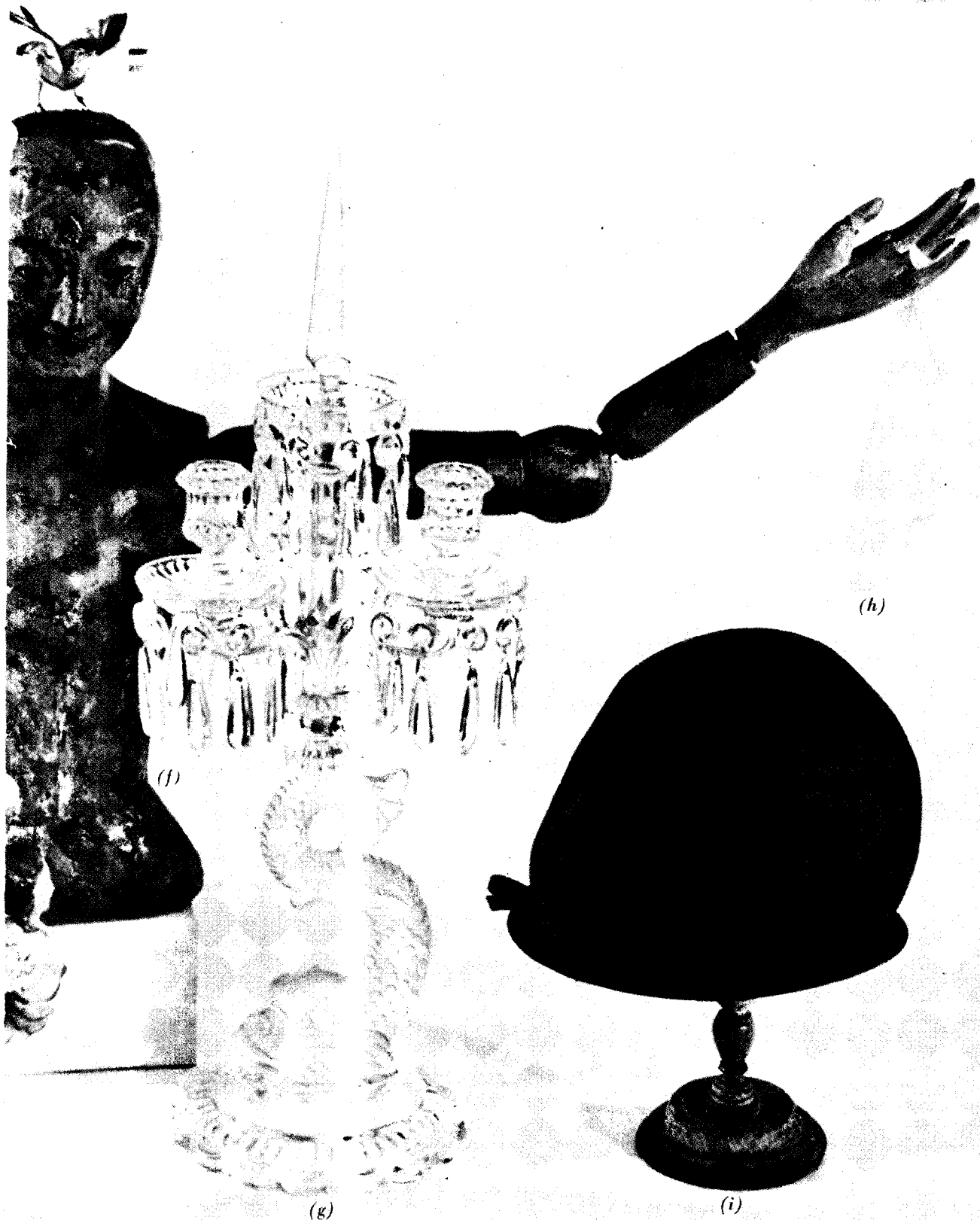


You'd pay about \$1,500 for these French treasures,

One of the joys of a trip to France is that you can bring back superb French goods at a fraction of what they cost in the United States. For you not only pay less in France, you also almost always get a discount for traveler's checks. For example, (A) **EXCEPTIONAL LEATHER GLOVES** in Paris cost only \$10, before discount, at Hermès. Trouble is, it's hard to control yourself in a country where you can even buy crystal

so fine you can literally taste the wine through the glass! But here's a tip: shop in the lovely towns where France's treasures are *made*. You'll save money and have the vacation of your life! (B) **FOR UNUSUAL GIFTS** go to atmospheric Brittany where ladies wear wedding-cake head-dresses. Here, you'll find Bécassine, France's beloved doll. She's only \$3.50 and a hundred tales come with her, free. (C) **FOR PERFUME** go

to Grasse, a Mediterranean town up to its nose in roses. The world's great essences are brewed, here. And even a big bottle of Jean Dessès' honored Celui costs just \$35 before discount—in France. (D) **FOR COGNAC**, and another heady scent, go to Cognac town. Foggy with intoxicating fumes, it's the heart of the beautiful brandy country. And you can steal an 80-year-old Fauchon for \$10! (E) **FOR PORCELAIN** go to



here. Guess how much they cost in France?

Limoges, near the famous prehistoric caves of Lascaux. Limoges' fairyland porcelain factories offer startling buys. A museum-piece tureen, for instance, costs just \$138 pre-discount. (F) GET OFF the beaten track and into the untrampled towns. An early morning market could bring a priceless 16th century model for under \$100. (G) FOR CRYSTAL go to Baccarat, a Lorraine village that makes the

crystal of kings. A maharajah ordered a love temple but you may choose a candelabra for \$93 or a ringing goblet for \$1...before discount. (H) FOR LACE drive up a volcanic mountain to Le Puy where ladies perch on steps to weave cobweb-delicate lace. One priceless hankie, to order: \$3. (I) FOR FASHION there's no place in France, or the world, like Paris. In a truly fabulous boutique, like Cardin's, you may

trade \$50 for a beautiful bonnet and get much, much more: a touch of that incomparable Paris chic. FOR A THOUSAND REALISTIC TIPS that will make your next trip to France easier, and more profitable, write for the new booklet: A Sympathetic Shopping Guide for The American in France. It's amusing. It's comprehensive. And it's free.



"FRENCH-SCHMENCH IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME"

Describing it simply, the scene above is a happy one for all concerned. A gathering of gourmets is about to realize the pure joy that comes from partaking of an epicurean masterpiece. The unseen proprietor of this elegant establishment will derive his pleasure from the outrageous check. But most important, we are privileged to see a truly happy man, a *Maitre D's Maitre D'*, a paragon of Parisian perfection, performing his duties in the classic French tradition.

So it is with pride and pleasure that we reveal that it was not ever thus. For this epitome of gallic garçonery was born Demetrios T, of Athens, and thereby hangs our tale.

Despondent was the word for young Demetrios the day he presented himself to the Berlitz school in New York, not too long ago. Falteringly he proclaimed that he had to speak another language "right

away" or all was lost. He was told that he could begin English lessons at once. "Not English," was his agitated reply, "French." He went on to explain that he was an "A Number 1" waiter in one of America's great French restaurants. His boss had suddenly given him an ultimatum, "Learn French or look for another job." Demetrios liked the job and felt that it could lead to bigger things, but alas, when it came to speaking French, compared to him, even Parkyakarkus sounded like Charles de Gaulle.

The solution was simple. One of the local Berlitz instructors taught him gourmet French—the language of the waiters, the customers and the menu. Demetrios kept his job and, as you can see from the above, is well on his way to gastronomic glory.

The foregoing is a true story. It illustrates how learning to speak another language can really pay off. And this is true whether you're a businessman, an aspiring French waiter, or a tourist out on the town. At Berlitz you can learn to speak any language quickly and easily and Ber-

litz private instruction makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages; and across the country or around the globe, your local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs.

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THE
NECESSITY
FOR THE
IMAGE

Draftsman, wood engraver, and sculptor, LEONARD BASKIN, one of the best-known artists in America, is now teaching at Smith. He was born in New Jersey, turned to the graphic arts in his mid-twenties, and has developed a philosophy which he fluently expresses in his lectures, in his publications under the imprint of the Gehenna Press, and in his works of art.

UNLIKE the scholar, the artist does not live in an ambience of reflective judgment, but is rather a combatant in an arena of struggle. An act of creating is an act of commitment, a gesture that blazons forth an attitude, a position, a stand; it is nothing less than a building of a bastion housed and armed with absolutist beliefs, which are the artist's only weapons.

If one accedes to the notion of an artist as an armored creature engaged in stylistic warfare, then one must, of consequence, allow for some artists the role of guerrilla fighters in this struggle. As a self-proclaimed member of a tiny guerrilla band, I make independent warfare on the larger camps locked in furious battle on the fields of Fifty-seventh Street, Madison Avenue, Fifty-third Street, and elsewhere.

To take so choleric a view of so divine an activity as creating works of art is surely one expression of the general "armed vision" of our time. One looks back with disbelief to eras of artistic calm and stylistic balm. The glow of nostalgia, I fear, grows quickly overcast with tedium. Just as our society as a whole has become atomized and splintered into dissident groups, assigning to themselves various quotients of discontent, from juvenile delinquency to excessive income tax, so too has the world of art become a medley of disaffection, a bellyful of schisms. And just as society has broken into two vast and lunatic

camps, so too has the world of art tended to dispose itself into two large factions holding contrary points of view. William Blake, in the innocent eighteenth century, held that "the poison of the bumble bee is the artist's jealousy." This needs to be altered to accents more solemn and dread, and so when I with brutal simplicity say that avant-garde art is simple-minded, I say it with my cannon and shield in preparation.

In making so naked an accusation, I realize that I am going counter to opinion that universally holds to the contrary. I realize that so absurd an assertion superficially allies me with all that is backward-looking, negative, unhealthy, retrograde, and feeble in contemporary art. I repeat the assertion and stand prepared to do battle. I assert, further, that a new Philistine has arisen and with a borrowed and garbled jargon prates and brays a restrictive aesthetic of formalism: the once beleaguered phrases of formalism that accompanied the struggle of painters and sculptors to liberate their art from a convention that had become debased and debauched. The Philistines I mean are the artists themselves.

Can an art which is wholly devoid of figurative elements hold such wonder and glory as does so much of the art of the past? In traducing abstract expressionism, I am not unmindful of such qualities as it does have. What are these qualities? The release from specific imagery has permitted

the abstract expressionist painters a freedom which is at once tempestuous and grand. They can, like some bizarre unleashed spirit, wander at will and in near paroxysms of ecstasy and cathartic release over the surface of canvases grown grotesque in breadth and Gargantuan in height. But is this freedom? A child's freedom, yes. The freedom of a beast, yes. But, the freedom of a mind reined with intellect, no! For what is freedom?

Just as the insufferable tympanums of our courthouses proclaim that obedience to the law is liberty, so too is freedom the recognition of necessity. The savage, whether Rousseau's or nature's, living in seemingly unfettered freedom, is in reality the total slave of his constraining and demanding environment. Freedom means the control of reality, and control means the mastery of all the tools with which we fashion our physical and intellectual environment. A freedom that is not the issue of mastery is no freedom. It is, when it is violent, the expression of, at best, anarchic exuberance and childish irrationality. And if the end of abstract expressionism is to celebrate infantile chaos, then its calibration is acute and accurate.

But no abstract expressionist would accede to this. He would, I think, hold (confounding his exhortation with half-digested Zen notions) that the truth of his art is contained within the irrationality of the violent act; that the act of painting is the crucial thing; that art has been liberated from its confining tradition; that its *raison d'être* is not to enlarge, not to ennoble, and not to inform; that it is no longer the prey of sentiment; that storytelling is no longer within its bounds; that, in the end, art is for art: in more sophisticated language — the language, that is, of the trade — formal manipulation, the physical fabric, the four sides of the canvas, the life of the forms are all entities and totalities unto themselves. This, I posit, is an aesthetic which most charitably can be called retrogressive. And, indeed, advanced painting and sculpture are not advanced. They merely pretend to be so. That an aesthetic which is compounded of so quaint an admixture of *fin de siècle* preciousness, pre-World War I plastic adventure-someness, and misconstrued and misapplied philosophical notions from the Orient should masquerade as the most exhilarating of the most new is a wonder. Surely we are a confraternity of fools to be overawed at so shallow a charade.

What is the emotional life of these works? One would think that so large a measure of freedom, a loosing of all energies for a direct and elemental assault upon the canvas, would have enabled these artists to dredge up emotional attitudes and states beyond the dreams of the conventional artist; that the great surges and lunges, the vastness and range of the clamoring colors would have revealed emo-

tional truths that pictorially, at least, were new. Alas, these works express little more than the most elemental and primitive emotional states. When they are supremely successful, they can, in a very general way, express sadness or joy. Nuances of emotional meaning are utterly outside their ken. One wishes that it were possible to recapture, in viewing these works, the heightened emotional state of the artist while he was at work; and I fear that it is only through an act of gigantic self-deception that one can re-experience the meaning of the act of creation.

A UNIQUE feature of this art is that no established criteria exist for aiding us to judge it. Amusingly enough, the most elevated philosophical attitude possible with these works is, I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like. For, indeed, can one say which is a good painting and which is not? One is reduced to saying, "This pleases me," or "I like this." By reducing judgment to so imbecile a level we become prey to arrant knavery and doleful charlatanry.

I have recently seen some prints by a young lady who has been working in the print mediums for but a few months. These prints exhausted the entire repertoire of devices made possible by the new print making. They were charged with a multitude of textures; surfaces were reticulated and coruscated to a remarkable degree. Great black weltlike lines stood forth in bold relief, and the prints in general looked dangerously and awesomely professional. This young lady's position is very much akin to that of Oscar Wilde, who in abject penury upon his deathbed asked for some champagne. When the champagne was delivered and Oscar had drunk it, he announced that he was dying beyond his means. In truth, this young lady is making prints beyond her means — in fact, one might say in harsher tones, "She does not know what she is doing."

And in this sedulous aping of their elders by the young lies the great danger of the breakdown of critical criteria. I am old-fashioned enough to think that it is more difficult to become a consummate draftsman than to slash out an abstract expressionist painting. This probably strikes many people as the attitude of a Philistine. I have a vision, a dreadful vision, of young painters ten years hence, having grown disenchanted with a nonfigurative art, attempting to forge a new style and finding themselves helpless and impotent. Current training, with its lack of emphasis on what were once called the essentials, sends its young graduates into the field with no choice of weapon. The richness of stylistic variety which

is possible when alternates are available becomes an impossibility when one way alone is fostered. It is only because some of the outstanding spirits of the modern painting have been thoroughly schooled and are well-equipped craftsmen that one must assess their work with seriousness. One recalls Matisse's advice to a young painter: to submit himself to the most rigorous kind of training so that he may be able to realize successfully anything he undertakes in any manner.

The young are the victims of what their teachers and mentors hold to be proper. I dare say there is hardly a student professionally studying art who has not his eyes fixed in a glassy stare on *Arts* and *Art News*. There the fester is worsened. This is nothing less than a betrayal of our duty to the young.

THE essential subjectivity and violence of contemporary advanced art are, as has been pointed out upon numerous occasions, expressions of that breakdown of values which has accompanied us deep into the twentieth century. The urge toward noncommunicating, toward a retreat into the self, was the generative force for dadaism and surrealism. But how idyllic were the trenches of World War I compared to Hiroshima and Buchenwald of 1945! There is no question that the drive toward noncommunication in art is but one expression of man's growing inability to communicate in general. Juvenile delinquency, for example, can be understood as adolescent inability to communicate. Within a single scientific discipline, the scientists can scarcely communicate with one another, so alien have become the dialects of specialization. Conformism is another expression of noncommunication. I would avow that Rotarians or Elks do not communicate, and the more boisterous and insane their behavior at national conventions, the more strident their noncommunication. The greater irony is that these noncommunicants are innocent of their noncommunicating.

Are we, then, trapped in an inevitable situation, the victims of our times, the slaves of our mores? Is Trotsky's dictum true, that a decadent society must produce a decadent art? Could not the spur of consciousness and necessity drive us toward overcoming the imposition of a constraining *Zeitgeist*? To understand the societal forces of which this art is but an expression is by no means to condone it. The limitations of this art are so vast, its positive qualities so meager, that one would think that a reconsideration on the part of the artist would have been inevitable. And, from indications of a new spirit, as expressed in the new schools of figurative painting that are

emerging in Chicago and San Francisco, such a re-evaluation is taking place. The shows at the Museum of Modern Art in New York called "The New Images of Man" and "Image and Idea" at the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston, Texas, reinforced this activity.

Lest anyone should suppose that in attacking abstract expressionism and impressionism I esteem any other current school of painting, I hasten to say that I find all academic painting, the so-called regional school of painting, and the dregs of socialist-realist painting even more repellent. I am in a position not unlike the man in Peter Arno's cartoon who hates everyone, regardless of race, creed, or color. Although I have seemingly backed myself into a most incommodious corner, I think, with that megalomania which is unique in artists, that there is a way out of this stultifying dilemma. The task for the intelligent painter or sculptor is somehow to synthesize the great discoveries of the modern movement and to graft that synthesis onto the stout, still-living trunk of tradition. This is obviously easier said than done. But done it must be. The alternative is to sink deeper and deeper into a morass of incoherent subjectivity and to produce works that can only be counted as acts of visceral despair and fecal delinquency.

The Renaissance humanists proclaimed that "nothing human must be considered alien." And it is this dictum, with its grandeur and all-encompassing character, with its promise of what Emily Dickinson called "possibility," that must serve us for a beacon. If I may call upon William Blake again, I would quote from his "Marriage of Heaven and Hell" the proverb "Bless Relaxes, Damn Braces," which I read to mean: Damn all that constricts, all that narrows one's vision, all that limits, all that renders meaner and closer, all that stultifies and hems in possibility; and bless all that enlarges, widens, broadens, and enhances. For all their vastness of size, the abstract expressionist canvases encompass a small segment of possibility. These artists are masters of a closet, and they have mistaken that closet for the chamber.

One could enlarge upon this theme almost endlessly, continuously flaying the leaders and their myrmidons for what amounts almost to a betrayal of the great struggle to make form and content fuse into one astounding entity. To isolate form, to produce art that is relevant only unto itself, is frivolous. And I condemn these painters for producing arrant frivolities.

So what? From the towering heights of my outraged righteousness I reply, So nothing. Merely one eccentric holding forth, from an in position, that if painting and sculpture are not to rearrange

themselves into an entirely new constellation, bearing little or no resemblance to all past art, then they must embark upon a path of rediscovery — a rediscovery of man and all of his works. For it is man that has been excluded; for it is man that has been denied.

Listen to Rico Lebrun: "Design is for me the speech of form tried and altered by vicissitudes. And because of this, the human figure is my favorite subject; I prefer its vertical, horizontal and oblique gestures to all other propositions of abstraction, being convinced that they are the richest and most alive in every sense." And further: "I believe that if an authentic, unprecedented image of man is to appear, it will only be through a complete acceptance of that obligation to sponsor, reveal and celebrate man's condition. This is a subject which cannot be prefabricated by conceits, but may condescend, now and then, to be measured by love; its terrain is immense. . . . Man is the organic and spiritual marvel and the text for revelations."

And then there are man's works. One of the great ends of art is to tell a story. This assertion, which I firmly believe to be true, must outrage sophisticated sensibilities. And, indeed, storytelling holds no serious place in contemporary art. But is it so droll a notion? Must our frame for considering this assertion be the vile Victorian caricature of narrative? Let us rather think of Masaccio's treatment of the expulsion, or Giotto's telling of the life of Saint Francis. These are great and moving works. Is it true that these works are great despite their content, as Clive Bell or Ortega y Gasset would have us believe? The idea would have appalled Masaccio and

Giotto as it continues to appall me. How fat-headed and loathsome to gauge these works by considering only their formal articulation. And this is what most contemporary artists do when confronted with these frescoes. Is the physical projection of anguish that shivers the bodies of Adam and Eve an adjunct of plastic manipulation? Or has this archetypal moment of divine rejection and human despair demanded for its realization the full range of Masaccio's pictorial capabilities and genius? I am not suggesting priorities. But just as such gesturing and posturing would have been a sham if they were not buttressed with and built on a structure of total formal mastery, so too would the formal mastery alone be hollow and without substance. If you grant me this — and I fail to see how you cannot — then the necessity for the image is manifest. The Masaccio moves us. Indeed, it shakes us. And so do Grünewald, and Rembrandt, and Mantegna.

Have we, as twentieth-century humans, become so dehumanized that we can only participate in the art of the past as appreciators and not as creators? Are we not kin to Goya? Then how can we abide an art that does not bleed when we prick it? The art of our time is an art of cowardice, a triumph of the trivial, a squandering of treasure. The forging of works of art is one of man's remaining semblances to divinity. Man has been incapable of love, wanting in charity, and despairing of hope. He has not molded a life of abundance and peace, and he has charred the earth and befouled the heavens more wantonly than ever before. He has made of Arden a landscape of Death. In this landscape we dwell, and with these images we must live.

SMITH PALMER BOVIE

INTANGIBILITY

She gave me the slip. If only she'd managed to hate
Me, I could suffer in peace. But I don't even rate.
Ach! Kennst du das Land wo die Kanonen boomen?
World of lemon and lime where word endings rhyme?
Besides, her eyelids are nervous. Still, she's impervious
To the likes of me, for she doesn't like me, poor worrying
Me, searching for the clue to ideas, good-willed, roaring,
Fundamentally somewhat boring. I ought to seize on one cannon
And shoot myself. But how can one stand before the same woman
And behind her at one and the same life span? I surrender.
I'll climb on my horse and commend her. I'll be the Pretender.
Don't use force: drape yourself over the fender,
Hold on for dear life, and practice up on how to be weak.
Strangle. Look away. Touch her cheek.

An Atlantic "First"

LIVERPOOL IS BROOKLYN



KING SIZE

BY SHEPARD RIFKIN

A native of New York City, SHEPARD RIFKIN has worked a wide variety of jobs, ranging from tugboat-man and chimney sweep to bookstore manager and editor of a small vanity press. Writing has been his lifelong ambition, and he has studied on fellowships at the MacDowell Colony and at Yaddo. His first novel in hard covers will be published by Knopf.

*Lithograph by Stow Wengenrich.
Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.*

I WENT to a party recently, and someone put on some old records. They weren't much, and I was listening to a partially polluted psychoanalyst say that he hated Irish whisky because the last time that he had kissed a girl she had been drinking it and her feet were dirty. Suddenly, through the laughter and the conversation, I became aware of a record. It was *Whispering Grass*, and the Ink Spots were singing it. And I went back eleven years to a blind pig in Liverpool.

You know how some songs make you think of a spring night kissing a girl under purple lilac sodden with rain? And other songs, of unheeded jukeboxes on summer islands? Liverpool is what comes to me every time I hear *Whispering Grass*. It's an old song, and they don't play it much any more, but once in a while they do, and no matter what I am doing I listen, I am sure, with one of those smiles which are so irritating to others, because it means that a secret is happening which is not being shared. There is no girl connected with *Whispering Grass* except a dirty Irish one, but the evening when I heard it still has a bitterness which is sharp as ever; it fills all the necessary requirements for a stone, a leaf, a door.

I was a merchant seaman then. Our beat-up Liberty had just crawled into Liverpool after a six-knot convoy across a December North Atlantic in which that great gray cat played with a rather scared gray mouse named the *Joel R. Poinsett*. I think it was *Joel R. Poinsett's* fourth scurry, and in one twenty-four-hour period she made thirty miles all out. But she slid out from under the paw in twenty-two days and scrunched, relieved, against a dock. The paw was going to get her on the return trip, however.

I ran, not walked, to a nice pub on Lime Street and asked for some Scotch. It was just before closing. The barmaid came from Glasgow, and she leaned across the bar and burred at me. "I'm the only Scotch you'll find here," she said, sounding like an electric fan into which someone had just thrust a wooden spatula. "We get one bottle a night, and it goes vurra fast. Time!"

On my way out I moodily bumped into an R.A.F. lieutenant. He touched my elbow and said, "I know a place."

We took a tram, and we went pretty far, and we got off. Liverpool is Brooklyn, king size, and those miles of red brick houses with iron railings sprouting in front of them like shiny black cab-bages in the night mist march dully to the coast,

down along the continental shelf, westward along the abyssal deep, and emerge, dripping and unchanged, in Bensonhurst.

We got off and walked a block. The lieutenant knocked on a door, and after a few seconds a panel slid open. We were being examined by a sour female eye. Then the panel slammed shut, the door opened, and a woman's voice said, angrily, "Well, come in!"

We walked into a bare room with one naked bulb hanging from the ceiling. There were two wooden benches along one wall; they were filled with Greek merchant seamen. They were drunk and shouting, naturally, Greek. I had studied classical Greek and could recite one of Sappho's poems and the first ten lines of the *Iliad*, but I didn't understand what they were saying. The woman who had opened the door was a shivering Irish girl of twenty or so. "This way, this way!" she said, furious, and we followed her to one corner of the room. A plank had been laid across two empty nail kegs, and on the plank was a bottle of brandy and one dirty glass.

The girl wore an old dress with a few small holes and a thin sweater with her elbows sticking out where the wool was frayed. The pockets of her sweater bulged with dirty handkerchiefs, and she kept blowing her nose and shoving the handkerchiefs back in the pockets. "Well?" she said.

"I'll have one of those," I said, awed by her intransigency and no-nonsense attitude.

She poured out a shot and kept her hand on the glass, defying me to touch it. "D'you want one too?" she snarled at my friend.

"Er — yes," he said, cowed.

"That'll be a pound for the two, then." She didn't take her hand off till she got the pound.

I gave her a pound, and she shoved it down the front of her dress. Then she pulled a dirty, soggy handkerchief out of her pocket and blew her nose, hard. Then she poured out another shot into the same glass. I sipped some and handed the glass to my friend; we kept it going back and forth. While we alternately sipped the terrible stuff, I looked at her legs. I always looked at the legs of girls in every country. Hers were bare and red and covered with goose flesh. They were typical English winter legs. She glared at me, and I promptly looked away.

There was an old victrola near the benches where the Greeks were sitting, and it was the kind you had to wind by hand. It was playing Greek records. After a while I got tired of the sad, Arab-like wails, and I looked through the pile of worn and scratched records lying on a chair next to the victrola. In the whole pile there was one that wasn't Greek. It was *Whispering Grass*, and the Ink Spots started to ask, "Green grass, why do

you whisper?" and I felt homesick for a while, and the Greeks smiled patiently and waited till it was over, and then they put on the rest of the Greek records, stood up, and began to dance with one another in the heavy peasant dances of Greece.

SOMEONE on my left began talking to me. He was French, one of that lost band of merchant seamen — the Dutch, the Norwegians, the Greeks, and the French — the ones who could not go home till the war ended. For them their ship, the one they happened to be on when the decision was made to go over to the Allies, became their home. You met them in Carapito or Aruba or Halifax. Somehow they all seemed to have the same quietness, the same calm coating-over of despair that would suddenly break away like ice in the spring whenever they got drunk, and they would fight, weeping, and savagely. It was bad enough being an American and away from home four or five months at a time with the ever-present anticipation of a dive-bombing or a torpedoing, but we knew it wouldn't be longer, and then we'd be home. We got mail, besides. These guys hadn't been home for years, had had no word of home for years, and didn't know when they'd be home again.

Once in a bar in Curaçao I saw two crew members of a Free French tanker fighting. It was a brief fight and got stopped quickly by the American tanker crew I was with, but what will haunt me for years was the sight of one of them lying on his back on the floor: the other one was kneeling above him and slugging him, the man on the floor lay unresisting, and as he wiped the blood running out of his mouth he was crying and saying, "*Pourquoi? Pourquoi?*" It was a question addressed, I suppose, to God.

The Frenchman in Liverpool was very drunk. He said he and his friend, who was admiring my key chain, which had cost me a dollar and a half back in New York, had been torpedoed off the West African coast, had got on a raft, naked, and the raft had drifted safely out of the burning high octane, had drifted during the night onto the coast, and they fell asleep on the beach, exhausted.

The next morning they got up, walked along the beach under the tropic sun for hours, trying to shield themselves with seaweed and palm fronds. They were the only survivors; the rest died when the boilers exploded, or were fried to death. They found no water. Late in the afternoon they discovered a trail leading inland. They followed it for two or three miles till they came to a clearing, where they saw the American flag flying. It was some sort of Protestant mission. No one was

around. They staggered up the steps, sunburned badly, scratched by the undergrowth, and their tongues swollen. They knocked on the door. A lady missionary opened the door, took a look, screamed, and fainted. They slapped her awake, kneeling beside her on the veranda, and her brother came out, saw them, and went for his gun.

But it all ended happily, and with his help they made their way to Dakar and another French ship. But what angered the man who was telling me the story was that the woman had fainted. He couldn't stand that. We came out of the sea, blisters big as cookies all over our backs and shoulders, our feet cut on the coral, no water, no food, our friends fried, and the first thing that bitch did was to faint! He brooded about it, laughing, but too close to tears, and his friend realized it and told him to shut up. I gave him my key chain because he seemed to like it so much, and he pulled off the tiny gold Cross of Lorraine that most of the Free French wore and gave it to me.

It was a tiny, lovely little thing. It would be a fine souvenir of a man who swam, naked, onto Africa and made a lady missionary faint, and I put it on my lapel. Then I said good-by to the French and the Greeks and the English and the Irish girl. She was looking into her dirty handkerchief and didn't bother to answer, and I stepped out.

The night was clear and damp, and the trams had stopped running. The town was under blackout regulations, and I was lost. I had miles to go, and there was no one in the streets. But I knew the docks were to the west, and I could see the North Star stuck among the chimneys, and I made it all right, picking my way through the bomb rubble that crammed the waterfront area; the air was full of the smell of old bricks that belongs to European cities.

We sailed for the States two days later, and two hundred miles off Cape Race, Newfoundland, we were torpedoed at four in the morning in a snowstorm. I left with my wallet and toothbrush, and only after we had been picked off our raft by a British freighter, which thereby risked a torpedo itself, and which was named, suitably, the *Empire Chivalry*, did I realize that I had left my Cross of Lorraine behind.

So there it rests, still in my locker (the suit to which it was pinned has rotted away long ago), shining a bit, a few hundred fathoms down, the only thing of the night I could touch.

But if I lost the Cross of Lorraine, I can come at that night another way, and *Whispering Grass* makes it flood over me with all its poignancy, sucking out at the elbows, asking "*Pourquoi? Pourquoi?*", and mixed with the thumping dance of the Greek sailors.

NORTH SHORE

BY PETER DAVISON

For Charles Hopkinson

I. THE EMBARKATION FOR CYTHEREA

The sun is high. Young Saxons shouldering oars
Trample the shaven lawn. Platoons of girls
In organdied profusion follow them,
Flowers of Boston's bright virginity,
Hot limbs beneath frail garments. At the pier,
Piled high with picnic baskets, cutters ride
The hospitable swell, their halyards eased
Yet eager to spread sail. Across the strait
The islands rise like rain clouds from the sea.
Here on our hill the house, after its crowded morning,
Will sleep till dusk. Then we expect them home,
Their wine all drunk, their faces gorged with sun,
Guiding their ships, with briny headsails furled,
To quiet moorings.

II. THE RETURN

Many years have passed.
The house and I still wait for their return.
Shutters keep out the sun, chairs lie in shrouds,
The Chinese vases rattle with dry leaves.
Angry with age, but waiting, I keep watch
High in the eastern wing, my spyglass cocked
To sight the flicker of those homeward sails.
Perhaps they are all dead? I have not heard
A youthful voice for years. When will they come?
The sea still glimmers, empty of islands now.
The lawns are empty. Over the weathered house
Gulls hover, wailing their disdainful cry.
At night the house is silent, and the wind
Steals out each dawn to comb a barren sea.



The Poems of C. P. Cavafy

BY W. H. AUDEN

In the pages that follow, W. H. AUDEN has made a brilliant analysis of the work of C. P. Cavafy, the famous Greek poet who died in 1933 but whose influence on modern poetry is still felt. The essay and the poems, which have been translated by Rae Dalven, are part of a new book, THE COMPLETE POEMS OF CAVAFY, to be published this month by Harcourt, Brace & World.

EVER since I was first introduced to his poetry by the late Professor Richard McGillivray Dawkins more than thirty years ago, Constantine Cavafy has remained an influence on my own writing; that is to say, I can think of poems which, if Cavafy were unknown to me, I should have written quite differently or perhaps not written at all. Yet I do not know a word of modern Greek, so that my only access to Cavafy's poetry has been through English and French translations.

This perplexes and a little disturbs me. Like everybody else, I think, who writes poetry, I have always believed the essential difference between prose and poetry to be that prose can be translated into another tongue but poetry cannot.

But if it is possible to be poetically influenced by work which one can read only in translation, this belief must be qualified.

There must be some elements in poetry which are separable from their original verbal expression and some which are inseparable. It is obvious, for example, that any association of ideas created by homophones is restricted to the language in which these homophones occur. Only in German does *Welt* rhyme with *Geld*, and only in English is Hilaire Belloc's pun possible.

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:
"His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."

When, as in pure lyric, a poet "sings" rather

than "speaks," he is rarely, if ever, translatable. The meaning of a song by Campion is inseparable from the sound and the rhythmical values of the actual words he employs. It is conceivable that a genuine bilingual poet might write what, to him, was the same lyric in two languages, but if someone else were then to make a literal translation of each version into the language of the other, no reader would be able to recognize their connection.

On the other hand, the technical conventions and devices of verse can be grasped in abstraction from the verse itself. I do not have to know Welsh to become excited about the possibility of applying to English verse the internal rhymes and alliterations in which Welsh verse is so rich. I may very well find that they cannot be copied exactly in English, yet discover by modifying them new and interesting effects.

Another element in poetry which often survives translation is the imagery of similes and metaphors, for these are derived not from local verbal habits but from sensory experiences common to all men.

I do not have to read Pindar in Greek in order to appreciate the beauty and aptness with which he praises the island of Delos.

. . . motionless miracle of the
wide earth, which mortals call Delos, but the
blessed on Olympus, the far-shining star of
dark-blue earth.

Photograph from RED-FIGURED ATHENIAN VASES IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART by Gisela M. A. Richter, published by Yale University Press.

Difficulties in translating images arise because the verbal resources of the new language cannot make the meaning clear without using so many words that the force of the original is lost. Thus Shakespeare's line "The hearts that spanielled me at heels" cannot be translated into French without turning the metaphor into a less effective simile.

None of the translatable elements in poetry which I have mentioned so far applies, however, to Cavafy. With the free, relaxed iambic verse he generally uses, we are already familiar. The most original aspect of his style, the mixture, both in his vocabulary and his syntax, of demotic and purist Greek, is untranslatable. In English there is nothing comparable to the rivalry between demotic and purist, a rivalry which has excited high passions, both literary and political. We have only Standard English on the one side and regional dialects on the other, and it is impossible for a translator to reproduce this stylistic effect or for an English poet to profit from it.

Nor can one speak of Cavafy's imagery, for simile and metaphor are devices he never uses; whether he is speaking of a scene, an event, or an emotion, every line of his is plain factual description without any ornamentation whatsoever.

What, then, is it in Cavafy's poems that survives translation and excites? Something I can only call, most inadequately, a tone of voice, a personal speech. I have read translations of Cavafy made by many different hands, but every one of them was immediately recognizable as a poem by Cavafy; nobody else could possibly have written it. Reading any poem of his, I feel: "This reveals a person with a unique perspective on the world."

That the speech of self-disclosure should be translatable seems to me very odd, but I am convinced that it is. The conclusion I draw is that the only quality which all human beings, without exception, possess is uniqueness: any characteristic, however, which one individual can be recognized as having in common with another, like red hair or the English language, implies the existence of other individual qualities which this classification excludes. To the degree, therefore, that a poem is the product of a certain culture, it is difficult to translate it into the terms of another culture, but to the degree that it is the expression of a unique human being, it is as easy, or as difficult, for a person from an alien culture to appreciate as for one of the cultural group to which the poet happens to belong.

But if the importance of Cavafy's poetry is his unique tone of voice, there is nothing for a critic to say, for criticism can only make comparisons. A unique tone of voice cannot be described; it can

only be imitated — that is to say, either parodied or quoted.

CAVAFY has three principal concerns, love, art, and politics in the original Greek sense.

Cavafy was a homosexual, and his erotic poems make no attempt to conceal the fact. Poems made by human beings are no more exempt from moral judgment than acts done by human beings, but the moral criterion is not the same. One duty of a poem, among others, is to bear witness to the truth. A moral witness is one who gives true testimony to the best of his ability in order that the court, or the reader, shall be in a better position to judge the case justly; an immoral witness is one who tells half-truths or downright lies: but it is not a witness's business to pass verdict. (In the arts, one must distinguish, of course, between the lie and the tall story which the audience is not expected to believe. The tall-story teller gives himself away, either by a wink or by an exaggerated poker face: the born liar always looks absolutely natural.)

As a witness Cavafy is exceptionally honest. He neither bowdlerizes nor glamorizes nor giggles. The erotic world he depicts is one of casual pickups and short-lived affairs. Love, there, is rarely more than physical passion, and when tenderer emotions do exist, they are almost always one-sided. At the same time, he refuses to pretend that his memories of moments of sensual pleasure are unhappy or spoiled by feelings of guilt. One can feel guilty about one's relation to other persons — one has treated them badly or made them unhappy — but nobody, whatever his moral convictions, can honestly regret a moment of physical pleasure as such. The only criticism that might be made is one that applies to all poets — namely, that Cavafy does not, perhaps, fully appreciate his exceptional good fortune in being someone who can transmute into valuable poetry experiences which, for those who lack this power, may be trivial or even harmful. The sources of poetry lie, as Yeats said, "in the foul rag-and-boneshop of the heart," and Cavafy illustrates this by an anecdote:

The fulfillment of their deviate, sensual delight
is done. They rise from the mattress
and they dress hurriedly without speaking.
They leave the house separately, furtively; and as
they walk somewhat uneasily on the street, it seems
as if they suspect that something about them betrays
into what kind of bed they fell a little while back.

But for the artist, how his life has gained.
Tomorrow, the next day, years from now,
the vigorous verses
Will be composed that had their beginning here.

But what, one cannot help wondering, will be the future of the artist's companion?

Cavafy's attitude toward the poetic vocation is an aristocratic one. His poets do not think of themselves as persons of great public importance and entitled to universal homage, but rather as citizens of a small republic in which one is judged by one's peers and the standard of judgment is strict. The young poet Eumenes is depressed because after struggling for two years, he has only managed to write one idyl. Theocritus comforts him thus:

And if you are on the first step,
you ought to be proud and pleased.
Coming as far as this is not little. . . .
To set your foot upon this step
you must rightfully be a citizen
of the city of ideas.
And in that city it is hard
and rare to be naturalized.
In her market place you find Lawmakers
whom no adventurer can dupe.

(The First Step)

His poets write because they enjoy writing and in order to give aesthetic satisfaction, but they never exaggerate the importance of aesthetic satisfaction.

Let the flippant call me flippant.
In serious matters I have always been
most diligent. And I will insist that
no one is more familiar than I
with Fathers or Scriptures, or the Synodical Canons.
In each of his doubts,
in each difficulty concerning church matters,
Botaneiatidis consulted me, me first of all.
But exiled here (may the malevolent Irene Doukaina
suffer for it), and dreadfully bored,
it is not at all peculiar that I amuse myself
composing sestets and octets —
that I amuse myself with mythological tales
of Hermes, Apollo, and Dionysus,
of the heroes of Thessaly and the Peloponnese;
and that I compose impeccable iambs,
such as — permit me to say — Constantinople's men
of letters cannot compose.

This very accuracy, probably, is the cause of their censure.
(A Byzantine Noble in Exile Writing Verses)

Cavafy is intrigued by the comic possibilities created by the indirect relation of poets to the world. While the man of action requires the presence of others here and now, for without a public he cannot act, the poet fabricates his poem in solitude. He desires, it is true, a public for his poem, but he himself need not be personally related to it, and, indeed, the public he most hopes for is composed of future generations which will only come into being after he is dead. While he is writing, therefore, he must banish from his mind all thoughts of himself and of others and concen-

trate on his work. However, he is not a machine for producing verses, but a human being like other human beings, living in a historical society and subject to its cares and vicissitudes. The Cappadocian poet Phernazis is composing an epic on Darius and is trying to imagine the feelings and motives which led Darius to act as he did. Suddenly his servant interrupts him to say that Rome and Cappadocia are at war.

Phernazis is impatient. How unfortunate!
At a time when he was positive that with his "Darius"
he would distinguish himself, and shut forever
the mouths of his critics, the envious ones.
What a delay, what a delay to his plans.

But if it were only a delay, it would still be all right.
But let us see if we have any security at all
In Amisus. It is not a very well fortified city.
The Romans are the most horrible enemies.
Can we get the best of them, we
Cappadocians? Is that ever possible?
Can we measure ourselves in a time like this against
legions?
Mighty Gods, protectors of Asia, help us. —

Yet amid all his agitation and the trouble,
the poetic idea persistently comes and goes. —
The most probable, surely, is arrogance and drunkenness;
Darius must have felt arrogance and drunkenness.
(Darius)

ASIDE from those poems dealing with his personal experiences, the settings of Cavafy's poems are seldom contemporary. Some are concerned with the history of Ancient Greece, one or two with the Fall of Rome, but his favorite historical periods are two: the age of the Greek satellite kingdoms set up by Rome after the Alexandrian Empire had fallen to pieces, and the period of Constantine and his successors, when Christianity had just triumphed over paganism and become the official religion.

Of these periods he gives us a number of anecdotes and character vignettes. His Panhellenic world is politically powerless, and in it, therefore, politics is regarded with cynical amusement. Officially, the satellite kingdoms are self-governing, but everyone knows that the rulers are puppets of Rome. Political events which are immensely important to the Romans, like the Battle of Actium, mean nothing to them. Since they must obey in any case, why should they care what name their master bears?

The news of the outcome of the naval battle, at Actium, was most certainly unexpected.
But there is no need to compose a new address.
Only the name needs to be changed. There, in the last lines, instead of "Having liberated the Romans from the ruinous Octavius,

that parody, as it were, of Caesar,"
 now we will put, "Having liberated the Romans
 from the ruinous Antony."
 The whole text fits in beautifully.

(*In a Township of Asia Minor*)

There are some, like the Syrian Demetrius
 Sôtêr, who dream of restoring their country to its
 former greatness, but they are forced to realize that
 their dream is vain.

He suffered, he felt much bitterness in Rome
 as he sensed in the talk of his friends,
 young people of prominent houses,
 amid all the delicacy and politeness
 that they kept showing to him, the son
 of the King Seleucus Philopator —
 as he sensed however that there was always
 a covert neglect of the hellenized dynasties;
 that had declined, that are not for serious works. . . .

If only he could find a way to get to the East,
 to succeed in escaping from Italy. . . .

Ah, if only he could find himself in Syria!
 He was so young when he left his country,
 that he can barely remember its face.
 But in his thought he always studied it
 as something sacred you approach with adoration,
 as a vision of a lovely land, as a spectacle
 of Greek cities and harbors —

And now?

Now despair and grief.
 The young men in Rome were right.
 It is not possible for dynasties to survive
 that the Macedonian Conquest gave rise to.

No matter: He himself had tried,
 he had struggled as much as he could.
 And in his dark discouragement,
 one thing alone he reckons
 with pride: that, even in his failure
 to the world he shows the same indomitable manliness.

The rest — were dreams and vain efforts.
 This Syria — scarcely looks like his own country,
 It is the land of Heracleides and Bolas.

(*Of Demetrius Sôtêr, 162–150 B.C.*)

As this poem illustrates, Cavafy is one of the
 very few poets who can write a patriotic poem
 that is not embarrassing. In most poetic ex-
 pressions of patriotism, it is impossible to distin-
 guish what is one of the greatest human virtues
 from the worst human vice, collective egoism.

The virtue of patriotism has generally been ex-
 tolled most loudly and publicly by nations that
 are in the process of conquering others, by the
 Romans, for example, in the first century B.C., the
 French in the 1790s, the English in the nineteenth

century, and the Germans in the first half of the
 twentieth. To such people, love of one's country
 involves denying the right of others, of the Gauls,
 the Italians, the Indians, the Poles, to love theirs.
 Moreover, even when a nation is not actively
 aggressive, the genuineness of its patriotic feeling
 remains in doubt so long as it is rich, powerful,
 and respected. Will the feeling survive if that
 nation should become poor and of no political
 account, and aware, also, that its decline is final,
 that there is no hope for the return of its former
 glory? In this age, no matter to which country
 we belong, the future is uncertain enough to make
 this a real question for us all and Cavafy's poems
 more topical than at first reading they seem.

In Cavafy's Panhellenic world, there is one
 great object of love and loyalty of which defeat
 has not deprived the Greeks, namely their lan-
 guage. Even peoples for whom Greek had not
 originally been the native tongue have adopted it,
 and the language has become all the richer for
 having had to accommodate itself to sensibilities
 other than Attic.

The inscription, as usual, in Greek;
 not exaggerated, not pompous —
 lest the proconsul who is always poking
 about and reporting to Rome misconstrue it. . . .
 Above all I charge you to see to it
 (Sithaspes, in God's name, let this not be forgotten)
 that after the words King and Savior
 there should be engraved in elegant letters Philhellene.
 Now don't try your clever sallies on me,
 your "Where are the Greeks?" and "Where is
 anything Greek
 behind Zagros here, beyond Phraata?"
 Since so many others more barbarous than we
 write it, we too shall write it.
 And finally do not forget that at times
 Sophists from Syria visit us,
 and versifiers, and other wiseacres.
 So we are not un-Greek, I reckon.

(*Philhellene*)

IN HIS poems about the relations between Chris-
 tians and pagans in the age of Constantine,
 Cavafy takes no sides. Roman paganism was
 worldly in the sense that the aim of its ritual
 practices was to secure prosperity and peace for
 the state and its citizens. Christianity, while not
 necessarily despising this world, has always insisted
 that its principal concern was elsewhere: it has
 never claimed to guarantee worldly prosperity to
 believers, and it has always condemned as a sin
 excessive preoccupation with success.

So long as worship of the Emperor as a god was
 required by law of all citizens, to become a Chris-
 tian meant to become a criminal. In consequence,
 the Christians of the first four centuries A.D.,

though subject like everybody else to the temptations of the flesh and the devil, had been spared the temptation of the world. One could become converted and remain a thorough rascal, but one could not become converted and remain a gentleman.

But after Constantine, it was the Christian who had a better chance than the pagan of getting on in the world, and the pagan, even if not persecuted, who became the object of social ridicule.

In one of Cavafy's poems the son of a pagan priest has become a Christian convert.

O Jesus Christ, my daily effort
is to observe the precepts
of Thy most holy church in every act of mine,
in every word, in every single thought.
And all those who renounce Thee,
I shun them. — But now I bewail;
I lament now, O Christ, for my father
even though he was — a horrible thing to say —
a priest at the accursed Serapeum.

(Priest at the Serapeum)

In another the Emperor Julian comes to Antioch and preaches his self-invented neopagan religion. But to the citizens of Antioch, Christianity has become the conventional religion, which they hold without letting it interfere in any way with their amusements, and they merely laugh at him as a puritanical old fuddy-duddy.

Was it ever possible that they should renounce
their lovely way of life; the variety of their
daily amusement; their magnificent theater . . .

To renounce all these to turn to what after all?

To his airy chatter about false gods,
To his tiresome self-centered chatter;
to his childish fear of the theater,
his graceless prudery, his ridiculous beard?

Ah, most surely they preferred the *chi*
Ah, most certainly they preferred the *kappa*; a hundred
times.

(Julian and the People of Antioch)

I hope these quotations have given some idea of Cavafy's tone of voice and his perspective on life. If a reader finds them unsympathetic, I do not know how one can argue against him. Since language is the creation of a social group, not of an individual, the standards by which it can be judged are relatively objective. Thus, when reading a poem in one's native tongue, one can find the sensibility personally antipathetic and yet be compelled to admire its verbal manifestation. But when one is reading a translation, all one gets is the sensibility, and either one likes it or one does not. I happen to like Cavafy's very much indeed.

DESIRES

Like beautiful bodies of the dead who had not
grown old
and they shut them, with tears, in a magnificent
mausoleum,
with roses at the head and jasmine at the feet —
that is how desires look that have passed
without fulfillment; without one of them having
achieved
a night of sensual delight, or a moon-lit morn.

THERMOPYLAE

Honor to those who in their lives
are committed and guard their Thermopylae.
Never stirring from duty;
just and upright in all their deeds,
but with pity and compassion too;
generous whenever they are rich, and when
they are poor, again a little generous,
again helping as much as they are able;
always speaking the truth,
but without rancor for those who lie.

And they merit greater honor
when they foresee (and many do foresee)
that Ephialtes will finally appear,
and in the end the Medes will go through.

HE SWEARS

Every so often he swears to start a finer life.
But when night comes with its own counsels,
its compromises, and its promises;
but when night comes with its own vigor
of the body, craving and seeking, he returns,
forlorn, to the same fatal joy.

NERO'S TERM

Nero was not alarmed when he heard
the prophecy of the Delphic Oracle.
"Let him fear the seventy-three years."
There was still lots of time to enjoy himself.
He is thirty years old. The term
the god allots to him is quite sufficient
for him to prepare for perils to come.

Now he will return to Rome slightly fatigued,
but delightfully fatigued from this journey,
which consisted entirely of days of pleasure
at the theaters, the gardens, the athletic fields . . .
evenings spent in the cities of Greece . . .
Ah, the voluptuous delight of nude bodies, above
all. . . .

These things Nero thought. And in Spain Galba
secretly assembles and drills his army,
the old man of seventy-three.



THE BOOKS WE LOVED AS CHILDREN

BY FRANCES McFADDEN

An editor in her own right, whose father was an editor of ST. NICHOLAS magazine in its great period, FRANCES McFADDEN here recaptures the fresh delight of reading when young. Her article is particularly appropriate for the celebration of National Library Week.

I RECENTLY acquired a long bamboo pole with a tuft of feathers at the top. It looks like one of the feathered wands with which the extras salute Rhadames in the opera *Aida*, but I am told it is also fine for dusting the top shelves in a library. Now, the top shelves in a house without children or grandchildren is where the children's old books get stored. The other day, as I was wafting my new duster a little too vigorously in the upper reaches, a book came tumbling down on my head. *The Little Colonel at Boarding School*. The Little Colonel! Yes, there she was cracking hickory nuts at the stile by the old church, and there was one of the little Knights of Kentucky begging for a curl of her golden hair. Did she give it to him? I had to stop dusting to refresh my memory. And then there was nothing for it but to topple another book down from the shelf — *Master Skylark* — and then to climb the stepladder and get down *Heidi*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *The Cuckoo Clock*, *Hans Brinker*, and all the others, and so to lay off house cleaning for the rest of the day.

It is a curious experience to read the old favorites through the spectacles of middle age. One is half child, with a child's sharp, enraptured focus, and half adult, the vision blurred by all the nonsense one has had to pick up through life. To the adult me, time seems to rush uncomfortably

fast; once it stood almost still. The summers of my childhood seem to have been spent mostly on a window seat with a horsehair cushion that prickled even through one's gingham bloomers. There was an open window with a lilac bush stirring just beyond, an insect zinging lazily against the screen, and, fore and aft, there were books.

The children of my generation were lucky. The great classics for children had come along in a rush during the last half of the nineteenth century — *Alice in Wonderland*, *Treasure Island*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Wind in the Willows*, *Uncle Remus*, the *Jungle Books*. We read them from cover to cover. In addition, we girls subscribed to *St. Nicholas*, bringing us month by month the latest installment of a Ralph Henry Barbour or a Frances Hodgson Burnett, and the illustrations of Arthur Rackham (every gnarled root turned out to be a gnome), of N. C. Wyeth, the father of Andrew Wyeth (pirates and Revolutionary soldiers in periwigs), and, above all, Reginald Birch's aristocratic little girls with their long golden hair, so much more glamorous than our pig-tailed selves, and his graceful youths, so unlike the boys in knickerbockers who trod on our slippers in dancing school. We also read the serials. There were the Alcott books, and the *Five Little Peppers*, the *Katy* books, the *Little Colonels*, the *Mary Wares*, the

Drawing by Oliver Herford from LITTLE MR. HUMBLEFINGER AND HIS QUEER COUNTRY by Joel Chandler Harris, Houghton Mifflin, Boston.

Prudies; we even condescended to look into the Elsie Dinsmores, the Little Lucys, or the Dottie Dimples. None of these stories were strictly contemporary; some were leftovers from our mothers' or grandmothers' time. The old-fashioned dress — the Little Colonel's mortarboard, for instance, when we all wore tam-o'-shanters, or Katy's 1886 pearl-gray silk, with which she captured the young navy officer — did not disturb us. Nor did we make any distinction between the Alcott books, which all pedantic parents approved of, and the Little Colonels, which they considered trash.

Whatever their literary value, the serials provide an interesting record of the domestic manners of genteel Americans from 1860 on. The lady authors, who usually wrote under pseudonyms, were portraying a homogeneous America, predominantly Anglo-Saxon and strictly Protestant. Immigrants appear only as servants, or as paupers. The poor child always calls her more fortunate contemporary "Miss" — "Thank you, Miss." Homes were either very rich with a lonely only child or very poor and teeming with jolly boys and girls, as was the shabby, disreputable dollhouse in Queen Crosspatch's Racketty Packetty House. But while the Queen and other lady authors pointed out that riches without responsibility were not a guarantee of happiness, they themselves, I am afraid, were fearfully impressed with wealth and social position.

"Her Papa came from one of the first families," writes one. "She was the richest and most exclusive girl in the school," says another. "She spoke just as polite to me as if I was a gentleman," says poor Jake in *Black Beauty*. Even Louisa M. Alcott could not resist telling us how rich Laurie and Amy were in the great white house on the hill. Their only child, Bess, outranked all the poorer grandchildren of the March family under the nickname, "Princess."

THIS was a pleasant world to write about. A world at peace, except for the Roughriders; a world of shady verandas with phaetons and pony carts waiting under porte-cocheres. Young aunts were called "Tanta." Rich young uncles, delightfully unemployed, traveled to foreign parts and brought back to their grateful nieces and nephews photographs of the Dresden Madonna or of Beatrice Cenci, or fabulous presents from the Orient. Faith was unquestioned. Philanthropy took care of conscience. And in nurseries there was always that symbol of security waiting in a starched apron, a Maggie or a Mom Beck.

But, on reinspection, it appears that all was not well in this coziest of all possible worlds. Galloping consumption (tuberculosis), brain fever (defini-

tion unknown), and all the dread contagious diseases that plastered quarantine warnings on front doors were taking their toll. Who can forget Beth of *Little Women*? We hoped until page 410, but we knew in our hearts that she was destined to die. And then there was Little Eva, stepping heavenward in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and Colin crying his sickly heart out in that great four-poster bed in the gloomy Yorkshire manor in *The Secret Garden*, and Klara in *Heidi*, and the Birds' Christmas Carol, in the book of that name, who died — no, fell asleep — on Christmas Day. Colin, Klara, and Carol just couldn't walk. What was their trouble? Polio? We are never told. "Why doesn't the doctor come and make him well again?" a child of this wonder-drug age, to whom I was reading *The Little Lambe Prince*, asked me the other day. If any of the children are saved, it is only by ordinary common sense, such as Mother Rabbit displayed when Peter had overindulged in Mr. MacGregor's garden. On my top shelf I can find only two doctors worth their salt. One was Mynheer Boekman in *Hans Brinker*, who removed a "pressure" from Hans's father's brain without anesthetic and so skillfully that he had old man Brinker up and talking quite rationally in a matter of minutes. The other was the uncle-guardian of Rose, a rich China-trade heiress in Louisa M. Alcott's *Eight Cousins*. Like all unmarried uncles in books of this period, Dr. Alec was unemployed, but when his ward began fainting in the fashionable clothes "the aunts" had bought her, he went to work. He made her shed her tight corset, sent her outdoors to play, redecorated her room with airy curtains and straw matting from the East, and turned her into a healthy girl, if somewhat of a prig (she would dance only with her boy cousins), the *Rose in Bloom* of the sequel.

Through Rose, Miss Alcott was inveighing against the teen-age customs of her day. One has only to consult the boarding school stories to know that girls ate very badly. Oh! the macaroons and caramels that were cooked over blazers at those midnight feasts and the five-pound boxes of bonbons that they dived into at Christmas. "The prevailing ill-health of American school girls," says the first prospectus for Wellesley College, "is not due to hard study but is in most cases due to the violation of plain laws of nature as to fresh air, simple and nourishing food, daily exercise, sufficient sleep and suitable dress."

In this age of widows, it is hard to realize that, until quite recent years, husbands often wore out several wives. That is why the wicked stepmother has such an important place in the old fairy tales. The death of young mothers in childbirth left many of our favorite child heroes or heroines motherless at an early age. There were Dan and

Nat in *Jo's Boys*, Toby Tyler, Ben in *Under the Lilacs*, Sara Crewe, Betty in the Little Colonel books, Mary Lennox and Colin in *The Secret Garden*, and almost all of Horatio Alger's boys. On rereading, the rise to fame and fortune of Alger's frank and fearless orphans appears to be dependent on chance quite as much as on the lad's Algeric enterprise. The favorite *deus ex machina* was a carriage drawn by a pair of spirited bays, and in it a rich banker or the banker's richly attired lady. Horses bolt, coachman is powerless, fearless youth steps from the crowd and grabs the bridles — banker rewards him with a position of trust at the bank.

The storytellers were not loath to wring a tear or two from their young readers on the orphan's behalf. No writer of today, with psychiatrists and child-study groups ready to pounce, would dare to put out the horrors that were retailed in the Golden Age in such delicious, morbid detail. In *The Secret Garden*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, cholera sweeps a British army post in India. The father and Memsahib, the pretty silly mother, even the faithful ayah, succumb. The child, Mary Lennox, is found in the bungalow days after the bodies have been removed, all alone without food or water in the company of a little wriggly snake. In *Lady Jane* by Mrs. Cecelia Viets Jameson, a mother traveling with her little girl is stricken with fever in the French Quarter of New Orleans. She is taken in to die by a monstrous Cajun woman who sells all her pretty things and sends the little girl begging. I don't remember any traumata occasioned by these stories. I would still stoutly defend them. Yet, whenever I think of taking a journey to India, I hesitate because of the snakes and the cholera, and on a visit to New Orleans a few years ago, I kept a sharp eye out for Cajuns.

One of the smallest books on my top shelf belonged to my grandmother. The inscription on the flyleaf in her childish hand seems as strange and sad today as when I first discovered it there years ago. The book seeks to inform its readers on the peoples of Europe and Asia. "The Russians," it says, "are in general hardy, vigorous and patient of labor, especially in the field. The women use a sort of rouge to heighten their beauty. Their eyesight seems to be defective, probably because of the snow, which for the great part of the year is continually on the ground."

Authority such as this is not easily dethroned. By the same token, French history is not as I read it at school but as I devoured it on the window seat in the pages of Charlotte M. Yonge. In my favorite Yonge book, *The Chaplet of Pearls*, there was an unexplained baby that used to worry me a lot. I am told it worried a whole generation. In the days of Henry the Second of France, two

noble children, Eustacie and Beranger, are wed. They are parted at once and in later life meet only at court fetes, for she has become lady in waiting to the Queen. What a surprise, therefore, when Eustacie gives birth to a baby girl! "How could there be a baby?" we asked ourselves and each other but never our parents. "The father and mother didn't live in the same house."

I have no reason to question the excellence of the science books for children of today, but I cannot help reflecting that once the Little Rollo books were considered first rate in this field and that their author, Jacob Abbott, was a professor at Amherst and for many years head of the Mount Vernon School in Boston. In one of the Little Rollos, Papa undertakes to satisfy his son's curiosity about certain natural phenomena, while Mama, like the straight man in vaudeville, tosses in little leads to give Papa a chance to show off.

Now, Rollo is a bright boy. He has observed that, when you put your spoon in water, the water seems to creep up around the spoon, and he wants to know why. "No one knows of any reason except that the Creator made it so," Papa says.

Rollo is interested in clouds. "I believe they have a way of finding out how high a cloud is by the shadow it casts," Papa tells him. "How do they do it?" asks little Rollo. "I don't know," replies his father, "but I believe they have a way."

Then Papa causes a magnet to attract a nail and some other metal objects.

"Father," says Rollo, "what is the reason?"

"I don't know," says his father.

IF TODAY we are a little too anxious to lay down the law to our husbands or to talk back to our fathers, it may be that we have not altogether forgotten those male tyrants who dominated the homes we almost lived in and made life miserable for the little boys and girls who were our other selves. Mustachioed or bearded, every father seemed older than God. I don't think we ever really enjoyed the Elsie books; they were too long-winded. On renewed acquaintance, they strike me as downright unhealthy. The relationship between the father and his motherless daughter Elsie was abnormal, to say the least. It is Sunday, and poor Elsie cannot in good conscience sing her little songs for her father's fast friends on a Sabbath. But, of course, Papa cannot brook a moment's disobedience from his darling. He orders Elsie to sit on the piano stool till she has a change of heart. After hours of martyrdom worthy of a Saint Sebastian, she faints, striking her head as she falls. This brings on a siege of our old friend, brain fever, and for a time it seems as if

Elsie is destined to join Beth and Little Eva in heaven. But, no! She lives on through many more of the Elsie books. In the last of the series on my shelf, it is again a Sabbath, this time in Nantucket. Papa, converted to religion by the piano affair, is enthroned on the porch with Elsie, now a rich widow, and there are numerous grandchildren in attendance. For their edification, he is reading a spicy account of the massacre of the Protestants by the Papists in the seventeenth century. A grandchild cries in fear, but relentlessly that consummate ass must go on to ring a warning. "Popery," he pontificates to the frightened child, "would do the very same now and here had She the power."

The decline in church attendance that set in about the time Elsie Dinsmore's grandchildren might have reached the age of consent was only to be expected. But if F. Scott Fitzgerald found any uninhibited young ladies in the Ivy League set of the twenties, it was nothing short of a miracle, considering the attitudes about sex that had been firmly planted in them by such books as the *Little Colonel*.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, the Little Colonel, one Lloyd Sherman, lived in Lloydsboro Valley, Kentucky, near Louisville in an old Southern mansion called The Locust with her grandfather, Colonel Lloyd, and her mother and Papa Jack. Sex appears in these stories just when Gesell says it should, but whenever it shows signs of getting out of hand, Annie Fellows Johnston, the author, plays the trump card of all mothers of that time and ilk. She invokes commonness. Playing kissing games and giving a curl of your hair to a boy are common. And if there is anything a Lloyd of Lloydsboro Valley will not be, it is common. Some years ago, I made a pilgrimage to the scene of the Little Colonel stories. Pewee Valley, Kentucky, seemed less glamorous than I had expected. The mansions were quite small country houses, the station shabby Victorian. But, as I stood before the church where Lloyd Sherman married Rob (most of us were disappointed in the match), I found myself quoting the promise Lloyd made to Papa Jack when she was thirteen. I remembered every word, spoken in her thrilling Southern accent, "You may trust me, fathah, I will not cut the golden warp from out the loom until I, a woman grown, have woven such a web as thou thyself shall say is worthy of a prince's wearing."

My top shelf was nearly cleared when I came on a little book with an unfamiliar cover, a leftover, perhaps, from my father's library. It was an early French edition of *Cinderella*, *Red Riding Hood*, *Sleeping Beauty*, *Bluebeard*, and others. These tales, which had been told over the spinning wheels for

generations, were set down in Paris in 1696 by Charles Perrault, under the title *Contes du Temps Passé*. A glance sufficed to show me that we children read, and the children of today still read, only expurgated Victorian versions of the seventeenth-century *Contes*. In the original, Red Riding Hood's wolf was unmistakably sexy. The *moralité* in verse, which follows the story, warns its readers that all wolves are not beasts of the forest; some pursue young girls in the street. Following *Cinderella*, Perrault reflects that, though it is fine to have wit and good sense, these are not much help in the world unless you also have an influential godmother. The *Sleeping Beauty's* marriage, I was distressed to learn, was not altogether happy. She had two children by the Prince, Aurore and Jour. When her Prince went off to war, her jealous mother-in-law ordered her maître d'hôtel to serve up Aurore for supper. She would have eaten Aurore, and *le petit Jour* and the Princess too, had not the chef proved not only loyal but expert as well. With his "Sauce Robert," he made something taste like somebody else and thus saved the royal family. That it pays to hire a first-rate chef is evident, but that is not the whole moral of the tale. The worldly Frenchman says that one must wait, if not a hundred years, at least a reasonable time, for the right husband, but, he says, since young people yearn so ardently for marriage, he hasn't the heart to preach the moral to them.

The gift of writing fantasy for children is a rare one, yet it seems to have been bestowed on the most unexpected people in all kinds of places. Perrault was curator of public buildings for Louis XIV; *A Dog of Flanders* was written by that flamboyant author of high-life novels, Ouida; *Mary Had a Little Lamb* by the editor of an American fashion magazine, Sarah Hale; *The Princess and the Goblin* by a Scottish Congregationalist minister, George MacDonald. There is no danger of obsolescence here. Fantasy is outlaw, roving free of passing conventions. Once enchanted, we are bound forever. Again, I enter the *Arabian Nights* garden and climb that stair that leads to nowhere, or sail off with Maxfield Parrish's pirate ship to some land beyond that cobalt-blue sea. Here is Sir Gawaine, my first and still my love; and Guinevere, daughter of Leodegrance of the Land of Camelard, as beautiful as on the day Howard Pyle engraved her in memory. How they leap the barriers of time and space! And how nonsense triumphs over common sense! Who wants to dust bookshelves when just inside a book cover a beaver is making lace, a Goop has spilled the broth on the tablecloth, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top, plays the game of catch as catch can till the gunpowder runs out at the heels of his boots?

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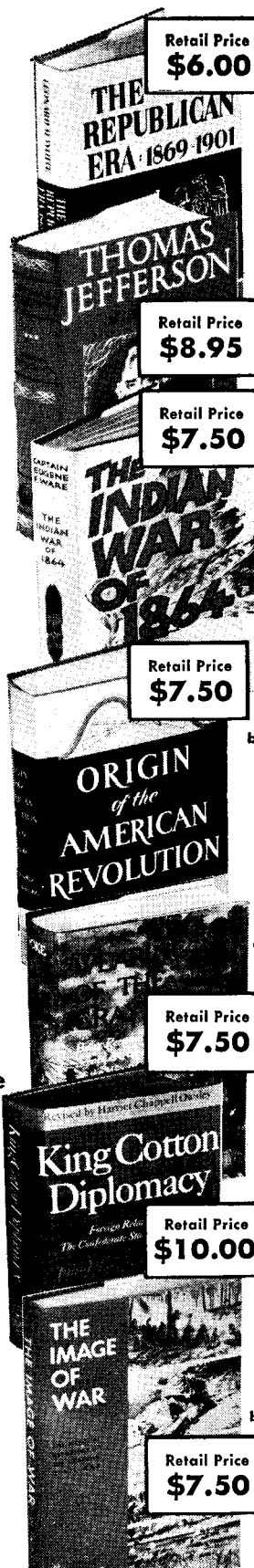
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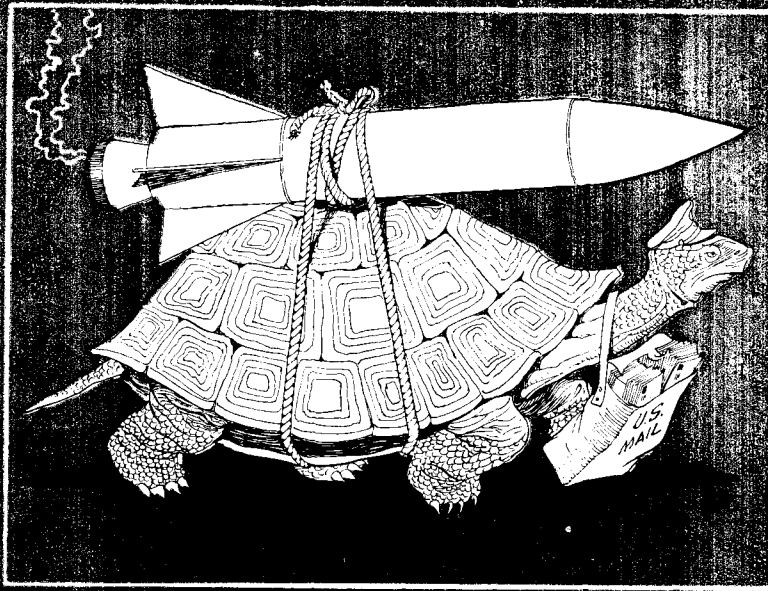
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Living

THAT the United States has “the most modern” postal system in the world was a declaration heard many times from Arthur E. Summerfield during his term as Postmaster General of the Eisenhower Administration. He was saying this, usually, on a TV program, while the camera was showing great streams of letters rushing along on conveyer belts and falling into proper slots and receptacles, with everyone working at top speed to keep up with the machines.

Every so often, Mr. Summerfield would get out a news release about how our mail had been successfully carried by rockets, and I believe there was some marvelous machine in the offing, toward the end of his tenure, that would read mail in New York and reproduce it an instant later in San Francisco. There was some argument, as I recall it, over whether such a machine would, by peering electronically into the contents of a letter, constitute an invasion of privacy, and this was a moral and political problem that had to be settled quickly, so near at hand was this high-speed innovation.

We never did learn what was meant by “the most modern” as applied to our postal system. Any sys-

tem operating in 1961 is “modern,” one supposes, even though it may be somewhat slower and less dependable than the system which was used in 1930 or 1910. In 1930, for instance, it was a firm commitment of the post office that a letter mailed in any one of the forty-odd communities making up Metropolitan Boston would be delivered anywhere in the area within twenty-four hours, a modest undertaking perhaps, but one on which the post office consistently made good.

The commitment may still be there — a good idea, and all that — but the delivery time depends on anything from the weather to the size of the load which the ultimate carrier must stuff into his bag. Weekly magazines supposed to reach me on a Thursday often arrive on Saturday, and sometimes as late as the following Tuesday. Airmail from Boston to London is quite likely to take less time than a Boston to New York letter. A Bostonian presenting an ordinary parcel for mailing to New Brunswick, New Jersey, about 250 miles distant, is conscientiously warned by the postal clerk that it will “take about ten days” unless rapid-handling stamps are added. By what means of transport ten days

are expended in moving from Boston to New Brunswick is not explained, but possibly one of Mr. Summerfield’s slower rockets is used.

“Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night” and so on was a splendid slogan in its day, but it has had little to do with the snows of Sixty-one, when storms stopped deliveries altogether. The precise duration of delays in the mails is often hard to estimate on account of another innovation of recent years in the world’s most modern postal system: the defective and illegible cancellation stamp, which shows no date and sometimes only a letter or two from the name of its place of origin.

The British, meanwhile, are muddling along on what must be a much less modern system. Heavily mechanized, it provides London with three deliveries daily. A housewife can mail an order to her grocer at nine o’clock of a morning with the expectation of receiving the groceries that same afternoon. Throughout Great Britain the service is equally old-fashioned — very rapid and dependable — and for the year 1959–1960 it made a profit for the government of \$59 million.

CHARLES W. MORTON

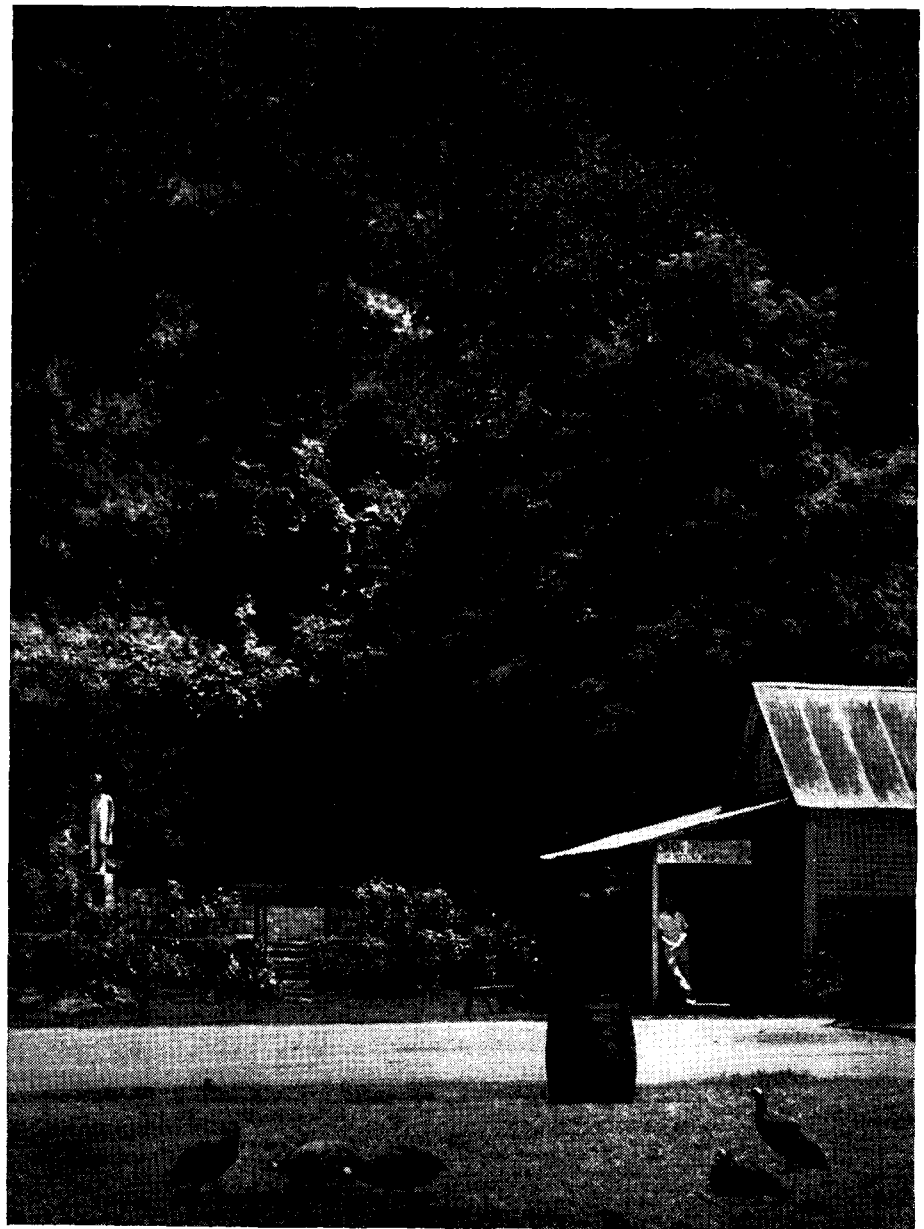
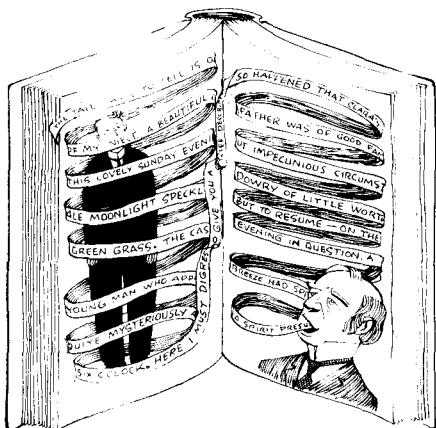
Travelers' Tales

BY R. G. G. PRICE

R. G. G. PRICE lives in Sussex and is a regular contributor to PUNCH. He writes for the ATLANTIC on a variety of subjects.

How patiently our ancestors listened to their traveling companions. We complain if the man in the next seat of the commuter train tells us the same story about his children two days running, and we try to avoid him on the next trip. Yet in the early nineteenth century the door of the coach was hardly shut before the man you were wedged into began, "Ah me, many a curious tale could I unfold," and ended eight hundred miles later, "And now Hannah gazes fondly into the eyes of her latest born what time Arthur exclaims, 'We have indeed complied with the terms of AUNT AGATHA'S LEGACY!'"

Those untiring talkers would spend a couple of thousand words describing scenery and repeat the text of letters and switch from the first person to the third and back again while the horses clip-clopped and the harness jingled. The novels always pretended that the narrative was printed as delivered, presumably with the substitution of "reader" for "hearer" in those long apostrophes which, until well after Thackeray's time, were used to maintain the author's average rate of composition while he was thinking what to say next. What happened at stops? Did the narrator and his audience talk over the previous installment, or did he give them a breather? He would not have risked carrying the story forward while postboys and ostlers and waiters were bustling about. It would be too easy for some passenger



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to say that he had missed a connecting bit but would be quite happy thinking his own thoughts.

There was rarely any relationship between the setting of the narration and the setting of the narrative. Tales told to a coachload might begin with a Solitary Traveler, but they were just as likely to begin with the birth of an heir in a mansion surrounded by verdant lawns, or even with a conversation between sentinels in the Crusades.

I remember a shipload of hearers who battled their way across the Atlantic listening to the adventures of a cowboy on his first ranch, and pretty landlubberly adventures they were, too. The danger of being fixed by the glittering eye of a full-length-tale spinner was almost as great in the saloon of a cargo boat with a few passengers as it was in a coach. (On the larger passenger vessels, stories tended to be shorter, their length depending on the time a narrator in reasonable health could stay leaning on the rail.) The first night at sea was often deceptively calm. There was much to be described — the swinging of the lamp, the bluff courtliness of the captain, and the humors of the Irish steward. The passengers must have been taut with anxiety over which of their oddly assorted company the narrator would turn out to be. Some authors even had a mysterious lady with a foreign ac-

cent simply as a decoy, when all the time the danger was coming from the leathery-looking medico in the darkest corner.

Writers of horse-drawn novels generally threw in a few references to the crack of the whip, the thawing out in taverns, and the sound of horseshoes on paving, and left it at that. Writers of water-borne novels were more prepared to break up the narration with a storm. After a few references to the tilting of the lamp and the staggering of the Irish steward, through which the narrator plowed on, the captain would declare a night off, especially when the ship was rounding Cape Horn. The local color was generally laid on heavily during this intermission. The sails blew away; hen coops were swept overboard; the lifeboat was stove in. The next night, however, it was clear that the narrator had been refreshed by his rest.

One of my favorite traveling talkers was Professor T—. I met him in a long, long novel I found stuck down behind some shelves when I was a boy. The arrangement of the book was complicated. In chapter one somebody who introduced himself as Captain C— described finding himself in the Russian town of K— in the winter of 18—. Being desirous of pursuing certain business of importance in the town of M—, he had hired a droshky.

FINANCIAL ADVICE TO A YOUNG PROFESSOR

BY ROBERT L. WRIGHT

The academic groves chop down
and sell
the wood.
For warmth put on your doctor's gown;
as well,
the hood.
Shun not to be a chaperon;
you may
be fed.
Some banks will give a long-term loan;
buy day-
old bread.
Your children will, with luck, grow up;
if they
don't try
To sip from education's cup;
you may
get by.

A fellow traveler besought him for the use of the spare seat, to which, being as reckless as you would expect of a dashing guardsman, he agreed.

As soon as they had got up speed across the desolate white plain, the professor explained that he proposed to beguile the journey, one of several weeks, by describing certain passages in the life of one of his ancestors. To put his victim in the picture, he then sketched an outline of Russian history up to the point at which his hero entered it. This ancestor was often employed as a diplomatic courier, and whenever he turned up in some other land the professor sketched the history of that too. About three times the original narrator took over and described their arrival at some derelict inn, where the professor, just before he dropped off to sleep on top of the stove, promised a further installment the next day. The book had no real last chapter. The professor finished his ancestor's adventures, but you never learned whether they ever reached M —.

Modern readers are impatient. They want to get into the story in the first few sentences, and they want the story they start in to be the one they end in. They have no use for fifty miles and ten chapters a day. The last, vestigial narrator was, perhaps, Joseph Conrad's Marlow, but he, as far as I remember, stayed in one spot, static except for passing the bottle. His audience must have sought him out rather than been forced to put up with him — an ingenious method of indicating to the reader the merits of his tales.

I do not imagine that if I met Professor I — again I should want to renew acquaintance with his forbear, but I should certainly reread the opening of the book to recapture its absurdity and charm. I wonder why some publisher with an eye on the nostalgia market does not produce a collection of opening scenes, each leaving the palpitating narrator just as he begins his tale. It would call up the time when travel was not a dwindling interval between two activities but a major consumer of time and energy, and it could range from Chaucer's pilgrims to the early railway passengers in their isolated compartments. And when the scent of the past had done its work, the reader would find he was starting to make up the missing stories for himself.



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BY ROBERT L. BERKOWITZ

Engineer, poet, and quondam taxi driver, ROBERT L. BERKOWITZ lives in Boston and broods at intervals about the habits of the human race.

Every now and then, like most Americans, I get pretty upset about the false values of other Americans. I feel that other people have turned their backs upon the American ideals, upon the spirit of freedom. I feel that I am the only person who cares, and it makes me pretty sore.

Now, people like Indignant Citizen, or A Taxpayer, or even Spirit of 1776 (surely a nom de plume) can seize a pen and write a scathing letter to the newspapers. If they can stay angry for longer than a weekend, they may even write a book which will fearlessly lay bare our inner rottenness. A whole literary movement may develop, with all the reformers convening in Acapulco because they can't stand corrupt old America any more.

My problem is somewhat different. Just now I am furious about

national defense. But I don't want to write a letter or a book about it. I want to start an organization to *do* something about it. National defense will do for a starter. But then I would want to move on to other issues. The teaching of mathematics. Improved television sets. A society to suppress conversation on sports cars. Modern architecture.

The reason I don't do more about things is that I would have to begin by getting other people interested. The question comes up, what people? Most of my acquaintances aren't basically interested in anything. I would have to bully them. As a matter of fact, they are a pretty hopeless lot. Besides, in an enterprise of this magnitude (I am now beginning to block the thing out in my mind) we don't want dullards. We want a high level from

the beginning. Men like Dean Acheson, James Gavin, Oskar Morgenstern, Vannevar Bush. Maybe Albert Schweitzer. The appeal to them would be forceful yet dignified, employing a higher rhetoric and using longer words. Men like this appreciate closely reasoned argument. Not like the lunkheads I know.

By this time, I have swung mentally into the second page of my circular letter, letting introductory paragraphs go till later. (If they don't know who I am, they can look me up. I am in the phone book.) My language is charged with a stately passion. The periods roll. To tell the truth, it sounds a little like the Bible.

By the time I have begun page five in my mind, I am fumbling in the desk looking for paper — a first draft of such importance ought to be on bond. Then, just as my pen is poised, just as the message is about to dart forth to the world, the first chill of doubt strikes me. I realize the kind of replies I am going to get. Of course, not all will reply. It turns out that some of the people on my list are dead. It is foolish to expect a reply from Mr. Darrow. Some are out of town or awaiting a call to high office. And probably some are willing to ignore the whole matter and forget it, if I will.

But the remainder of them do answer, and the answers infuriate me. Men like Acheson, Dave Garroway, Nelson Rockefeller are busy, but they are courteous. It is the courtesy that I find unbearable.

It is gratifying to anyone with experience in public life . . . (This is a crack at me, because up to now I have held aloof from politics.) The citizen's interest in affairs of state is the final safeguard of the Republic. (He means, You're in over your head, Buster.) Your idea, insofar as I grasp it, would require the expenditure of large sums. (Does he expect me to do it all myself?) Time and a singleness of purpose (he thinks I am paranoid), which I am sure you possess . . . (I am expected to do it all myself.) Activities of this sort often proceed best on the local level. (I should talk it over first with wiser heads at the P.T.A.) Thank you for your interesting (pathetic) letter. If I may be of further service . . . (Please don't write to me again.)

There you have it. This is the sort of reaction a public-spirited person can expect. Presented with a work of inspired pleading, these people are going to try to weasel

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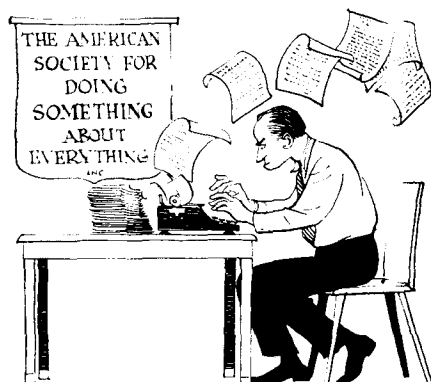
out of it. If I sent the letter (that is, after writing it), it would not be treated as a trumpet, summoning men of intellect and vision. That isn't the way my letter would be treated at all. It would be filed.

You see what I am up against. I have raised the subject in a perfectly disinterested way. I have briefly but clearly outlined the problem and ruthlessly disposed of previous paltering attempts to handle it. Finally, I have proposed my solution — probably the first new thinking on the subject in a couple of hundred years. As I was going to say in my letter, I have raised a standard to which the wise and something (I forgot the other word, but you have to have one for rhythm) can repair. And the response is a tepid acknowledgment. No wonder I am embittered.

Well, I can accept these things. These people are not the only ones who can withdraw hems of garments. Ours is a sick society, too demoralized to save itself, grows increasingly rigid and monolithic, other-directed, too. You get used to this sort of thing in a materialistic world. Because I have seen through our false values, I am better off than the rest of society, you might say.

Besides, Truth crushed to earth will rise again, only somewhat dented. It is not so important to create an organization to accomplish the task as to get the message to the right people — to a few key men. I might do it simply and easily merely by spending a few minutes chatting with Bernard M. Baruch on that park bench of his. I might mention Machiavelli, say, or the elder Morgan, and brilliantly discuss the problem for fifteen or twenty minutes.

I know what will happen, though. He will have his hearing aid switched off. He will suggest that I write him a letter.



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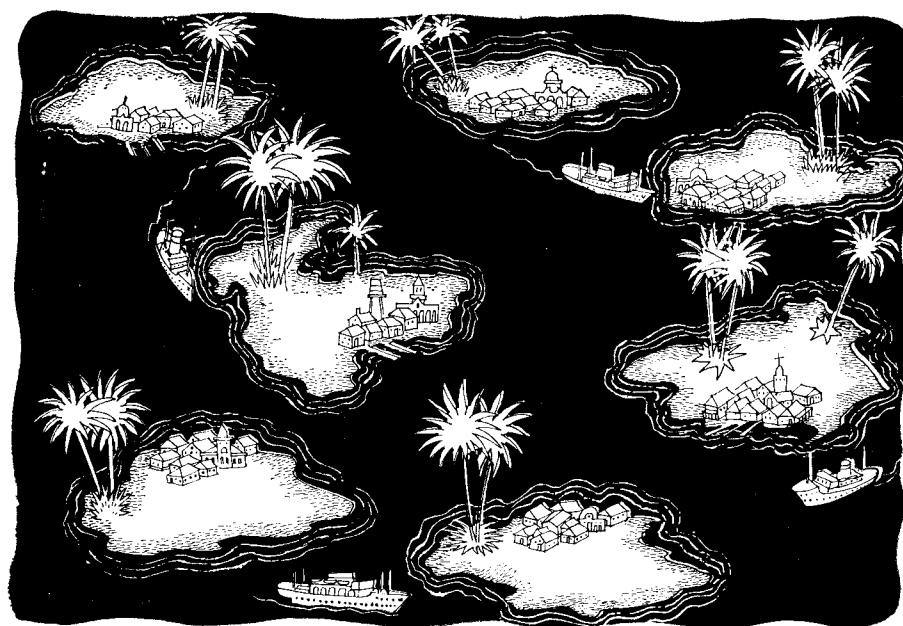
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CARIBBEAN ISLAND-HOPPING

BY JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

Island-hopping the Caribbean by Viscount, Heron, and Super Jet is a comparatively new diversion that accounts for most of the tourist business Americans bring to the West Indies. Yet, in spite of the number of air strips the jet age has laid across all but the least of the Lesser Antilles, it is still possible for the sea-loving or antiquarian traveler to island-hop the same area by ship.

It is no trouble at all, for example, to take a handsome new American ship from New York to Barbados, to spend a few days there, then to travel on a British ship for three or four smooth-sailing days to Jamaica, and from there, on a Dutch or Greek or Swedish ship, and to return at leisure to New York. This is but one of scores of possible island-hopping itineraries that in no way depend upon the weather at Idlewild or airline office hours in Martinique. They provide for a variety of interests on land, for largely overnight travel in an air-conditioned state-room at sea, and blissfully independent progress throughout.

For a number of reasons, steam-

ship lines and travel agents tend to keep mum about such opportunities for going your own way. For most travel agents, unpackaged itineraries are just too much trouble. Agents are reluctant to enter into short-haul arrangements with several different steamship lines, or to cope with the leisurely uncertainty that is part of any Caribbean journey not wholly scheduled in advance. Steamship lines are not so reluctant, yet they tend to mention the possibility of one-way passages or stopover privileges in cautious language and fine print. Nevertheless, a person who enjoys ships and the sea, and who has time (even two weeks is enough), patience, and a mild sense of independent adventure, can explore almost any of the Caribbean islands without having to deal with the notorious whimsicalities of airline operations and without once having to leave the familiar surface of the earth.

The best times of the year for this wayward odyssey are just before the high-season cruise period — November until early January — and just after — mid-March through May.

All other times are feasible, but the range of choices in the summer months is limited. During the periods mentioned, ships are apt to be booked to less than capacity, and accommodations on them are more readily available. The best place to begin your Caribbean trip is New York, simply because it is the point of departure for most West Indian voyages. But during the winter months there are also many sailings from Miami and New Orleans, as well as a few from Houston, Wilmington, and Boston.

Assuming that you are committed to travel by ship and that you have a comfortable minimum of three weeks in which to visit four or five islands, here's how you might go about it: First, choose a destination — for example, Barbados, Trinidad, or Curaçao — far enough away from the United States to offer a variety of routes back to your starting point and sufficiently active as a port of call to allow you some choice of ships.

Next, study the consolidated cruise schedule, a folder available through any travel office for the asking, and take note of the ships, along with sailing dates, that will call at the island you have chosen during the time of your visit. Since this is planning slightly in advance, without definite knowledge of whether one ship or another is booked to capacity, the chances that you will get the passage you want are doubtful enough to warrant your making alternative choices. You book the first leg of your overseas journey through your own travel agent. After that you must deal with offices in the ports of call in the various islands. Nearly all of the steamship lines maintain shipping agents whose services are available in their own offices or through those of local travel bureaus. These agents often advertise the arrival of ships and notice of available space in island newspapers. Their listings will include not only ships sailing from American ports but those from European ports, usually in England and France, that make stops for freight and passengers in the West Indies.

Any agent will acquaint you with imminent arrivals and departures and the minimum cost of travel between any two Caribbean points. Once you have determined your ship and destination, he will send a

radiogram to inquire whether the space you want is available at the price you want to pay. In many cases, accommodations purchased from island agents are as good as, and considerably cheaper than, those you might have booked at the original point of embarkation. Ship pursers like to see a full complement of passengers on their manifests, and it is within their province to exercise latitude in assigning unused space once the cruise ship is under way.

American ships sailing directly to American ports (Saint Thomas, San Juan, and Cristobal in the Canal Zone) are comparatively few, so that the traveler's choice is limited to the fairly old and small lines of the Eastern Shipping Corporation — Miami to Saint Thomas and San Juan — and those of the Panama Line — New York to the mainland port of Cristobal. Since most ship-plying among the Caribbean island-fly foreign flags, the choice for the traveler who does not insist on sailing on American ships and ending up in some American possession is all but unlimited.

West Indian islands share more or less the same climate and much the same flora and fauna. However, since they stretch for nearly two thousand miles from the Bahamas to Trinidad, they are in other ways vastly different. Perhaps the most important consideration for the short-term tourist is those features that distinguish the islands for topographical beauty, for historical and native interest, and for opportunities to shop. In the category of landscape and seascape beauty and subtropical charm, Grenada, Saint Thomas, and Tobago would probably deserve the highest rating. They are all mountains set in the sea, with Riviera-like coast lines punctuated by white beaches and glistening stands of greenery. The least remarkable from an aesthetic point of view are Curaçao and Nassau. As for native populations, those that most impress visitors with a vitality and creativity beyond the clichés of travel poster and record albums belong to Haiti, Trinidad, and Barbados. On the French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, visitors must content with sights of conspicuous poverty wherever they go. Free-port shopping for luxury goods is available on a number of islands, but the concentration of specialty shops is

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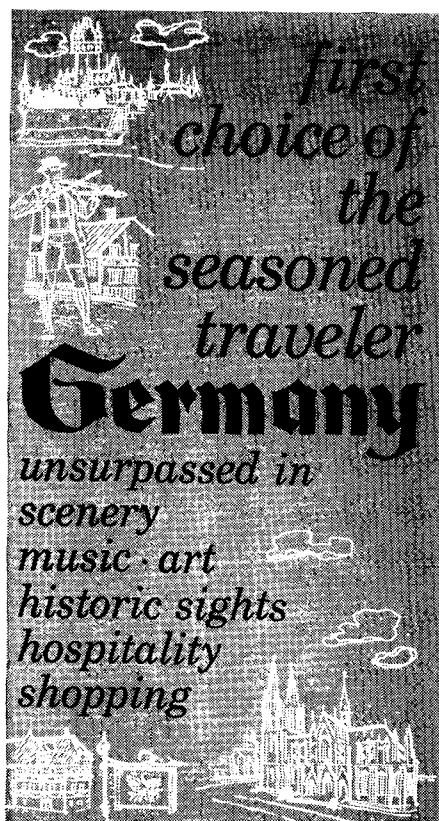
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Willemstad on the Dutch island of Curaçao has the largest supply and most of the best values; Saint Thomas is perhaps the port closest to Willemstad in the variety of its goods and the amount of savings it affords on standard products. Other places vary little in this regard, but Barbados and Nassau probably offer least to the shopper.

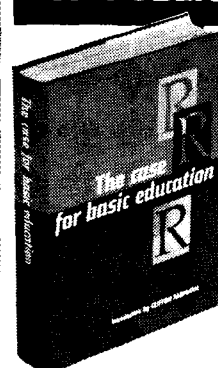
In the six months from November to May of any year, the Caribbean is crisscrossed by more great ocean liners than any other part of the



world. All but a very few of the regular transatlantic ships go into cruise service, and their conventional division into first, cabin, and tourist classes is put aside in favor of a one-class arrangement by which all passengers have the run of the ship. While the cost of accommodations between the advertised minimum and the very best ranges so widely as to approach the fantastic, even the cheapest accommodations are excellent. You may not be able to book any part of your island-hopping excursion on the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Queen Mary*, the *United States*, or the *Leonardo da Vinci*, yet in the course of a winter season you will have the opportunity to sail the Spanish Main on nearly any other top-flight ship afloat. American ships are, naturally, the most expensive. Rates on them are pegged to a minimum of about thirty-five dollars per day, while rates on a number of foreign-flag ships begin at around twenty-three dollars per day. Some American ships are likely to seem like floating Hiltons, just as some foreign ships are apt to give the impression of floating Excelsior Grands. But in general the ships of the Caribbean are crack new express liners and the pride of their respective owners. Island-hopping by ship

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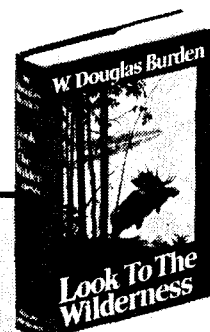
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Here are some sample itineraries. Each provides for the use of three or four different ships, and each includes ports of call (including the two mainland ports of La Guaira, seaport for Caracas, and Cristobal) active enough to allow for flexibility in the matter of longer or shorter sojourns on any particular island.

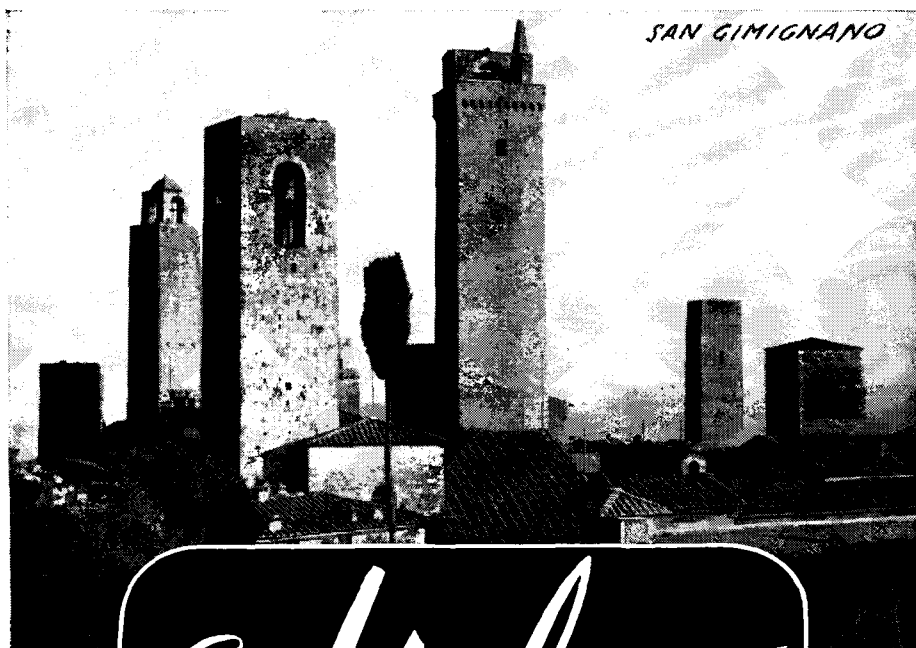
1. New York to Barbados. Then Barbados to Jamaica, by way of Grenada, La Guaira, and Curaçao (one-day stops at each). Then from Jamaica (choosing a sailing either from Kingston or Montego Bay), by way of Nassau (a one-day visit), to New York. Shipboard time on three ships, approximately twelve days.

2. Miami to Saint Thomas. Then Saint Thomas to Trinidad. Then Trinidad, by way of Grenada and Saint Lucia (one-day stops), to Curaçao. Curaçao to Miami. Shipboard time on four ships, approximately thirteen days.

3. New York to La Guaira. (This would entail a visit to Caracas, where vultures wheel lazily over one of the most sensationally new cities on earth.) La Guaira to Port-au-Prince. Port-au-Prince to Nassau. Nassau to New York. Shipboard time on four ships, approximately nine days.

4. New York, by way of San Juan and Saint Thomas, to Grenada. Grenada, by way of La Guaira, Curaçao, Cartagena, to Cristobal. Cristobal to Port-au-Prince. Port-au-Prince to New York. Shipboard time on four ships, approximately fourteen days.

Your first ship and your first island are the only certainties you start off with. The rest is up to chance, only more or less calculated in your consolidated cruise folder. Without a prearranged schedule you will encounter some pleasant surprises and should be prepared for a few disappointments. This is the emotional price of independent travel and freedom from the cruise-program herding that is the usual lot of the Caribbean voyager. Nevertheless, the impulse that sets you to making your own individual plans is likely to be a strong one. In the course of your leisurely island-hopping it will sustain you and, with any luck at all, reward you.



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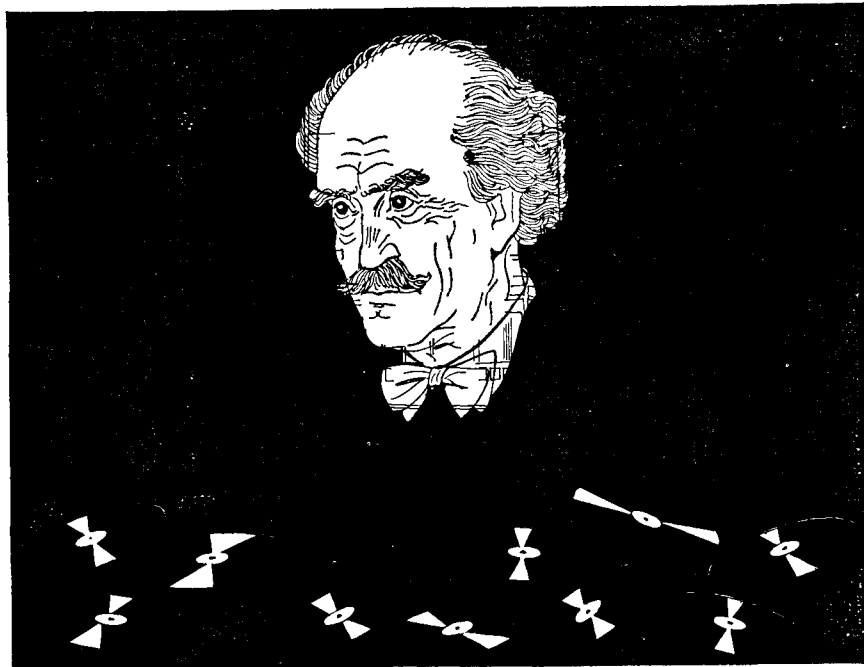
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they shall have

BY JOHN M. CONLY



The Villa Pauline at the foot of West 254th Street towers over a peculiar enclave of New York's Riverdale district. Here the crowding apartment houses yield abruptly to a fringe of spaced estates along the Hudson bank, above the New York Central tracks. A Morgan partner built the Villa Pauline, but it is most famous as the residence of Arturo Toscanini during the last quarter of his life. Now it is the home and the laboratory of his son Walter, and Walter intends that finally it shall be a museum. It looks like a museum, of a sort. It is of brown plaster with half-timbered decoration. At its corners are truncated turrets. Between them is a baronial hall, galleried all around the inside. A balustraded terrace affords a ten-mile view of the river and the Palisades.

For a time after the Maestro died in 1957, just before his ninetieth birthday, there was an almost palpable emptiness in the great house, but this could not last, and did not. Walter Toscanini is a man of immense vigor and vivacity (who should some day write his own fascinating life story). At sixty-two he still looks a very fit fifty and moves like an athlete, especially up and

down Villa Pauline's long staircases. He has subtly brightened the place. A widower now — with one son, an architect working on the Lincoln Center project — he lives alone but for a housekeeper, a marvelous cook, a splendid collection of wines, books, and audio equipment, and the day-time company of his assistant and friend, John Corbett.

The two men spend much of their time belowstairs, in a Byzantine-arched room which the Morgan partner intended for billiards. Now it is a sound laboratory, lined with tape recorders, console amplifiers, turntables, loudspeakers, and racks and racks of tapes and acetate transcriptions. Corbett says they have at least 1150 hours of sound on tape. All of it is Toscanini: concert hours, rehearsals, commentary ("cursing and swearing," adds Walter). From the Byzantine dungeon have come all the release approvals for Toscanini recordings in the last decade, and the flow has by no means stopped.

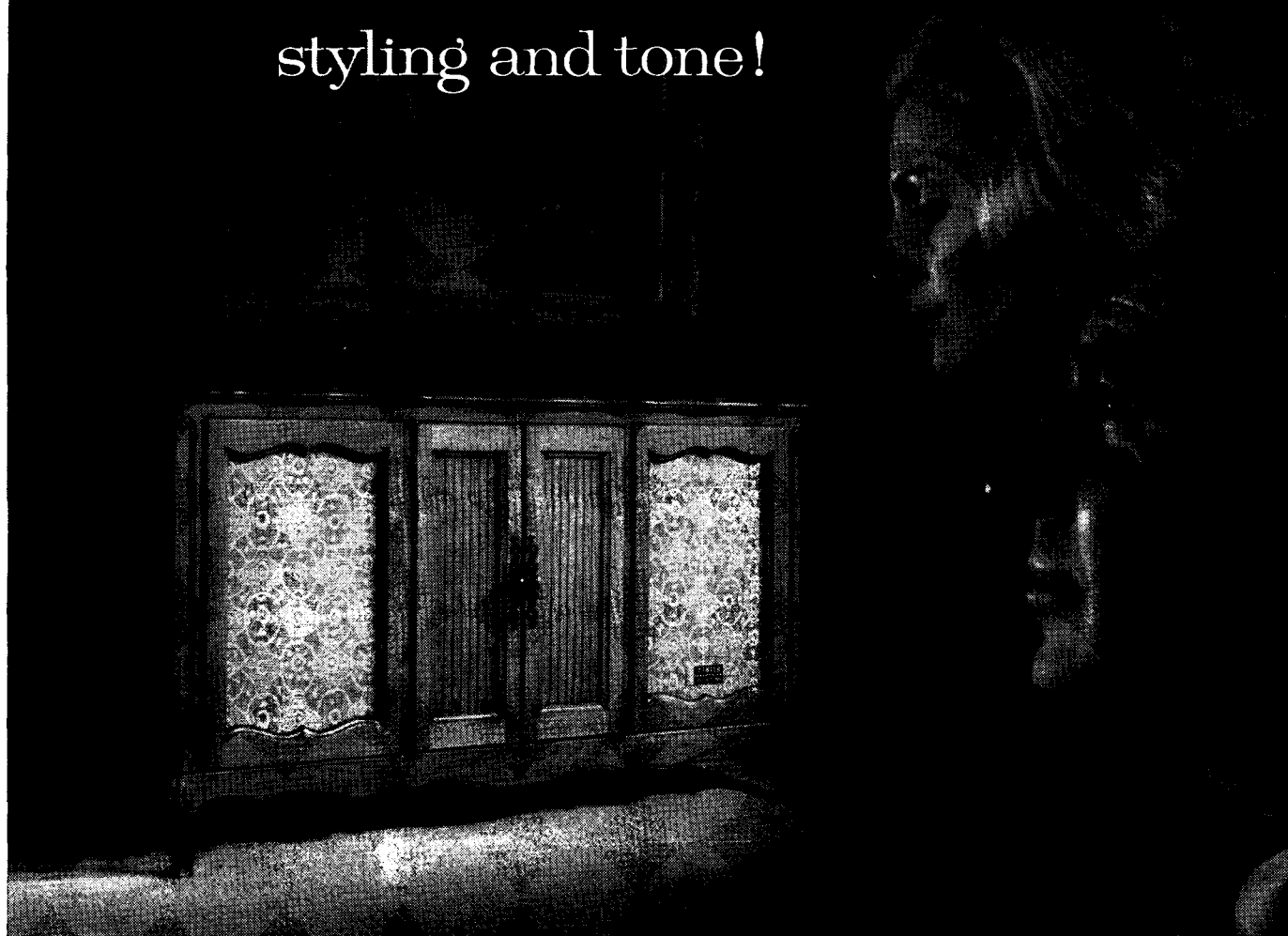
For an instance, the last items to undergo checking have been three RCA LPs of Toscanini in pseudo stereo, the Respighi *Pines and Fountains of Rome*, the Dvořák *New World*, and the Moussorgsky *Pictures at an*

Exhibition. These are products of a Victor idea for reviving the Toscanini market, after the company itself, in the early flurry of stereo, had depressed it by withdrawing Toscanini performances from the catalogue and substituting stereo playings by Reiner or Munch. They assigned a young engineer named Jack Somer to this pleasant fakery. After some joint experimenting with Walter and Corbett, he came up with a simple but effective conversion. By using filters, he moved all the high strings and winds to the left channel (by which I mean their fundamental tones) and the low-voiced instruments to the right. This was not the way Toscanini disposed an orchestra, but some conductors do. Then both channels were reinforced by a subdued, and almost imperceptibly delayed, full orchestra signal, since in stereo each microphone hears most of what the other does, though with a slight lag. The deception, to my ear, is better than fair, and the whole processing has been done with loving care. The stereo may seem a little out of phase at times, but the overall sound has a beguiling richness.

Walter and Corbett have some treasures of their own contriving, too. From broadcast transcriptions, pieced out with inserts from rehearsals, they have put together nearly twenty tapes, fit for disc use, of Toscanini performances never issued on records. These go as far back, in some instances, as 1941 (the *Walküre* broadcast with Traubel and Melchior) and come within six years of the present. They include the Sibelius Second Symphony, excerpts from Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, a pair of Vivaldi concertos, some Rossini, Haydn's *Toy Symphony*, and sundry short works. Whether or not RCA Victor will be interested in these for release, Walter doesn't know. Meanwhile he has, for the fun of it, made several into private pressings for his friends. Emory Cook did the processing, and Walter had him cut the twelve-inch discs at 45 revolutions per minute instead of 33 $\frac{1}{3}$, since the faster speed keeps the treble a little cleaner. They sound as good as the variously aged broadcast acetate transcriptions could make possible. If no large companies want to issue the records commercially, Walter may try to do so himself.

Something I should think RCA Victor would surely be interested in

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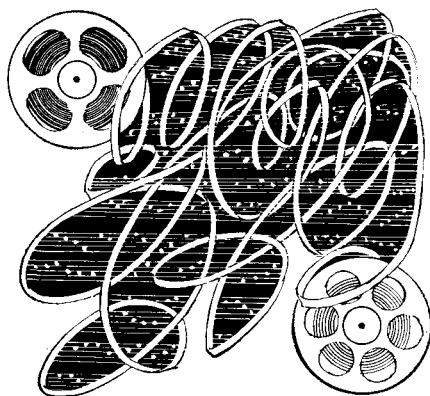
issuing is the only stereo recording of a Toscanini performance. It is that of his final broadcast, all Wagner. Listeners may recall that he faltered briefly in the latter part of the program. Guido Cantelli, in the control room, thought the concert was going to pieces and had the engineers hurriedly insert a recording of a Brahms symphony. All the NBC transcriptions carry the irrelevant insert, but RCA Victor was recording separately, and in stereo. Walter says the flagging was very brief. He doesn't know what caused it.

"Maybe preoccupation," he says, "or maybe perspiration got in his eyes." Walter, his father's manager then, had asked the Maestro not to conduct that day, since only the night before he had finally signed a letter declaring his retirement. But Toscanini insisted. "Until then," Walter says, "I had helped make him conduct as long as he could. I could not see him in retirement, sitting around or going fishing, though he often said that he was through. A year after he did retire, however, he would sometimes say: 'I am as good as I ever was, yet here I am doing nothing.' In a way he was. His hearing never failed. Until his death he still could hear the triangles in the orchestra, which is rare in a man almost ninety."

Project Riverdale really began in 1950, born out of this concern of Walter's over his father's last years. "We had enough music here, his own and others', to give him plenty of chance to listen, and to get mad, and to be unhappy. He never could be satisfied if he wasn't unhappy. He was the unhappiest man in the world, and this was part of his greatness. He was like Faust, always looking for impossible perfection."

Toward this end, Walter began in 1950 to wire and equip the villa for sound. RCA Victor's commercial machines ("although beautiful," Walter amends) could not give the Maestro the sonic immediacy he required. So Walter, first by himself, then with the aid of the violinist and audio experimenter David Sarsar, RCA's engineer Richard Gardner, and Corbett, chose and devised a sound system that met the need. It has never stopped growing, because Walter in the process became an aficionado. Indeed, he can be called a pro, since three years ago he received a decoration from an audio engineering group.

Corbett, a ruddy, light-haired man in his mid-forties, came to the Toscaninis from the engineering department at NBC, but he was not an engineer to begin with. In fact, he had started his earning career as an English instructor at the University of Minnesota. "Early morning classes," he recalls. "Football players and dental hygienists." He found this unrewarding and began haunting recording sessions on the campus,



where Columbia was making discs of Ormandy and, later, Mitropoulos. A Columbia engineer told him, truly enough, that he might well be able to sell his lore in New York. Within a year he was at NBC, transcribing programs and running a mixing amplifier. He lives in Riverdale, to the mild dolor of his wife, who would prefer Central Park East, but he likes walking to work. He and Walter complement each other admirably, the latter furnishing impulse, the former patience.

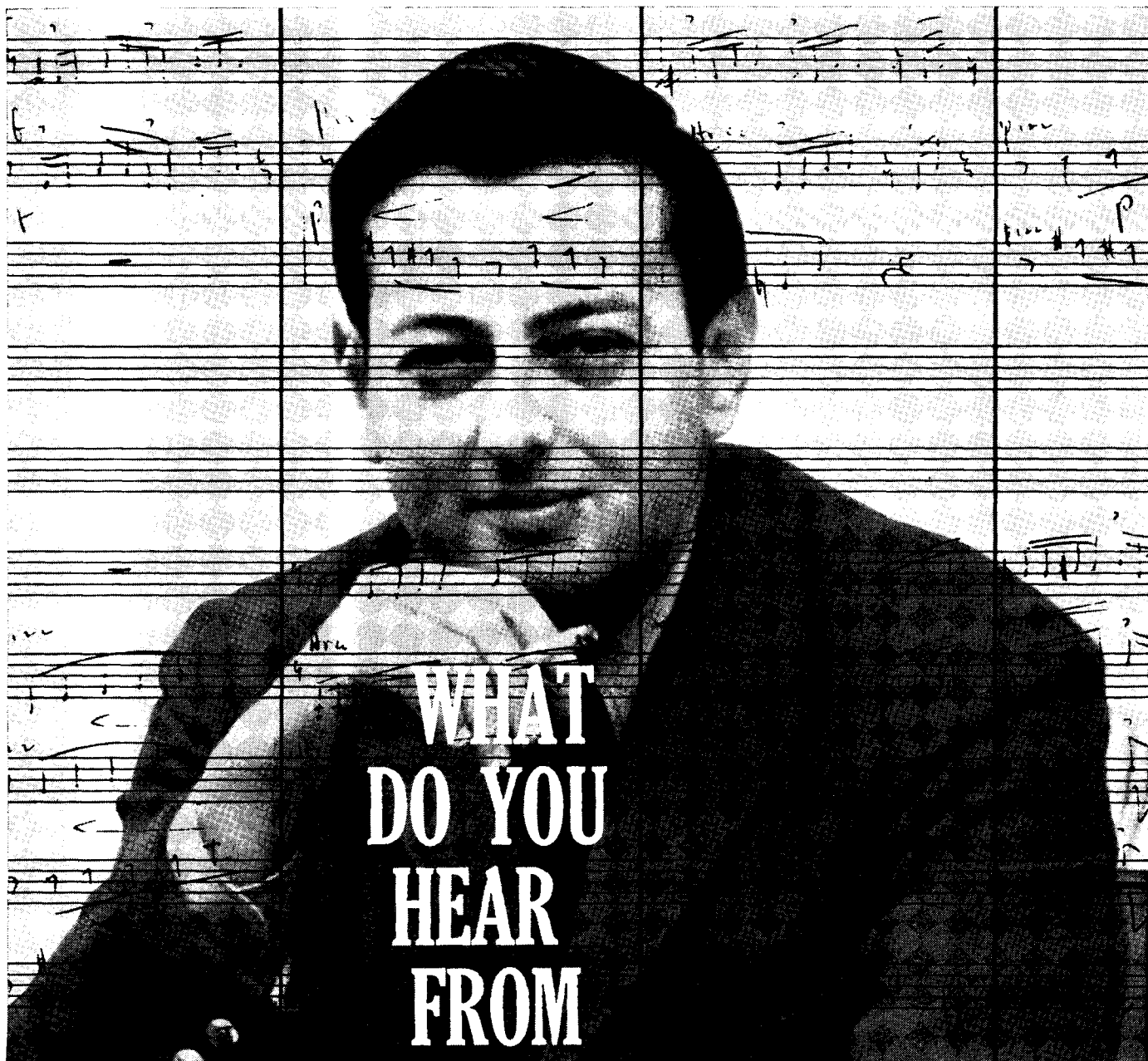
Walter Toscanini must have some patience, too, to have got along as well as he did with his father. He says his father also had great patience, although this flies in the face of legend. "He never fired a musician, that I know of," Walter told me, "and he never tried to terrify one, though all were terrified of making mistakes when he was around. Sometimes, over a mistake, he would hold his temper for a week, and then explode when everything finally was going well. We who knew him came to understand this."

Walter is plainly a chip of the ancestral granite. As a schoolboy he was a celebrated soccer player. Still a schoolboy when World War I began, he became a sniper attached to a mountain artillery regiment. He got into enemy trenches twice, he says, once by mistake. Finally an Austrian with a good eye lobbed a small explosive device almost under

his feet. This ended Walter's aspirations for a soccer career and also returned him to civilian life. He studied law at Pavia and Urbino and came to a different kind of war — the kind he was going to fight all his life. He began by defending nineteen accused deserters in a court-martial. He got them off, but partly by speaking unkindly to several rear-area generals among the hostile witnesses, for which he was put under surveillance as a possible Communist. He wasn't a Communist, possible or otherwise, as he showed soon thereafter in Milan, during the undeclared civil war between Communists and Socialists. In charge of a militia detachment reinforcing the police, Toscanini, still under twenty, planned an ambush and came back to headquarters triumphantly bearing six captured Red banners. He was immediately put in jail for initiating an attack without written orders.

He remained a staunch Socialist, though, even to the point of volunteering as bodyguard for a rising deputy named Benito Mussolini, who, he says, was a terrible coward, always fearful of being shot from a rooftop. Toscanini now hopes that he didn't keep this from happening, though he may have. He began to abominate Mussolini then, and a little later, when he entered the publishing business with three friends, had a peculiar opportunity to show it. After the march on Rome, a disgruntled old Socialist sold him a sheaf of old newspaper editorials by Mussolini, all in manuscript and signed, which had fiercely condemned everything the Duce was now doing. Walter advertised them in his catalogue simply as Mussolini autographs and sold them all.

He escaped jail because the local Fascist censor had clearly given an OK to the catalogue. However, the Black Shirts bore down on the Toscanini bookshop. "The so-and-sos," says Walter (this is not his exact wording), "stopped my mail, including orders from America, and intimidated my customers. Except Crown Prince Umberto." Prince Umberto couldn't keep him in business all alone, however, so he closed shop and became advertising manager for Mondadori, Italy's leading publisher. Even there he managed to keep consistently in trouble, though he performed brilliantly. One of his last Italian difficulties



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Join with us in the fight against childhood's cruellest disease. Fight mental illness where it starts. Support the programs of the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children to awaken America to this desperate need, to create action for decent facilities for mentally ill children in every community. Please send as generous a contribution as possible.

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came of his success in publicizing *Anthony Adverse*. In Hervey Allen's tortuous novel are some strictures on the Maltese, whom at the time Mussolini was trying to annex. Walter, mad as a hornet, went to the public library and proved that the Maltese were ethnically un-Italian. This was a wrong move, but it didn't matter. By then the senior Toscanini had launched upon his public feud with the Duce, and Walter's time in Italy was up.

He came to America in 1938, with a bright idea he tried at once to peddle to book publishers: popular fiction in low-priced paperback editions. "They thought it was preposterous," he says now, gleefully. So he approached David Sarnoff, became a sales research executive for RCA Victor, started the cut-rate Black Seal classical series, and demolished the nationwide record price structure in a little under two years. He did not get fired (for being right), because meanwhile the management had discovered he could handle their most formidable performing artist, his father. His wars within the industry would make a good chapter by themselves. Probably they are not finished yet. I am almost certain another report from Riverdale will be necessary, sooner or later.

Record Reviews

Haydn: Symphonies No. 103, "Drum Roll," and 104, "London"

Igor Markevitch conducting *Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux*; Epic BC-1096 (stereo) and LC-3725

Markevitch gives performances quite as strong and graceful as any in the catalogue, and on the only single record that couples the two symphonies which are perhaps the choicest of the ten Haydn wrote for Mr. Salomon and the audiences of London. Epic's sound is firm and dulcet.

Schubert: *Die Schöne Müllerin*

Peter Pears, tenor; Benjamin Britten, piano; London OS-25155 (stereo) and LL-5581

Far be it from me to say that Pears and Britten are another Schiøtz and Moore, but the Schiøtz version is something of an antique by now; and of latter-day issues, I think the two Englishmen's is the best. It may seem a little swift at first hear-

ing, but Schubert permits this option if lyricism is maintained, and it is. Pears and Britten both fully understand the mixture of pathos and classical lightness that Schubert magically dispensed. The engineers have balanced the performers beautifully.

Verdi: Requiem (two versions)

Fritz Reiner conducting Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Jussi Bjoerling, Giorgio Tozzi; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Chorus of the Vienna Friends of Music; RCA Victor LDS-6091 (stereo) and LD-6091; two records

Tullio Serafin conducting Shakeh Vartenissian, Fiorenza Cossotto, Eugenio Fernandi, Boris Christoff; Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera; Angel SGBR-7227 (stereo) and GBR-7227; two records

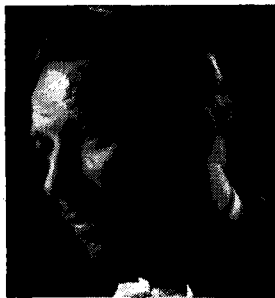
Everyone should have this songful and thunderous piece of musical mourning in his home, and, it must be said, it is hard to own a bad one. Each of the earlier versions, by Toscanini, de Sabata, and Fricsay, had its peculiar splendors. But they did not have the sonic splendor of stereophony, which the new ones offer. It makes a difference in the *Dies Irae*. I may say, and in the quartet singing. No great conductor plays the *Requiem* badly, and both Reiner and Serafin are great conductors. Interpretively they differ in that Reiner strives harder for dynamics, Serafin for a singing continuity, but each has plenty of both. Serafin gets more out of his chorus. Reiner has by far the better soloists and the better orchestra. The engineering of the two is on a par: if Serafin's orchestra sounds weaker, it is because it is. The Victor set is one of the Soria Celebrity Series, specially packaged and containing a brochure which offers the Resurrection frescoes of Luca Signorelli in full-page, four-color reproduction.

Parkinson's Law

Professor Cyril Northcote Parkinson, reader; Libraphone AS-3301 (monophonic)

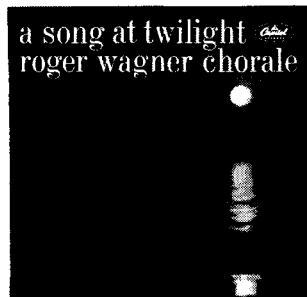
Presumably everyone who is anyone knows now about Parkinson's Law, that any administrative function will expand to overtake its facilities. Parkinson is, of course, a real political economist of great stature, and he wrote the Law first as a piece of waggy. It has been a great success in print and should be so also in microgroove, because his delivery, droll and deliberate, is perfectly suited to the material.

THE CHORUS



THE MAN:

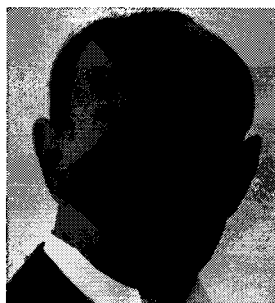
Roger Wagner, America's top choral director, who has brought a breathtaking perfection of style to choral art the world over.



THE MOOD:

Nostalgic and serene as the richly mixed voices of the Roger Wagner Chorale recapture the peaceful years with melodies like "The Last Rose of Summer," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "In the Gloaming," and other old favorites. (S) P8543

THE ORCHESTRA



THE MAN:

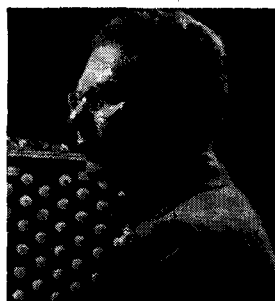
Erich Leinsdorf, "the consummate musician" whose vitality and precision are known throughout the musical world.



THE MOOD:

Vibrant and exciting as Leinsdorf conducts the Concert Arts Orchestra in the most dazzling performance this Oriental tour-de-force has ever had. Spectacular in sound, too! (S) P8538

THE SOLOIST



THE MAN:

Virgil Fox, reigning monarch of 'the king of instruments' and one of the world's most popular concert organists.



THE MOOD:

Dramatic and expansive. Fox pays tribute to the great organ music of France as he performs masterful works by Franck, Duruflé, Vierne and Dupré. (S) P8544



BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

TEN years ago, had you asked any native north of Boston to name the three spots of greatest natural beauty lying between Boston and Newburyport, he would have told you Plum Island, the Cathedral Pines of Essex, and the Ipswich-Essex marshes. Plum Island, with its undefiled beaches fresh and open to the thundering surf of the Atlantic, has mercifully been converted into a bird sanctuary and is safe for the future. The Cathedral Pines were bisected, bulldozed, or blown down in the building of Route 128 and are gone. The Ipswich-Essex marshes are now under siege by a privately owned utility company, and unless the company will listen to reason, or the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts steps in, as it did in the defense of Walden, they too will become a casualty, one more of our unique natural resources desecrated for commercial profit.

For more than three centuries, these marshes have been a network of winding tidal streams, the Ipswich, the Essex, the Rowley, and the Parker rivers; a holding ground for mallard, teal, snipe, plover, and a multitude of shore birds; a night spot for seal, which follow the summer schools of fish in on a high tide; a wild, limitless, tawny stretch of sedge and dune. Ipswich is singularly rich in seventeenth-century houses; some of the very finest were built here in the early days of the Bay Colony, and no less than thirteen stand overlooking the marshes which were theirs by heritage and which today are certainly part of their value. The more recent dwellings leading down to the sea and the rivers have been equally dependent — the sweep of the inviolate marsh was why they were built there; and many generations of New Englanders have loved the marshes and fiercely defended them from change.

Now comes the Merrimac-Essex Electric Company, intent on building a thirty-two-mile power line from Gloucester to Newburyport with a swath a hundred feet wide and poles or pylons

ultimately towering up to eighty feet. They propose to build it all aboveground, slashing across the marshes on a diagonal of eight and a quarter miles, and they profess not to understand why the selectmen of Ipswich, Essex, and Hamilton and the citizens of all towns affected, almost to a man, are up in arms. The alternative, of course, is to build the transmission lines underground, and this, it is protested, would increase the cost (the lobbyists have made some wild guesses to this effect). In congested communities, Beverly, Manchester, and Gloucester, this same company did place its transmission underground; now it seems to feel that it is dealing with towns that can be pushed around — and after all, a marsh is just a marsh.

Numerous petitions have been filed with the Department of Public Utilities, including one signed by 2500 Ipswich voters and another by 800 people of Essex. Ipswich, as it happens, has a municipally owned electrical plant, and its rates are lower than those of the invaders. So here we have the irony of a private utility invading a town where it is neither wanted nor needed and, in the act, threatening to despoil the town's most precious possession.

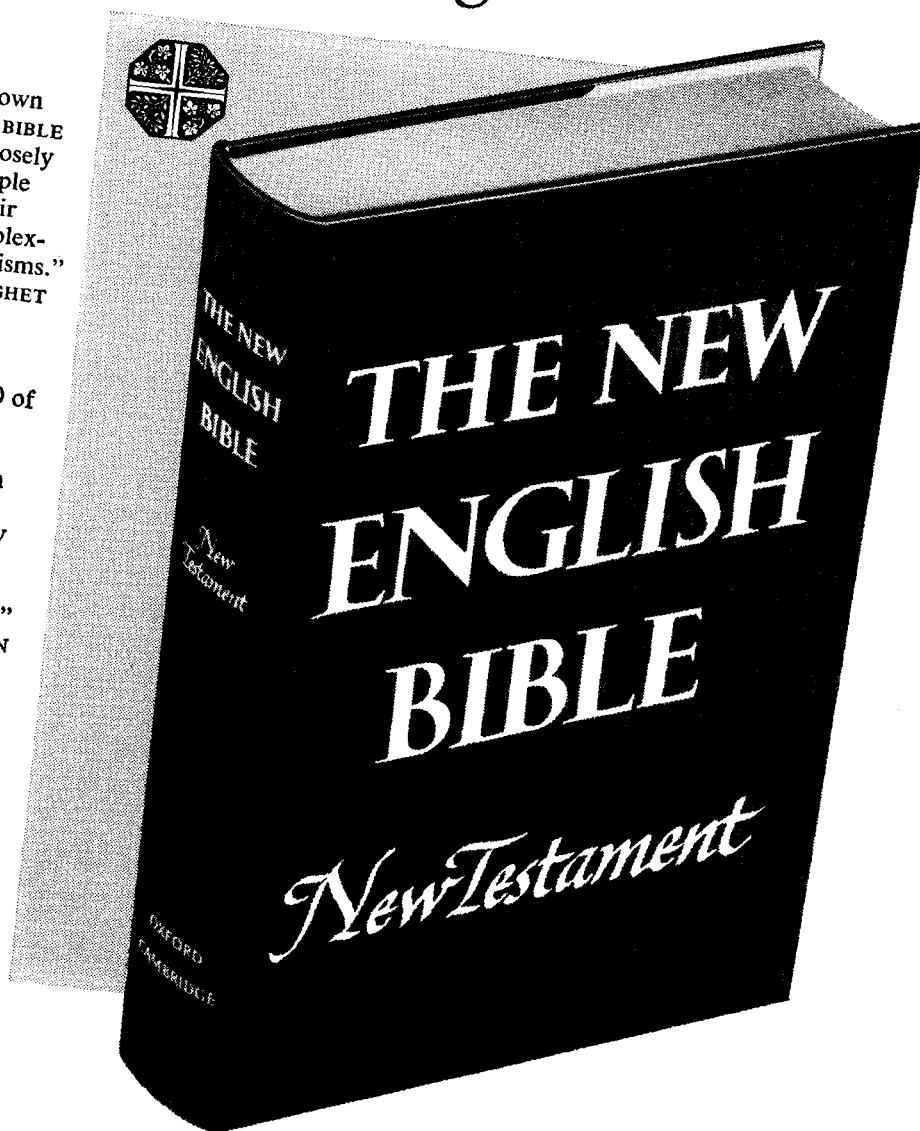
It seems to me that this is a case that cannot be adjusted by the old means of eminent domain and political pressure. Ipswich, by remaining small and by vigilant preservation of its famous houses, has come to be a historic site of considerable importance. The tourist trade has grown to be Massachusetts' third largest industry, and there is a large annual pilgrimage to the towns I have been speaking of. If the state authorities are trying to balance dollar against dollar, they had better ask themselves whether the desecration of the great marshes is really in the public interest; their choice is whether to defend a place of unique beauty and historic interest or to permit, on the plea of economy, a private firm to erect its panoramic and permanent eyesore.

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DECISION MAKERS

"One of the most bizarre features of any advanced industrial society in our time is that the cardinal choices have to be made by a handful of men: in secret . . . by men who cannot have a first-hand knowledge of what those choices depend upon or what their results may be." With these words C. P. SNOW, the English scientist and novelist, opened the first of the three Godkin Lectures which he delivered at Harvard last fall and which have now been published in book form under the title *SCIENCE AND GOVERNMENT* (Harvard University Press, \$2.50). This small book, so bold, so lucid, and so full of character, goes straight to the heart of government in an atomic age, whether the government be totalitarian or democratic.

Sir Charles illustrates his argument with the now classic struggle which was waged between Sir Henry Tizard and F. A. Lindemann (Lord Cherwell). They were brilliant contemporaries who had been close friends during their graduate study in Germany; they had been trained as scientists; and each found fulfillment as an administrator, a decision maker, at the highest level in the British establishment during that critical decade 1934 to 1944. Each, curiously enough, was projected into power by Winston Churchill's strenuous objection to the government's unpreparedness. Tizard came first, and for him the author has the greater respect and much the greater affection. In 1934, after Baldwin's lugubrious statement, "The bomber will always get through," Tizard was made chairman of an inconspicuous committee to study air defense. He insisted on a small one, and the two associates he picked, A. V. Hill and P. M. S. Blackett, were the best that could be found. In secret and without fuss, they decided that radar was Britain's best and only chance and went to work to perfect it. Sir Charles's description of how this decision was eased through and of how radar in all its phases was conveyed with enthusiasm to the military is fascinating. He terms this a prime example of closed politics.

Lindemann, Churchill's personal scientific adviser — Snow calls him Churchill's "grey eminence" — was admitted to the committee some years later, at the point when Churchill's criticism demanded that he be included, and almost immediately there was head-on hostility. Lindemann was a passionate believer in the efficacy of heavy bombing, and he had two pet gadgets of his own, one the use of infra-red detection, the other a device for dropping parachute bombs in front of hostile aircraft. ("None of them was ever any practical good at all.") Churchill, of course, had to make all such choices at second hand, and his

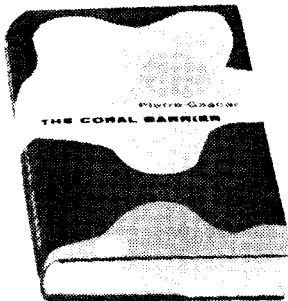
attachment to Lindemann determined his vote. Thus, Tizard's advanced and brilliant work on radar could be given top priority as long as Baldwin and Chamberlain were in office. When Churchill went in, Tizard came out, and was, indeed, kept out in scientific exile from 1943 to the end of the war.

This shift in influence, all done under the constraint of secrecy, and its effect upon the course of the war, Sir Charles has laid clear in swift and telling strokes. The bombing policy forced through by Lindemann is a typical example, says Sir Charles, "of the hypnosis of power," and the fact that he overestimated by ten times the effect of the bombing shows how wrong a high-placed adviser can be. It does not, however, lessen our dependence upon the scientist who is right, the Tizard in Britain, the Vannevar Bush in America. And Sir Charles, in his conclusion, makes it unmistakably clear why scientists must be active in all levels of the government, especially now, when we of the West "are beginning to shrug off our sense of the future."

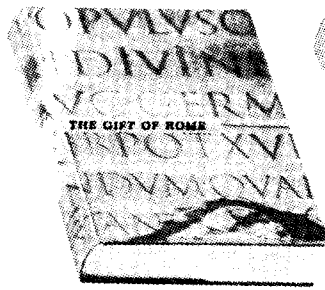
HOW LINCOLN GREW

The early years of Abraham Lincoln are concealed in more impenetrable obscurity than those of most great men. He was not written about, his letters were not kept, and the little we know comes down in scraps of hearsay or of latter-day recollection. This handicaps PAUL HORGAN in his attempt to show us the formative influence and the helping hands which converted the towering, prodigiously strong Abe from flatboatman, storekeeper, and legal clerk into an uncouth but articulate politician. *CITIZEN OF NEW SALEM* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.75) begins as Abe, in his twenty-first year, floats into sight of the village of New Salem aboard a heavily loaded flatboat. For a day and a night the boat is stuck on the mill dam, and it is the angular, powerful boatman who sets it free. The village drew him back on his return from New Orleans, and Mr. Horgan's account of Lincoln's acceptance and growth in New Salem is written at the outset in a sententious, holier-than-thou prose which I cannot think has much in common with the crude, droll, powerful creature that Lincoln must have been.

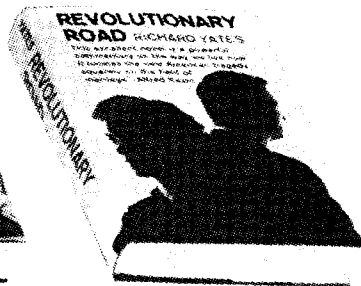
The book gets better as it moves into the area of the known to show us the reading which he did under Mentor Graham and the books he borrowed from Colonel Rogers, who lived across the prairie near Athens, Illinois; the studying he did at night; the improvident partnership which he formed with the hard-drinking William F. Berry; and the stories and glimpses of prairie life which he picked up in their store-saloon. When the



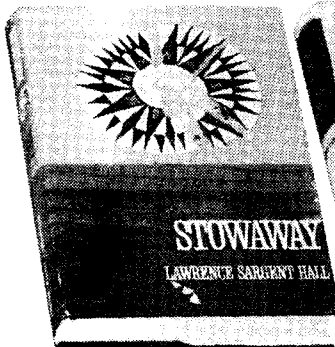
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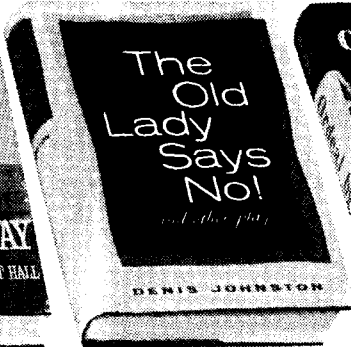
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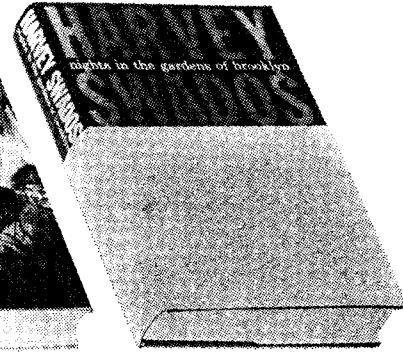
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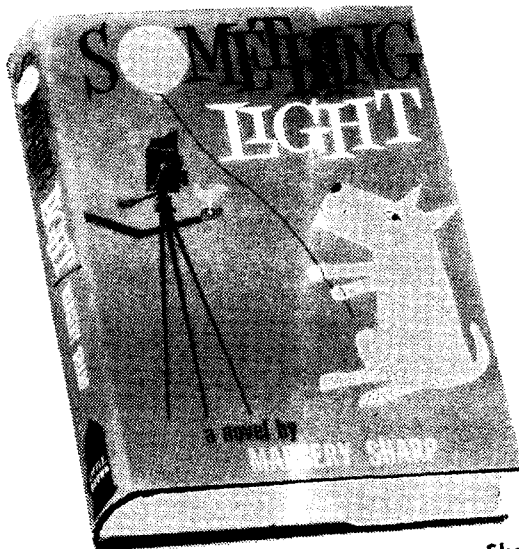
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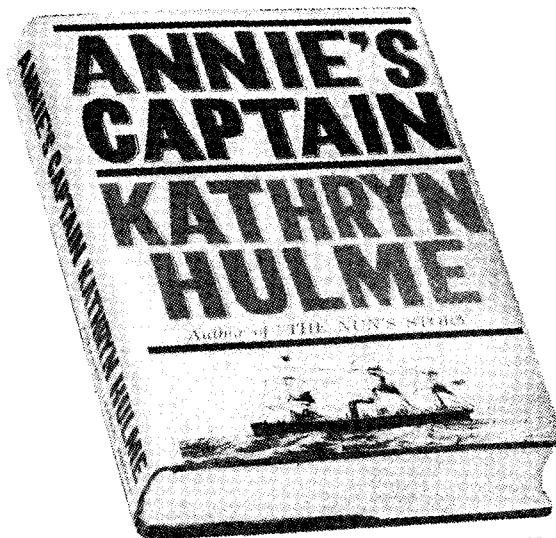
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store fails, Lincoln is left without a job and \$1200 in debt. And now, as a newly appointed postmaster, he begins that familiar circulation which was to win him friends and earn his election as an assemblyman of the Illinois legislature.

The latter half of this book redeems the first, although there occasionally are stilted sentences — “Crickets clicked more slowly with daylight, and bullfrogs spaced their gulps more widely. . . . With darts of song, birds in the forest roof made a net of sound over all” — as if all this had to be told as a prose poem. The illustrations by Douglas Gorsline point up the text, adding skillful touches of romance, comedy, and, at the end, dignity to the chronicle.

BIOGRAPHY OF A RIVER

Good books about Texas are rare. This huge, sparsely settled empire, which was a nation before it became a state, has been too busy with its material development to bother to write things down. JOHN GRAVES, who was born in Fort Worth in 1920, graduated from Rice in 1942, and served with the Fourth Marine Division until wounded at Saipan, is a writer who intends to redress the balance. In his book *GOODBYE TO A RIVER* (Knopf, \$4.50), he writes of a trip which he made in the upper Brazos River in the month of October, a few months before this vast, winding stretch, so bloodstained with Texas history, would be dammed and the countryside drowned. He made the trip in a canoe, and his companion was a twelve-pound dachshund pup whom he calls “the passenger.” This is the river he had known as a boy, the sand bars and quicksands, the good hard-bottomed fords, the solitary homestead whose builder had been scalped by Comanches (they ruled these lands for two hundred years), the cattle barony of a hardy survivor like Old Charlie Goodnight.

Mr. Graves writes with the realization that what he is seeing he is seeing for the last time. He knows the inevitable natural law: “Men increase, country suffers.” He has a watchful eye for all that is living (“We don’t deserve eagles, they will go”) and a mind so well informed about the early warriors and wanderers — John Davis and the hard-scrabble life; dignified old Mr. Coutts, who drove a thousand longhorns to California and then rode back across the plains with \$50,000 in gold in the saddlebags to open a bank; Martha Sherman, who lived for four days after Indian torture such as you don’t like to believe — that as he paddles and as you read, you have the feeling that the whole colorful, brutal tapestry of the Lone-Star State is being unrolled for you out of the biography of this one stream.



Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

In his autobiography, ARTHUR KOESTLER candidly described himself as a sort of intellectual Don Juan forever seeking “the ideal Helena” in the form of causes and credos. He has had affairs of varying intensity with Communism, anti-Communism, Zionism, psychoanalysis, natural science, and cosmology; and now he has conscientiously made passes at the so-called “wisdom of the East.” *THE LOTUS AND THE ROBOT* (Macmillan, \$3.95) is the record of a recent pilgrimage to India and Japan, where he hoped to find “an answer . . . to our perplexities and dead-locked problems.” He chose these two countries “because they are at opposite ends of the spectrum: one the most tradition-bound, the other the most ‘modern’ of the great countries of Asia.”

Opening with descriptions of four very different contemporary Indian “saints,” Koestler gives us vivid impressions of persons, places, and rituals; crisp expositions and discussion of the various aspects of Yoga and Zen; and neat, dramatically stated analyses of the links and conflicts between tradition and contemporary trends. He has briefed himself in the relevant scriptures, and his book is a consistently interesting example of that higher journalism at which Koestler excels.

In India, Koestler was disconcerted by the indifference to misery of a society whose holy men accuse the West of having developed the head but not the heart; by the stifling subservience of son to father; the dearth of research into the medical and miraculous claims of Yoga; the incompatibility between an ancient tradition and the needs of the new state, whose leaders are trying to impose on it blueprints borrowed from the West. Modern Japan struck Koestler as a culture with a painfully split personality. “Lotusland” and “robotland” (the latter, a reflection of the West in a distorting mirror) coexist and do not make an integrated whole. The Japanese, he says, hate robotland, and yet they recognize that lotusland, to which they are still strongly attached, has become an anachronism.

Koestler’s detailed examination of Zen interprets it as having served for centuries as a vivifying



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antidote to the fearsome rigidity and perfectionism of the Confucian code. But his verdict is that, as practiced today, Zen is spurious and degenerate. "Both India and Japan," Koestler concludes, "seem to be spiritually sicker, more estranged from a living faith than the West." He found the Eastern approach to life, with its turning away from external reality, its rejection of logic, its emphasis on annihilation of the ego, far more one-sided than that of the West, in whose history mysticism and science, intuition and logic have complemented each other. And he returned with a renewed respect for the West's cultural achievement.

Koestler's report seemed to me a useful corrective to the reverential twaddle some Westerners have written about the wonderful "spirituality" of Eastern life. At the same time, though he confirms many of my prejudices, I feel that his make-up doomed him to remain insensitive to whatever enlightenment the East may have had to offer. For Koestler, though he has paid his respects to the irrational inner life, is inescapably afflicted with "the *hubris* of rationalism," which he acknowledges to be a major source of the West's spiritual distress. He has, in effect, turned to the irrationalism of the East with the impossible demand that it furnish answers acceptable to the rationalism of the West. He cannot help being peeved with the exponents of Oriental religion for fracturing the grammar of Western logic, and his critique of Zen misses the crucial point that it is, to quote Dr. Suzuki, "beyond the ken of conceptualization. It is literally beyond thought." Koestler's book, moreover, suffers from his customary all-or-nothing approach to things. Having concluded that Eastern irrationalism has glaring deficiencies, he cannot keep his mind and eyes open to the possibility that it may nevertheless have something of value to teach the overrationalistic Westerner.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

THE FIFTY-YEAR DECLINE AND FALL OF HOLLYWOOD (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95) by EZRA GOODMAN is probably the most devastating indictment of the American movie world ever to find its way into print. Mr. Goodman has been associated with the movies for twenty years, as publicist, columnist, reviewer, magazine

writer, and former Cinema editor of *Time*. He has documented the familiar charges, and charges which seldom get a hearing, with no end of hard, precise, and often startling detail. He does not, I should add, go in for scandalmongering of the Peeping Tom variety. Although his book is written in a reportorial style, garnished with puns, witticisms, and much entertaining anecdote, its intentions are as serious as murder.

Piece by piece, Goodman builds a factual picture of a business "reeking with incompetence and corruption"; of an empty, ruthless little world, ruled by greed and egomania. The unsung technicians are the one group that passes his scrutiny with credit. He has a withering disdain for the new breed of slick, college-educated producers — the Kramers, Wangers, and Scharys — who present themselves as high-minded liberals trying to "elevate" the movies. In Goodman's estimate, their triumphs have been in the sphere not of art but of publicity, and he finds them just as hostile to critical discussion of their work as the primitive robber barons.

One of the highlights of Goodman's book is its detailed account of how the press, by and large, has allowed itself to be corrupted, brainwashed, and blackmailed (through the advertising department) by the studios. Even the nation's leading newspapers have regularly treated the fraudulent concoctions of press agents as news, and the more critical reviewers have always found their situation a harrowing and thankless one.

The decline of Hollywood, in Goodman's view, began immediately after its pioneer era, which, for all the crudity of its products, was a period in which creativity and individual genius flourished; Griffith, Sennett, and Chaplin remain for him the giants of the American screen. Goodman blames the artistic bankruptcy of Hollywood on the control of movie making by businessmen and on the American mania for organization. A great movie is the outcome of a creative process fully controlled, from script to cutting, by a brilliant director. But in Hollywood, movie making became rigidly departmentalized, and by the 1950s few directors had a free hand. The producers, in cahoots with the big stars and their agents, were in command.

It will certainly be said that Goodman is hard on Hollywood, but

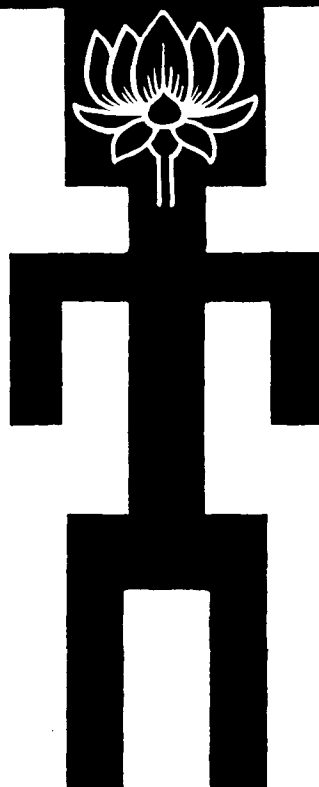
I must confess I found it enormously exhilarating to see the nauseating cant, pretensions, and hokum of the movie world so ruthlessly demolished by a reporter who cites chapter and verse and unsparingly names names. Goodman's major mistake is his failure to situate his diatribe in the proper perspective. The Hollywood story is merely a spectacularly awful exhibit of the failings and vices of mass culture. On television and many mass magazines, businessmen are giving the creative hands their orders. And there is no less shameful venality and puffing in the coverage of fashion, restaurants, and the wares of Detroit than in the coverage of the cinema.

TROUBLE IN THE EMBASSY

The narrator of **NANCY MITFORD'S** new novel, **DON'T TELL ALFRED** (Harper, \$3.95), is the same Fanny who chronicled *The Pursuit of Love* and *Love In a Cold Climate*. Now she is middle-aged, and her husband, who has held the chair of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, has unexpectedly been appointed ambassador to Paris.

Miss Mitford's plot, following a familiar recipe for comedy, piles crisis upon crisis. The former ambassador, a terrifyingly chic charmer, stays on in a wing of the embassy and monopolizes the cream of Parisian society. Fanny's beautiful social secretary bewitches a corps of French VIPs with disruptive consequences for the running of the embassy. Fanny's grownup sons — one a Teddy Boy in the tourist business, the other a bearded student of Zen with a silent wife and an adopted Chinese baby — add their embarrassing presences to the diplomatic household. Her younger children run away from Eton and descend upon the embassy in the company of Yanky Fonzy, a frightful idol of the rock-'n'-roll set. Meanwhile, a crisis in Anglo-French relations over the ownership of uninhabited islets in the Channel is mounting to a head.

In the course of these proceedings, Miss Mitford pokes fun at the current cults of English youth, French politics, Americans (her portrayal of them is painfully, inexcusably wrong), psychoanalysis, and British journalism. Miss Mitford is an elegant and beguiling writer, but her brand of sophistication and her satiric perspective are beginning to show signs of being dated. Although she is writ-



ARTHUR KOESTLER

THE LOTUS AND THE ROBOT

One of the most important writers of our time (*Darkness at Noon*, *Dialogue With Death*, *The Yogi and the Commissar*, *The Sleepwalkers*) has now recorded his recent pilgrimage to the East, where he hoped to find a cure for the spiritual ills of the modern Western world. What he discovered instead may prove somewhat shocking—but always illuminating—to anyone who has ever been curious about the practices of Zen or Yoga. \$3.95

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ing about the present, one almost feels that one is back in the pre-war world of Noel Coward and Evelyn Waugh. Readers who are not too disturbed by this should find her novel, as I did, very entertaining.

VARIETIES OF EXPERIENCE

TAKE A GIRL LIKE YOU (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95), by **KINGSLEY AMIS**, is his best book to date. His view of life has become more serious and more complex without diminishing his fine flair for farce. The setting is a town near London, and the two leading protagonists, Jenny and Patrick, are a very young and provocatively beautiful schoolteacher and a schoolmaster of thirty. Patrick is a bounder of great charm, with a chronic appetite for seduction and an intermittently active conscience. He and Jenny fall in love. But Jenny is firmly committed to the old-fashioned idea of keeping her virtue intact until marriage, and Patrick, though he promises to behave, continues with all the guile he can muster to try to get her into bed with him. It is a tribute to Amis' skill that this relationship, which could so easily collapse into vulgarity and fatuity, is tender, touching, and funny.

A balance between sadness and humor is maintained throughout the large and varied cast of characters. Among them are a Scotsman who suffers from not being attractive to girls; a headmaster's daughter who has made herself into a parody of an American teen-ager and lets her juvenile promiscuity get her into trouble; and a rich, friendly, fantastic partygiver — a splendid comic creation — whose speech is Wodehouse updated by the R.A.F. Below the comic surface, Amis is subtly confronting the problem of human relationships, especially the sexual relationship, in a world without fixed rules of conduct. He emerges as a likable contemporary moralist, whose modest theme is that people would hurt each other a great deal less if they did the obviously "decent" thing a bit more often.

REVOLUTIONARY ROAD (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.75), a remarkable first novel by **RICHARD YATES**, is a powerful treatment of a characteristically American theme, which might be labeled "trapped." The trap begins to close seven years be-

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fore the novel opens. Frank Wheeler was living in Greenwich Village, supporting himself by odd jobs in order to give himself the freedom to find his vocation — some intellectual pursuit that would take him to Europe. April, the girl he married, fervently endorsed this design for living, but when she became pregnant by mistake, necessity forced Frank into steady employment. Now, with two children to provide for, he is tied to a job in business and a life in exurbia which both he and April despise, and there is mounting tension between them. April concocts a scheme which would enable them to move to Paris, and when another unwanted pregnancy upsets it, the crisis in their lives advances to a catastrophic climax.

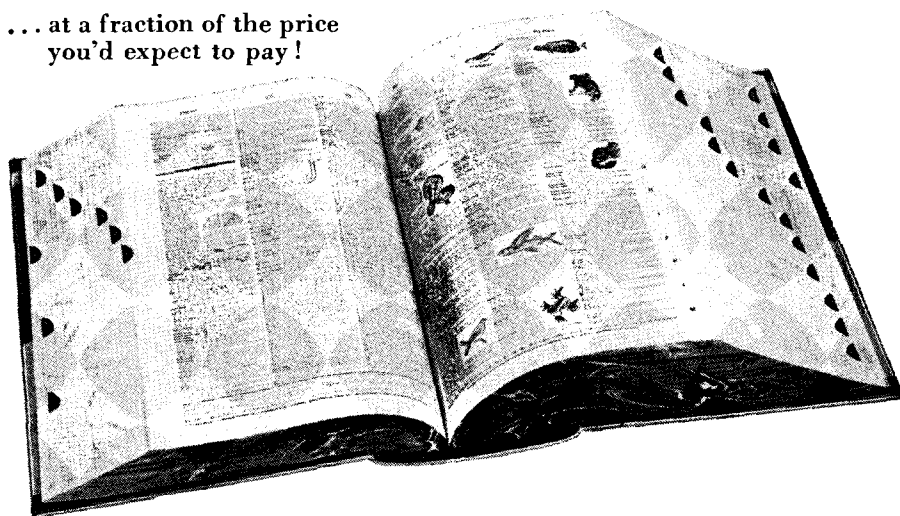
Frank is a weak man; he talks a fine line about the good life but lacks what it takes to realize it. April is a neurotic who taunts her husband for not making more of himself and unconsciously resents the role of the female. Their story is clearly meant to be representative of American marriage, to be a diagnosis of what Alfred Kazin's tribute on the jacket calls "the new American tragedy." A complementary theme is touched on in two scenes involving the inmate of an asylum: plenty of people complain about the emptiness of American life, but only those considered crazy by our society have the courage to see its hopelessness. While I don't agree with the fashionable thesis that total negativity is the only admissible attitude for an American writer, I found Yates's book a highly impressive performance. It is written with perception, force, and awareness of complexity and ambiguity, and it tells a moving and absorbing story.

Failure in marriage is one of the insistent secondary themes of *THE GAY PLACE* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95), by WILLIAM BRAMMER, winner of a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award. The book, a long work of fiction portraying a Southern state which is obviously Texas, consists of three interlocking novels, each with a different protagonist — a member of the state legislature, the state's junior senator, and the governor's press secretary. The governor himself, a master politician, infinitely canny and seductive, remains the dominant figure throughout.

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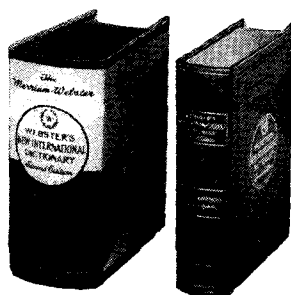
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intrigue to bacchanalia in the houses of the rich and dramas of love, it creates a picture of a feverish, dreamlike world, a world whose people are perpetually giddy with alcohol and chasing after sex; a world where love cannot survive in private life and political life is a realm of "fantasy." I have some doubts as to whether this mythologizing adequately expresses the essences of the new Southwest. What is certain is that Mr. Brammer has great creative energy and a vision of his own. With its driving pace and tremendous sweep, his book is an arresting performance for a young writer. It is sure to be a considerable success.

EQUALITY VERSUS PERFORMANCE

The launching of the first Sputnik produced in the United States an acute access of concern over the failure of our educational system to make the most of exceptional talent, the growing tolerance of slovenly standards in our society, and its dedication to easy living. This challenging issue is discussed by **JOHN W. GARDNER**, president of the Carnegie Foundation, in a discerning, temperate, and well-written essay entitled **EXCELLENCE** (Harper, \$3.95).

American democracy subscribes to two contradictory principles—the equalitarian principle that all men should be equal, and the competitive principle, "Let the best man win." Thus our society puts restraints on, and simultaneously encourages, individual performance. This tension, Mr. Gardner argues, never will be or should be resolved. No democracy can unreservedly commit itself to the competitive principle and remain a democracy, or to equalitarianism and retain its vitality. The problem to which he addresses himself is how we can hold these contesting philosophies dynamically in balance.

To raise higher education higher, the crowding of our colleges must be halted. One of Mr. Gardner's major prescriptions is that we need to revise the false emphasis which has lately been placed on college education; educating everyone to the limit of his ability does not mean sending everyone to college. Those who are clearly not fitted for higher education should be made aware of other constructive possibilities open to them and should not feel that failure to go to college dooms them to

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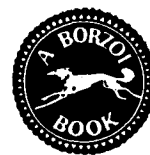
lower status. One way of tackling the status problem is to cultivate respect for high standards of workmanship. To a society which cares deeply about standards, "the excellent plumber is infinitely preferable to an incompetent philosopher."

Everything Mr. Gardner recommends seems eminently desirable to this reader, but his essay has a utopian flavor in places. I am sure that among educators it will have a tonic effect. But the decline of excellence is intimately bound up with the whole system of mass production, and it would take something approaching a social revolution to bring about certain of the changes Mr. Gardner is calling for. Who is going to persuade the all-powerful trade union bosses to encourage performance rather than feather-bedding?

INVEST NOW, PAY LATER

A far more radical challenge to the labor unions is implicit in **THE NEW CAPITALISTS** (Random House, \$3.50), by **LOUIS O. KELSO** and **MORTIMER J. ADLER**. This short essay is a supplement to their previous book, *The Capitalist Manifesto*, which outlined a program that would transform our present mixed economy into a truly capitalist one. While its audacious proposals stand little chance of being adopted within the predictable future, *The New Capitalists* is a fresh, interesting, and often penetrating critique of the workings of our economic system. Messrs. Kelso and Adler have nothing in common with the brainless reactionaries who pine, fruitlessly, for a return to old-fashioned, laissez-faire capitalism. What they are advocating represents an advance: a government-sponsored plan for the creation of new capitalists; a plan which would bring about far-reaching changes in our economic and social system.

The authors start out from premises which were established in *The Capitalist Manifesto*. Technological progress has made capital the predominantly productive factor in our economy; it accounts (they assert) for 90 per cent of the gross national product; indeed, many types of labor have become economically worthless. But ownership of the great productive factor, capital, is concentrated in the hands of 5 per cent of the nation's families, and the present system of financing corporate enter-



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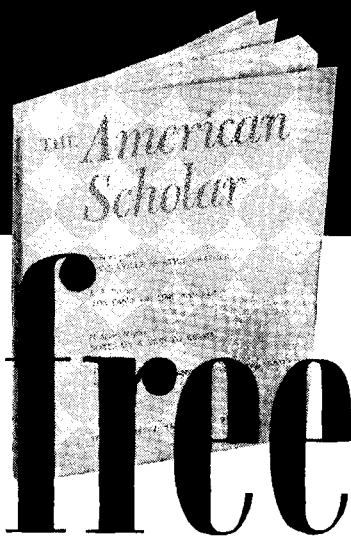
If the word "unforgettable" still means anything, then the portrait of his mother, Minnie O'Donovan, is unforgettable. But what this portrait contributes to, what the book is really about is the recurrent miracle that keeps happening all over the earth and will have to keep happening if the human race is to advance.

It's the story of the shy child of poor parents who somehow becomes aware that there is something beyond his life and the lives around him, something grander, and with resolve and labor, makes his way toward it.

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prise out of savings is intensifying this concentration — capital is producing more capital for those who already own it. Our method of coping with this dilemma has been artificially to maintain an approximation of full employment and to hand out to labor much of the wealth that has really been produced by capital. This is the inflationary policy of the welfare state, and the authors argue that it retards economic growth. The alternative which they propose is to *diffuse the private ownership of capital* through the "financed-capitalist plan," which would rescue economic growth from the tyranny of savings.

The authors take as their model the experience of the Federal Housing Authority in insuring mortgages. They suggest the creation, by Act of Congress, of a Capital Diffusion Insurance Corporation (CDIC), which would insure bank loans to individuals without capital who wish to make certain approved types of investment, principally in new enterprises. The loan, plus interest charges, would be repaid out of dividends, which presumably would become larger than they are today, since it would no longer be necessary for corporations to withhold earnings to finance their expansion; all such financing would be provided by the public, assisted by the CDIC. If the dividends were insufficient to enable the investor to meet the payments due to the bank, he would be in exactly the same position as the holder of a mortgage. He would forfeit his stock. Thus, the element of risk, for which capital is rewarded, would remain for the investor but not for the bank, which would be protected by the CDIC.

A brief summary such as this can only describe in crude outline the authors' plan, and cannot even touch on its radical implications, which include changes in the tax structure, in the role of the stock market, and in the idea that there should be jobs for all. The major weakness of the essay is that it is a summary itself. It leaves a number of important points undeveloped and nagging questions unanswered. Still, by stressing the current fallacies and pieties about the role of labor and of savings in our economy, it makes a provocative contribution to economic thought. The layman who has a modest grasp of economics should have no trouble following the argument.



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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

ALFRED DUGGAN's latest historical novel, **FAMILY FAVORITES** (Pantheon, \$4.50), concerns an "often outrageous emperor," the boy Elagabalus, who was surely the most harmless humanitarian, the most amiable pervert, and the most charming nuisance among the many oddities that graced the Roman purple. As usual, Mr. Duggan employs a first-person narrator close to the action of his story but not intensely involved in it: Duratius, the butterfly emperor's bodyguard, a landless Gaulish aristocrat turned legionary. A Gaul makes a good commentator, for nobody, including Mr. Duggan, can be quite certain what Gauls did believe, and it is possible to make the tartly witty, subtly contemptuous Duratius something pretty close to a modern observer without doing open violence to historical probability. As a team, Duratius and Elagabalus rather suggest Bagheera coping with Clovis Sangrail, and this bizarre combination manages to be both amusing and convincing.

NO LONGER AT EASE (Ivan Obolensky, \$2.95) is the second novel by the Nigerian author **CHINUA ACHEBE**. It is less violent and picturesque than his first book, which described the defeat of an old-fashioned tribal leader by encroaching European authority, but in its quieter way, it is impressive — the bloodless, ironic, half-ludicrous tragedy of an English-educated African who discovers, when he goes home, that in everything that matters most to him, his conduct must still conform to the African superstitions that he has learned to despise.

IRVING WERSTEIN'S THE BLIZZARD OF '88 (Crowell, \$4.50) should be some consolation to sufferers from the winter of '61. It concentrates on the troubles of New York City, reporting the death and damage inflicted, plus some astounding stories of luck, lunacy, and plain debauch, and makes clear that the big storm was indeed, as one weatherman put it, "a Jim-dandy."

According to report, **THE GOUFFÉ CASE** by **JOACHIM MAASS** (Harper, \$4.95) has been immensely popular

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For 60 years or more after the death of Christ, the New Testament was only in the process of being written.

It was obviously, therefore, not available for the instruction and conversion of those who wished to be Christians. Indeed, millions of them became members of Christ's Church... and thousands died martyrs to their faith... before the writings of the New Testament were completed.

There was, in fact, no determination until the fourth century as to which writings were to be accepted as inspired. This was done by the Catholic Church when Pope Damasus, in the year 382, caused the list of inspired Scriptures to be drawn up, and the Council of Carthage 15 years later proclaimed the canon of Sacred Scripture.

But even then there was no mass circulation of the Bible, for all copies had to be made by hand. A general distribution became possible only with the invention of printing in the fifteenth century.

If Christ had intended a book to be the sole authority for His teaching, would He have allowed centuries to pass... and hundreds of millions to die... before making it available? If the very souls of men depended upon this book, would He not have worked a miracle of multiplication as He did with the loaves and fishes?

Catholics, of course, share with other Christians a deep reverence for Holy Scripture. And it would be strange indeed if this were not so, for the Catholic Church is the custodian and preserver of the Bible and Christianity's official witness to its inspired authorship. But for Catholics, the rule of faith is as it was for St. Paul: "... the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth" (1 Timothy, 3:15).

Jesus, as all Christians know, wrote nothing. Nor did He instruct the Apostles



to do so. But He did command them to teach, and He gave them divine authority to do so... "As the Father has sent me, I also send you" (John 20:21); and "He who hears you, hears me; and he who rejects you, rejects me" (Luke 10:16). And we know from the New Testament itself, that the Apostles ordained successors to carry on their teaching.

Some say that Holy Scripture is clear, complete and the only infallible source of God's truth. But John the Apostle reminds us that if all the things Christ did were to be written, "not even the world itself could hold the books that would have to be written."

If you love the Bible, and want to know more about its origin, history and authority, write today for a free pamphlet. It will be sent without cost or obligation... in a plain wrapper... and nobody will call on you. Just ask for Pamphlet No. B-13.

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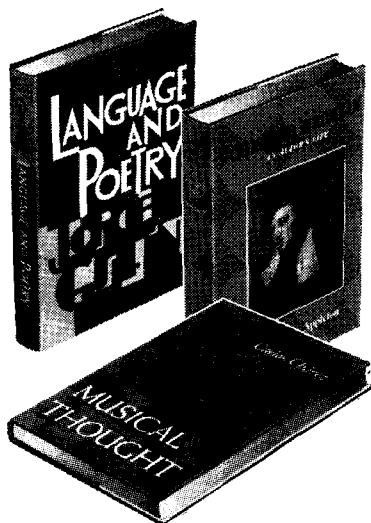
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in Germany and England and has received general critical acclaim. The first is understandable, for the book is a great walloping energetic hodgepodge of detective puzzle, fatal passion, child-bitch heroine, and picaresque journey. The second is mildly bewildering, for although the author has reinforced his tale with such fashionable elements as the death wish and the symbolic journey to the unconscious, he accomplishes nothing of any significance or originality with either. And when three French characters arrive at Saratoga Springs in the year 1890 and have no difficulty at all in chattering with the natives—ah, well, as an American, perhaps one should be flattered by Mr. Maass's faith in the ancestral command of French.

THE AUTHENTIC MOTHER GOOSE (Alan Swallow, \$3.75 and \$1.85) is largely devoted to facsimile reproductions of the first Mother Goose collection and the first English translation of Perrault's fairy tales. The book has been edited by Jacques Barchilon and Henry Pettit, whose introduction stoutly defends both verses and tales from the libels of educators, librarians, and child psychologists. It's high time, too.

HESKETH PEARSON has written **A LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE** (Walker, \$5.00) out of an intense love of the poetry, a theaterman's respect for the plays, and a careful study of the known facts of Shakespeare's life, which by now amount to quite a body of information. With no thesis up his sleeve about his subject's identity, ancestry, religion, or abnormalities, Mr. Pearson has produced a pleasant, reasonable book, his only serious fault being a tendency to assume that any character Shakespeare played on the stage must represent some facet of the poet's private character.

MODERN ART: YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW (Reynal, \$10.00) is the fourth book in the Selective Eye series, a collection of articles, some reminiscent, some critical, some speculative, written by various authors and originally published in the review *L'Oeil*. The book begins with Berthe Morisot and the Degas-Manet-Renoir circle and ends in the very immediate present. Interesting and well illustrated all the way.

FRANK O'CONNOR's partial autobiography, **AN ONLY CHILD** (Knopf, \$4.50), covers the first twenty years of his life, beginning in poverty,

working through an erratic self-education and the Irish civil war, and ending with the young man's subtle rejection of the "introverted religion and introverted patriotism" of the world in which he had grown up. The writing is superb, Mr. O'Connor being a master of his trade; the people he knew were a splendidly eccentric, idealistic, and impassioned lot; the civil war is a muddle, alternately funny and horrible, and evidently as much a mystery to Mr. O'Connor at the time as it has been to non-Irishmen ever since.

THE HAPLESS CHILD (Ivan Obolensky, \$1.75) is **EDWARD GOREY's** parody of all Victorian child's tear-jerkers, a mean, hilarious synthesis of Sarah Carewe, Little Eva, Oliver Twist, and company, calculated to delight the cynic and give everybody else a sound jolt. The pictures are outrageously gloomy and altogether suited to the author's malicious intent.

The two boxed volumes of **SHELLEY AND HIS CIRCLE** (Harvard University Press, \$30.00), edited by Kenneth Neill Cameron, are the start of a projected eight volumes containing the manuscripts collected by the late Carl H. Pforzheimer. The collection includes letters, diaries, formal papers, bills, and business documents from all sorts of people, the Godwin-Wollstonecraft circle, Hogg, and a parade of friends, relatives, and random connections. Much of the material has appeared in print before, and it does not, naturally, include all the surviving papers relating to Shelley, but backed by Mr. Cameron's extensive notes, it is a positive treasure-trove for either scholars or simple amateur enthusiasts.

FOUR SCREENPLAYS OF INGMAR BERGMAN (Simon and Schuster, \$6.00) includes the scripts of *Smiles of a Summer Night*, *The Seventh Seal*, *Wild Strawberries*, and *The Magician*. It is designed for Bergman enthusiasts and will probably serve them well. More objective readers will learn from it that the effect of a motion picture depends primarily on motion and pictures, the spoken dialogue being hardly more than an unfortunate practical necessity. Reduced to plain print, Mr. Bergman's scripts lose completely the quality of mystery and excitement that distinguishes his films, while his reluctance to carry his themes to any conclusion is far more noticeable than it is on the screen.

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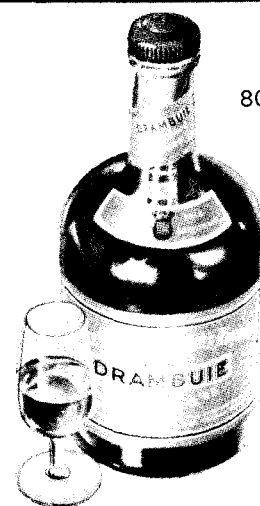
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